Liberty

JANUARY 23, 1
10¢

Book: WE TOO
TO THE WOOD
Reading time:
One Evening

LIBERTY

WHAT'S LEFT
OF THE
JAP FLEET?

LIBERTY

Pro and Con: SHOUL
VENGEANCE WRI
THE PEACE?

LIBERTY

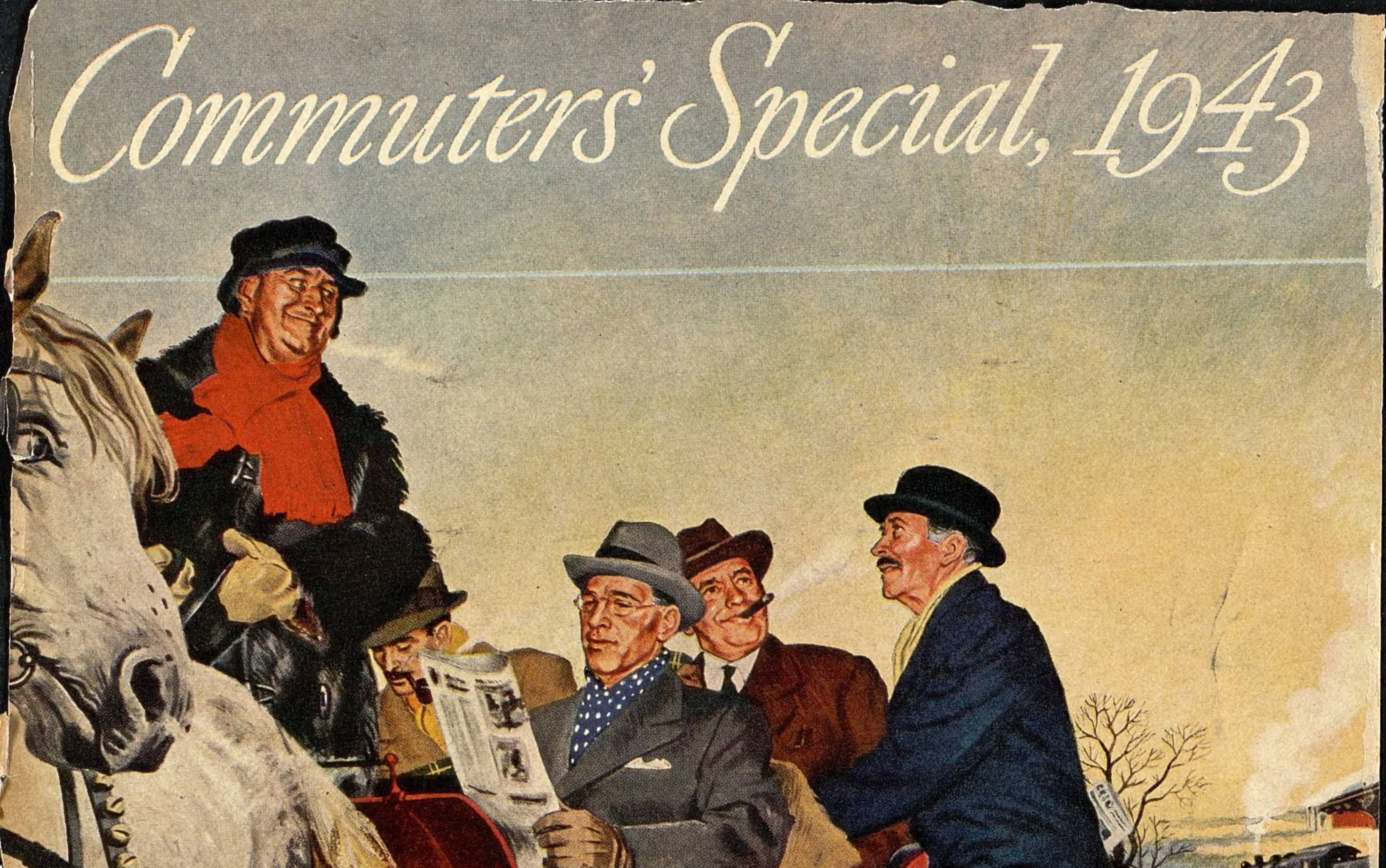
ANDRÉ MAUROI
Writes on:
GIRAUD, the Stro
Man of France

LIBERTY

YOU LOOK
FAMILIAR
A story by
Joseph Harrington

LIBERTY

MOVIES
"OLD SARGE"
AVIATION


Commuters' Special, 1943
JOSHUA CURTIS
TAXI PHONE 12.
Hughes

America makes the best of everything!

Making the best of a situation is the great American trait. Offering the best of whiskies...Schenley Royal Reserve...is the great American gesture. And buying War Bonds is the great American privilege. Buy War Bonds *regularly*.

SCHENLEY
Royal Reserve

Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

WESTERN UNION
R21-539

"You bet I'm sold on tires made with synthetic rubber"

These tires started 2 years ago, have already covered 23,451 miles, but read the whole story here

MUCH of the late news about synthetic rubber cannot be told. But enough can be told to assure anyone who wonders how good it is. Our files are filled with case histories of tires made with more than 50% Ameripol . . . the B. F. Goodrich synthetic.

This is one such case history. A whole year before Pearl Harbor, the Western Union Telegraph Company put two Ameripol tires on a maintenance truck. This truck didn't pick out the smooth highways. It went where linemen have to go—over all roads in all kinds of weather.

What happened? Nothing—that's the interesting thing about these Ameripol tires. You wouldn't notice much that's unusual about them. You'd probably think they were natural rubber if you were not told otherwise.

These Ameripol Silvertowns were in excellent condition at 23,451 miles. Says the section lineman who drove them, "We should receive 30,000 miles from them."

And the chances are he will—because many of these tires have bettered 30,000 miles. One of the reasons that Ameripol is good is that our scientists were working on it when Calvin Coolidge was President and no one thought of war.

Each year has brought improvement. And the result—in the summer of 1940—was the first tires with synthetic rubber ever sold to American motorists.

You might be riding on Ameripol tires today were it not that our total production of this wonderful synthetic is needed in our war effort. But you'll have to wait now, for that and a lot of other things we'd all like. Meanwhile, we've still got to do our best to save the rubber we have. For America has no rubber to waste—and no use for a rubber-waster!

BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, ONLY B. F. GOODRICH OFFERED FOR SALE TO AMERICAN CAR OWNERS PASSENGER TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER

Here are a few of the many American Businesses that bought them:

- Aetna Life Insurance Co.
- American Airlines, Inc.
- American Can Co.
- Baltimore & Ohio Railroad
- The Borden Co.
- J. I. Case Co.
- General Baking Co.
- Gulf Oil Corporation
- Geo. A. Hormel & Co.
- Ingersoll-Rand Co.
- Kellogg Company
- New York Central System
- New York Telephone Co.
- Pet Milk Sales Corp.
- Phillips Petroleum Co.
- Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.
- Standard Brands, Inc.
- Swift & Company
- The Texas Co.
- U. S. Gypsum Co.
- Western Union Telegraph Co.

Goodrich Silvertown

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

*And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber

Daniel Webster enjoying one of his frequent visits to the small distillery of his good friend, Col. James Crow.

"The finest whiskey in the world"

is what Daniel Webster called it almost a century ago.

THOSE IN THE KNOW ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A TRULY GREAT · NAME ·

Among America's Great Whiskies

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

BOURBON OR RYE · KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY · 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, N.Y.

In This Week's Liberty

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IN NEXT WEEK'S

Liberty

ANOTHER FULL-LENGTH BOOK CONDENSED FOR RAPID READING

The UNINVITED

By DOROTHY MACARDLE

A best-selling tingler that you won't be able to *stop* reading — "the ghost story that's haunting a nation." One critic said: "*I stopped reading midway in the book and went to bed; I woke up at 2:30 thinking about it, and at 3 A.M. I got up and finished the book. I had to know how it came out.*"

—LEWIS GANNETT, N. Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE

Plus: More entertaining short stories, serial fiction, informative articles, clever verse, cartoons and departments.

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S BIG ISSUE OF

Liberty

. . . FOR ALL

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

NOBLE EXPERIMENT AGAIN?

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—The Stovepipe Hat Is In Again should put on guard those of us who are not called on to fight at the front. It is our solemn duty to see that the drys (those victims of suppressed normal desires) do not again perpetrate their crime against the men who are giving their all to make the world a free place in which to live.—*W. T. S.*

OWENTON, KY.—You certainly challenged me when you stated (December 12 Liberty) that prohibition would not work. Let me say that it *will work* if we have a few honest law-enforcing officers. And I dare say that we will need fewer officers to enforce prohibition than we now have trying to keep down riots caused by drink. You cannot expect prohibition to be a startling success overnight, but give us a little time and we will do more to bring about peace and good will than the wets have done in their 150 years of reign. I live in a dry county, and let me say that it is a success. We have not had a bootlegger in this county for four years.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL
JOE'S PLACE
F. C.

In the last paragraph you said, "We must watch out or they will succeed again." Let me assure you that we will succeed, whether you watch out or not. So you may as well save your energy. —*Mrs. Oren J. Cobb.*

NON-INTEREST BONDS

COFFEYVILLE, KAN.—How about non-interest-bearing bonds to be taken up by the Treasury any time after the war that the holder wants his money back? We don't think of asking interest when we loan money to a friend. Certainly Uncle Sam is our *best* friend.—*W. F. L., Jr., Capt. Air Corps.*

SUCKER EVERY SECOND

ADAMS, MASS.—Your feature The Gyp of the Week, by Frank W. Brock, is commendable and timely. Barnum was wrong—there is a sucker born every second! I hope you will continue this exposé of rackets.—*C. S.*

HER VICTORY BELL

LA JOLLA, CALIF.—During the darkest days of World War I, in order to direct the thought of our people toward victory, I evolved a plan for ringing a bell, of seven strokes, spelling the word V-I-C-T-O-R-Y, each noon, as a signal for one minute of prayer. It was adopted throughout the country.

The awful conditions existing in the world today call for the Victory Bell to be brought again to the attention of the public, here and elsewhere, with a prayer for peace.—*Eleanor B. Parkes.*

MAN POWER VS. AIRPLANE

DAHLGREN, VA.—The "official" who wrote An Army Brass Hat Talks Back (December 19 Liberty) wasn't saying any more than he was supposed to, namely, stick to the oldest weapon, man power.

It's silly to think of anything like that when we have a contraption called the airplane.—*O. H. L., A. C. M. M., U. S. Navy.*

PIGS FOR NECKTIES

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.—Following is the substance of a letter written by me to a Pennsylvania concern some time ago. I recalled it when I read Frank Brock's Unordered Merchandise (December 19 Liberty).

PIGS' TIES, INC.
OINK PA.

"Gentlemen: Referring to your proposal to send me a selection of neckties: In appreciation I am having prepared for shipment to your address one choice sow and four pigs which I am sure you will find more desirable than anything your local market may have to offer. Kindly deduct price of the neckties from the enclosed bill and remit balance by certified check."

May I add that I still have my pigs?—*John Wood.*

NO SHANE-ANIGANS!

DES MOINES, IA.—My Gyp of the Week:

So you think it's a racket
  To send through the mails
A box of red neckties
  Resembling mares' tails.

But the gyp of the week
  That gives me a pain
Is your mag of the week
  With no puzzle from Shane.

—*Mrs. Marie Drake.*

SSSSSSSSSSSSTUNG AGAIN!
LIBERTY
B. G.

Say, what's all this shouting for Ted Shane's unparalleled cockeyed puzzles? He'll be with us again next week. Can't you give a guy a vacation once in a blue moon?—VOX POP EDITOR.

RUBBER GETS THE AIR

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Those who are mourning our rubber shortage, and those who are rejoicing in its synthetic production, have food for thought in the recent prophecy that all automobile owners after the war is over will take to helicopters. If that comes true, there will be such a rubber surplus that its production will be drastically limited. Am I right?—*Larry Nosworthy.*

WE LIKE MILK

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ha, the War Production Board has now decided that tailors may make two pairs of pants for the men in service. And I hear that if a tailor has a piece of goods less than six yards long, he may give a civilian an extra pair, too. Here's a chance for bribery and a two-panted aristocracy!

KAW-FY
LEST I SWOON!
F. C.

But what's worrying me is, when are we going to get a ration of two cups of coffee a day? I find that one cup doesn't wind me up enough to do a good morning's work—and that is not helping *my* war effort. How about you and you? —*Ernest Travers Muser.*

PRETTY SOON NOW

FRASER, COLO.—Isn't it about time we heard who won out with their jokes in the Can You Top These? (November 21 Liberty.) Not that I submitted any, but I enjoyed the first lot of jokes so much I am looking forward to another good fit of laughter.—*Jolly Jane.*

Next week we hope to give you what you've been waiting for. So get all set for the fun.—VOX POP EDITOR.

PATRIOTISM IN THE MAILBOX

AUSTIN, TEX.—Add a War Savings Stamp to the regular postal stamps whenever you write to your mother and father, your wife, your husband, your sweetheart, your friends, and sacrifice a dime for victory. If millions would do so, it would help the good old U. S. A. quite a lot.—*F. Dressel.*

OFFICIAL PRAISE

BOSTON, MASS.—Congratulations on the excellent story on the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis (December 19 Liberty). It is very well illustrated. I think the story will save many lives by directing people to do proper instead of improper things to prevent and treat tuberculosis.—*Arthur J. Strawson, Executive Secretary, Massachusetts Tuberculosis League.*

FORGOTTEN (BUSINESS) MAN?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I'm a penny-ante capitalist who believes in the continuation of free enterprise, with capital and labor teaming up to put the world to rights after this war. But that means *team* up; it doesn't mean one half of the team doing all the giving and the other all the taking.

Our plants have been turned over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the war effort; our books are open to a dozen government agencies and to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who wants to nose into them. We aren't squawking. We're proud of our part in the world's best job of war production.

But, meanwhile, labor unions go their own happy prewar way. When do *they* open their books to the light of day? When do *they* wise up to their responsibility to the general welfare? Vox Pop knows everything—answer that.—*Economic Loyalist.*

IDEA MAN

CHICAGO, ILL.—If you birds on Vox Pop have got any influence with your editor, get him to write up what unions are doing to help win this war. To read the papers, you'd think unions never did anything but raise hell with production.

Now, I know that some union big shots aren't any roses, just as some bosses aren't pure essence of gardenia. But the accomplishments of unions never make headlines, and they're doing everything from showing the bosses how to make more stuff with less time, material, and men, to running day nurseries for kids of defense workers. If you want me to be specific, let me know.—*Union Label.*

From the Vox Pop Ed.

Want to add to the remarks of Economic Loyalist and Union Label? Or have you something to say on another subject? Have you a pet peeve, great or small, or a favorite hero, or a good idea? Have you noticed something that ought to be stopped, or something that ought to be adopted more generally? Vox Pop invites praise and criticism, ideas and suggestions on everything under the sun. Address Vox Pop Editor, Liberty, 205 East 42d Street, New York City. Contributions, printed anonymously if requested, cannot be acknowledged or returned, and must be brief. Vox Pop is *your* open forum. Use it!

THE PERFECT Wife

That's what everyone thought, when Jerry married Ellen . . . Here is a story that will help you understand why many a promising marriage fails!

From behind his morning newspaper, Jerry studied his wife. How lovely she looked, even at this hour of the morning! The perfect picture of the perfect wife . . .

Bitterness crept into his eyes . . . a wry smile twisted his lips. He wondered how many other marriages were strained to the breaking point by the same thing that stood between Ellen and him!

He pushed back his chair. "I'll not be home until late tonight, Ellen. Don't wait up for me . . ." His voice trailed off miserably at the hurt look in her eyes.

"Oh, Jerry—again?" she said . . .

* * *

So many wives, who are careful about bad breath and underarm odor, fail to realize that there is a *third* source of offense which can be far more dangerous to their happiness. Other women, who are aware of this delicate feminine hygiene problem, do not realize the importance of *what* they use in the douche. That is why every woman ought to know about Zonite!

Why Zonite is Unsurpassed for This Special Woman's Problem!

Zonite is the only *complete* woman's deodorant! Complete, because it can be used on the most delicate membranes of all parts of the body. Complete in directions for use, and in availability. Complete, because Zonite is the only type of liquid antiseptic you can buy for the douche which actually *destroys* odors. All other types just "mask" the odor. And mere *cleansing* (with soap, or even with a strong "acid" liquid) does not remove all odor from tissues. But Zonite does! Because as it reaches odor-causing substances its remarkable chemical action dissolves, destroys and removes them—all with *safety!*

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide sold for the douche is so powerful—and at the same time so safe for delicate tissues and delicate skin! Zonite kills immediately all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Yet is non-caustic, non-poisonous. You will find no skull and crossbones on the Zonite label.

Get Zonite today and follow the simple directions for feminine hygiene on the package. Learn how Zonite will make you a happier woman, a better wife!

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FEMININE HYGIENE TODAY

FREE. This frankly-written book "Feminine Hygiene Today" reveals intimate facts every woman should know. Sent in plain envelope. Mail coupon to Dept. 744-A, Zonite Products Corporation, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

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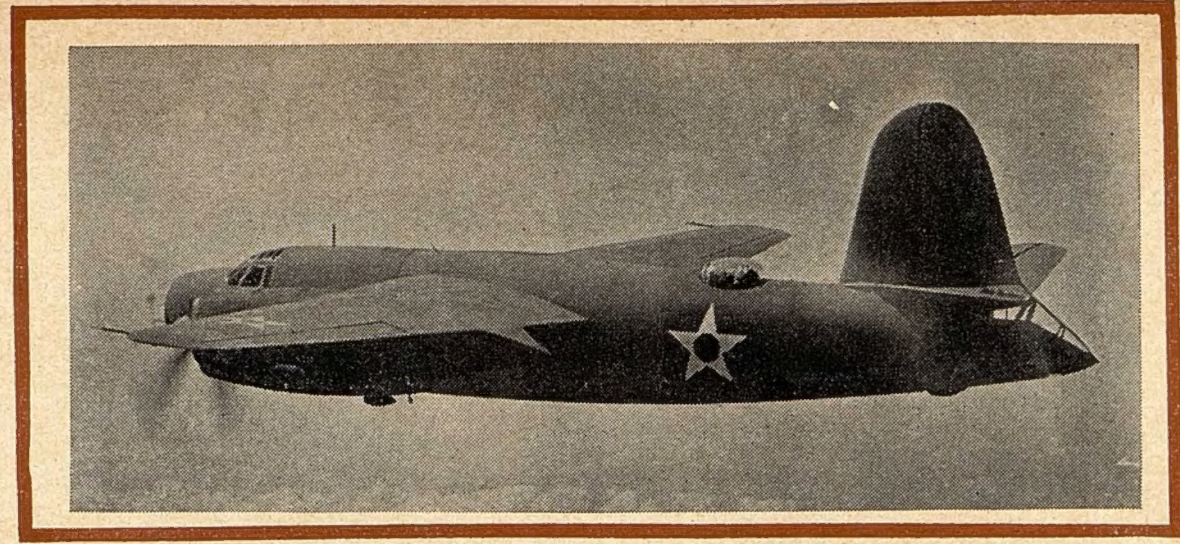


The Axis knows it's in a war when this Martin B-26 roars in at only 75 feet to drop its load of new, deadly "parachute" bombs.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Word Rationing

Army Air Force Headquarters in Washington think that the pilot who radioed the famous report, "Sighted sub—sank same," in the early days of the Pacific war may have to bow to Brigadier General Clayton Bissell, commanding the Tenth American Air Force operating in the China theater. General Bissel's recent message packed a wallop in a few words:

"Ten B-25s and twenty-three P-40s attacked Canton. One 8,000- and one 6,000-ton ship sunk in channel. One hundred loaded lighters sunk or turned over. Docks set afire. Two airdromes strafed. Twenty enemy aircraft shot down and unknown number destroyed on airdromes. No losses."

Standard Practice

The automotive industry is finding airplane building a wee bit more difficult than turning out automobiles. The number of different parts, nuts, bolts, rivets, and what nots that go into a single plane soar into fantastic figures, but the worst headache is the utter lack of standardization.

Take landing gears. The Germans started this war with only three major types. The United States started with no less than twenty-seven. That's just a sample of our aeronautical engineering jungle.

Several years ago there were no less than 1,700 sizes of tubing going into airplane frames. Today there are 253, and full credit goes to the National Aircraft Standards Committee, an organization of engineers who thought something ought to be done toward uniformity.

The air lines are busy, too. A few years ago eighteen types of fuel were being used. Today there are only three, thanks to the Air Transport Association's engineering and maintenance committee. One of the worst jumbles was in aviation radio, until Aeronautical Radio, Inc., got to work to standardize equipment.

The Germans had a head start on standardization, but perhaps they standardized too early. There's such a thing as too much inflexibility. Our engineers are going about it sensibly. And, incidentally, the war has created a brand-new job and a very important one. It's known as standards engineer. More luck to him!

Slow-Motion Bomb

A United States "secret weapon" was revealed only recently, although it has been in use for some time. This is the "parachute bomb," dropped at low altitudes by fast-flying light and medium bombers. These new bombs made their debut a few months ago in the Southwest Pacific, when Douglas A-20 attack bombers and Martin B-26 medium bombers attacked Japanese antiaircraft positions at Soputa.

Our planes roared in at an altitude of only seventy-five feet, barely skimming the treetops, but Jap antiaircraft guns hidden among the trees didn't stop them from dropping their parachute bombs. These bombs are *really* deadly. They take more time to hit, but all the fragments are thrown into the air; few are buried in the ground. In the first demonstration our pilots achieved pin-point accuracy and got away before their bombs exploded. The Army Air Forces is the first air force in the world to use this weapon.

Mumbo Jumbo

A new wrinkle was injected into pilot training recently by Professor Everett L. Kelly of Purdue University. He figured that a lot of the trouble in the trainee's cockpit could be traced right back to the fact that a man in a strange element, with engine noise in his ears and a funny feeling in the pit of his stomach, had a hard time understanding his instructor's directions.

So Professor Kelly got himself a little box which would record all the conversation between the instructor and his student. He found that many instructors gave directions to their students in the most gosh-awful technical language imaginable. Worse than that, every instructor had his own lingo.

Four instructors used 480 technical terms not usually intelligible to the layman. Out of 498 different expressions, these four men had only seventy in common. One used 265 expressions not used by the other three. There were fourteen different expressions used to tell a student to "pour on the coal."

Result: the preparation of a "patter book," a more uniform method of instruction, and more uniformly trained students.

Mountain Goes to Mohammed

Consolidated Aircraft at San Diego is grabbing the housing-shortage bull by the horns. The company's bigwigs asked themselves, "Why can't we bring the work to the men instead of drawing them into overcrowded communities?"

No sooner said than done. Small-parts plants have been established in twelve California towns. The communities were chosen on the basis of how many vacant buildings could be leased and how big a labor supply —especially women—could be obtained. Trained men are giving the stay-at-homes the know-how in making airplane parts.

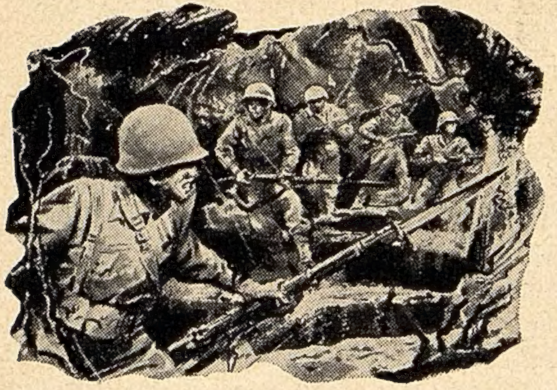
Odds and Ends

In Crete and North Africa the Nazis used two types of gliders: one capable of carrying twenty-three fully equipped troops and two pilots, and the other capable of carrying ten troops and one pilot. . . . The freight capacity of the large glider is almost equivalent to that of a standard Douglas DC-3 transport plane.

NEXT WEEK

WITH THE MARINES IN THE SOLOMONS

We all know what has been going on at Guadalcanal. We know what some of it has looked like, thanks to camera shots and newsreels. But what *is* it like to be there on that job? How does it *feel*, for instance, to go piloting a plane through Jap ack-ack, dropping bombs on Tojo's transports? The one way to find this out is to listen to somebody who has been there—somebody who has done himself proud and done the Rising Sun damage. Such a fellow is Lieutenant Donald E. McCafferty, Marine pilot. He'll tell his whole story and it will stir your American blood!



THE QUEEN OF THE BARRYMORES

Democracies don't go in for royal families, but America has one just the same in the vital, magnetic, talented Barrymores. Its queen is Ethel, sister of Lionel and the late John, she of the husky haunting voice that can put glamour into a grocery list. In February she celebrates her forty-second anniversary as a star in the American theater. As a tribute Frederick Van Ryn has written a two-part story of her brilliant and eventful career that sparkles with the gaiety and wit that are part of the Barrymore tradition.

MOTHER POWER

"Eight-hour orphans" are kids—many are babies—whose moms work in war plants. No help for this shift of mother power: war plants *must* have workers; wives of men in service *must* earn money. But already there are 5,000,000 "orphans" and there will be 10,000,000—children on their own all day long, except for the hours in school. Think what it could mean in epidemics, in juvenile crime waves! The answer? Uncle Sam hasn't found one yet, but good citizens are doing things your neighborhood will want to know about. Anita Brenner will tell you.

AND you'll have stories and articles by Viola Paradise, Roger Kafka, Felicia Lamport, and others.

HELPING BURROUGHS USERS MEET TODAY'S PROBLEMS WITH THEIR PRESENT EQUIPMENT

IDEAS

. . . that are helping to solve wartime accounting problems

IDEA Eliminate any unnecessary checking or proving; eliminate superfluous information on reports, as well as reports that are no longer essential.

IDEA Obtain as a by-product of regular routines such vital reports as Labor Distribution by Accounts, Materials Used, Taxes Collected from Employees, War Bond Purchases by Employees.

IDEA Combine or redesign forms so that related records—such as pay check, voucher, earnings record and payroll—can be posted together in one operation.

IDEA Keep machines busy by relieving skilled operators of pre-listing, stuffing, heading accounts and other non-posting duties, and by scheduling relief operators for lunch hours, rest periods, etc.

IDEA Make sure that operators are taking full advantage of figuring short-cuts, and that they are using all the time-saving features of their machines.

IDEA Locate and eliminate causes of bottlenecks or idle machine minutes by rearranging machines, duties or the flow of work to the machines.

IDEA Keep machines in the best possible condition through regular inspection, cleaning, lubrication and adjustment by Burroughs service men.

★★★

MANUFACTURING FOR WAR

Manufacture of aircraft equipment for the Army Air Forces and Burroughs figuring equipment for the Army, Navy, U. S. Government and the nation's many war activities is the vital task assigned to Burroughs in the Victory Program.

Burroughs' technical knowledge of machines, applications and procedures can be of great help to you in meeting today's accounting problems with your present equipment. Call your local Burroughs office, or write direct to—

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Burroughs

★ FOR VICTORY—BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

I DON'T CRY

Amy thought she was insured against love —until her marine was listed MISSING

IT said on the envelope it was from Private David Merrill, Marine Detachment, Naval Air Training School, Texas. The air-mail stamp must've impressed my landlady, else she wouldn't have taken the trouble to climb four flights and stick the letter under my door. I knew it was from the marine, but I didn't do a nip-up. I opened the letter, and this is what it said:

Dear Amy:

Ever since I got back here I've been thinking of you. I can just see that blonde hair of yours and the way you pile it on top of your head, and your pretty little face. We sure had a lot of laughs, didn't we? Maybe there wasn't time enough to quarrel, but I don't think we would, anyways. We got too much in common, both of us being all alone in the world, for one thing.

Now here's the point, kid. My outfit's shoving off pretty soon. Don't get the idea I'm trying to pull the departing hero stuff, but the average life in combat of a bombardier (that's me) is from three to five seconds. Like all the rest of the guys, I've got a ten-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy. I want you to come down here and marry me so it'll be legally yours. Send me a telegram and I'll air-mail you a ticket to Houston, where I'll meet you.

Get this straight, baby. I love you—now and forever. That forever business sounds kind of funny, things being like they are in the world. But I mean it, Amy. Please bring a snapshot or some kind of picture, and wear the big floppy hat and blue dress. DAVE.

I should have cried, but I didn't. The place where my heart used to be had a "Vacant" sign hung on it. When the one man you've loved in your life gives you the old heave-ho after three years of looking in furniture-store windows, planning drapes, and figuring how much it costs to have a kid . . . you get that way.

I would have married anybody . . . but anybody. Just to live in a room that was big enough so you don't bump into something every time you take a step, to have a kitchenette with an icebox in it where you can really cook, *and* a bathroom. With ten thousand dollars I could do a lot better than that, and for a long time. An apartment hotel where you just get on the phone and order up meals. There'd be an allotment. Fifty dollars a month; half what I made. Besides, if I didn't marry him, some other gal would.

It took five minutes to throw on some clothes and beat it to the nearest telegraph office. . . .

Funny, how Dave and I met. About two weeks ago, it was. I was sitting there in my little glass cage and hating everybody I sold a ticket to because they could sit in one of those lounge chairs, all cool and comfortable, with nothing to do but laugh at Donald Duck. When along comes this marine. He's about six feet tall and he wears his uniform like he personally invented it. He stops in front of the booth, and then walks around, casing my torso from all sides. Next he planks down a dollar.

I pushed it back at him. "Tickets are free to service men," I said.

HE stands there, taking off his white gloves and putting 'em back on again. His eyes are light brown. "When does the main feature start?" he wants to know.

"Don't you read signs? Or maybe you don't believe 'em." I was beginning to get fed up at this point. The manager's plenty strict about the no flirting rule. "This is a newsreel theater. We've got a new Robert Benchley, sport shorts, Donald Duck, and War in the Pacific."

He makes a rightabout-face and marches inside. I've an idea he got one of the ushers to pass him the word on when I get off, because just as I'd finished adding up the day's take, there he was. He was holding his hat, and even in the dimout I could see he had the kind of hair dames get by first bleaching and then putting henna on it. He's wearing an expression like he expects something wonderful's going to happen, only he's afraid it won't.

"Do you like to roller skate?" he says.

I couldn't help laughing; it seemed so terribly important to him. Also, the manager was inside. "When I went to P. S. Sixty," I said, "I was the best skater in the block."

We went to a rink on upper Broadway. After all, I hadn't had a date in months, and this Dave seemed like a nice guy. He turned out to be an apple on skates. He could waltz and fox-trot and tango. At first I could hardly stand up, but he was patience on a monument. He seemed to get an awful bang out of everything, and I forgot about being tired and hot and had myself a swell evening.

I didn't have to go to work until three o'clock the next afternoon, so Dave took me to lunch. We went to Rockefeller Plaza and sat under one of those umbrellas and watched the fountains spraying away and the flowers growing. I wore my blue-and-white print and the picture hat that goes with it. And the red bag and red shoes with the ankle straps. I'd only worn the outfit once, and that was the time my ex-sweetheart had given me the brush-off. But why go into that? I'd put it away in moth balls and now I was plenty glad I had it.

Dave said, "I've always wanted to have lunch here with a beautiful girl. My old job was in a garage right around the corner. Trouble is, when you're working on engines, it takes a while to get scrubbed up."

He was sure making up for lost time, I thought. Those blue pants striped with red were creased like a razor blade. His gloves and the white top of his hat looked like they'd just come from the laundry, and his insignia was polished so bright it hurt your eyes. I told him.

DAVE looked as happy as a kid at his own birthday party. "You learn all that at boot camp," he said. "At Parris Island they find out if you've got the stuff marines are made of. It's not only keeping the uniform tidy but, boy, they give you the works. You see, they don't send out engraved invitations. You invited yourself, and after that it's up to you."

He told me about Quantico and how hard he'd worked to get into the Air Detachment. He wouldn't be a pilot for anything. Bombing was his meat. That way he could really smack down the Japs. And he wasn't a bit modest about being a crack shot. He wore medals to prove it.

His furlough lasted a week. During that time we went bowling, skating, dancing. On my day off we walked in Central Park. A bunch of kids followed us, or, rather, they followed Dave around. I guess they'd just seen the movie Shores of Tripoli, because they whistled the Marine Hymn and they wanted to feel his uniform. Dave cocked his hat farther to one side and shook hands with 'em all. We sat on a bench after

BY PRISCILLA FERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

the kids left and told our life stories. We were both orphans, brought up in New York, only he on the West Side and I on the East Side. He'd had a head start, being twenty-five and me twenty-one.

He didn't kiss me until the very last night. He wasn't grabby or fresh. He kissed me like it was something precious and he wanted to remember it.

I'm not so dumb as to think all guys mean what they say, but Dave was different. I knew as soon as he got my telegram, he'd send me the ticket to Houston. And, sure enough, he did. Right away I whipped down to the theater and talked the manager into giving me my two weeks' vacation, starting that day. Then I blew in the twenty dollars I'd saved toward a new winter coat. I figured if I was going to be a bride I'd have to get a couple new dresses and hats.

It's a long trip to Texas and I had plenty of time to do some thinking. What if I didn't love this guy? He loved me, and I'd make him happy until he had to go. He wouldn't feel alone in the world any more. He'd feel he had somebody, and he'd go away happy. So what if I got the insurance. A wife's entitled to something. Boy, living in an apartment hotel would sure save a lot of wear and tear. . . .

THE train got in at the crack of dawn, and when I stepped onto the platform the heat practically knocked me down. Before I knew it, Dave rushed up, grabbed me in both arms, and planted a good one. While I wiped the lipstick from his face, he kept on saying, "Geez . . . geez . . . you're really here, kid!"

On the way to the hotel he looked real serious. "Amy," he took my hand, "one thing we never got around to discussing. I been brought up a Baptist."

Purely coincidental. It struck me funny. "Why, pop was a Baptist," I said.

Well, it seems he'd arranged for us to be married in a little Baptist church, so it took a load off his mind.

Dave waited in the lobby while I changed. It was a swell hotel and the room was real cool. I put on my white sharkskin outfit with a doodad of a hat made out of flowers. I had to make my lips over twice because my fingers twitched like Mexican jumping beans.

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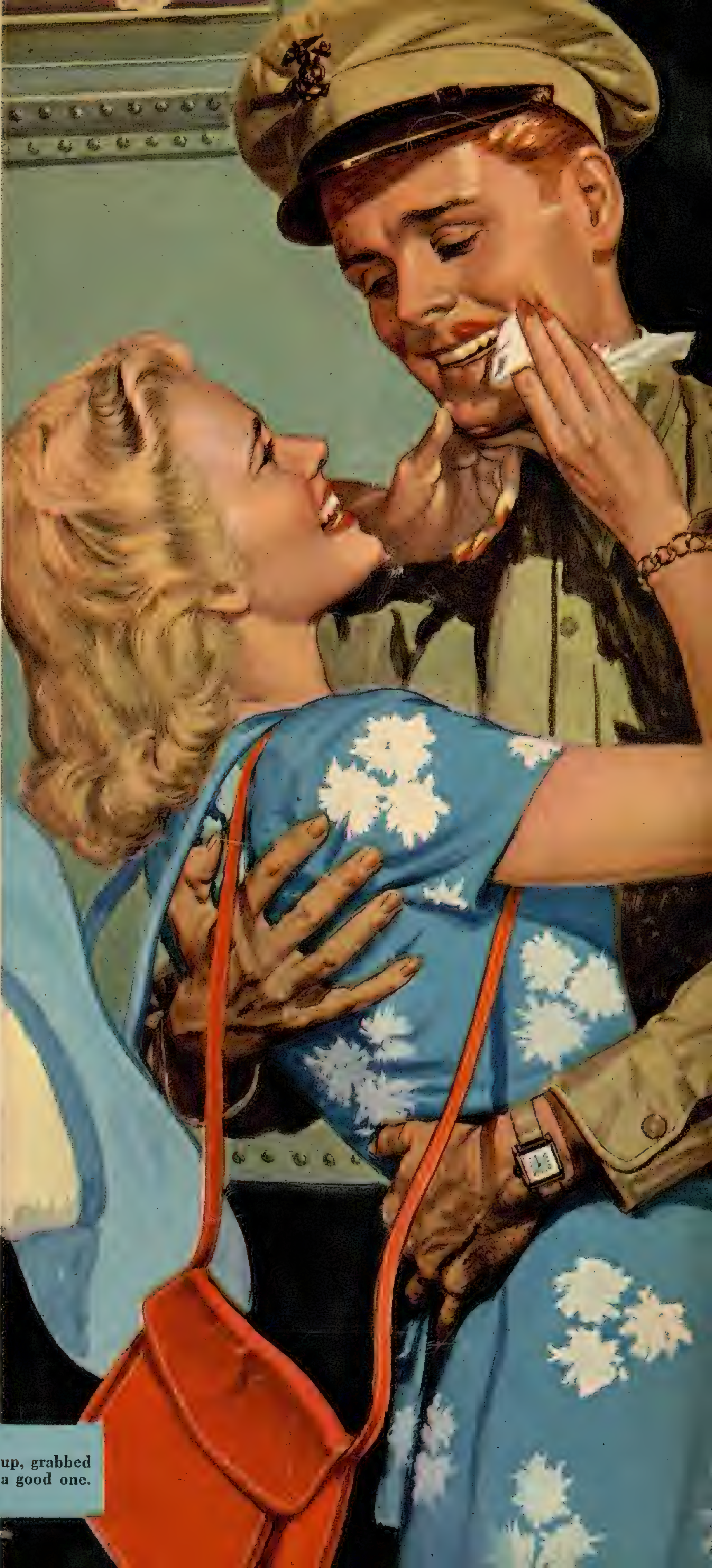
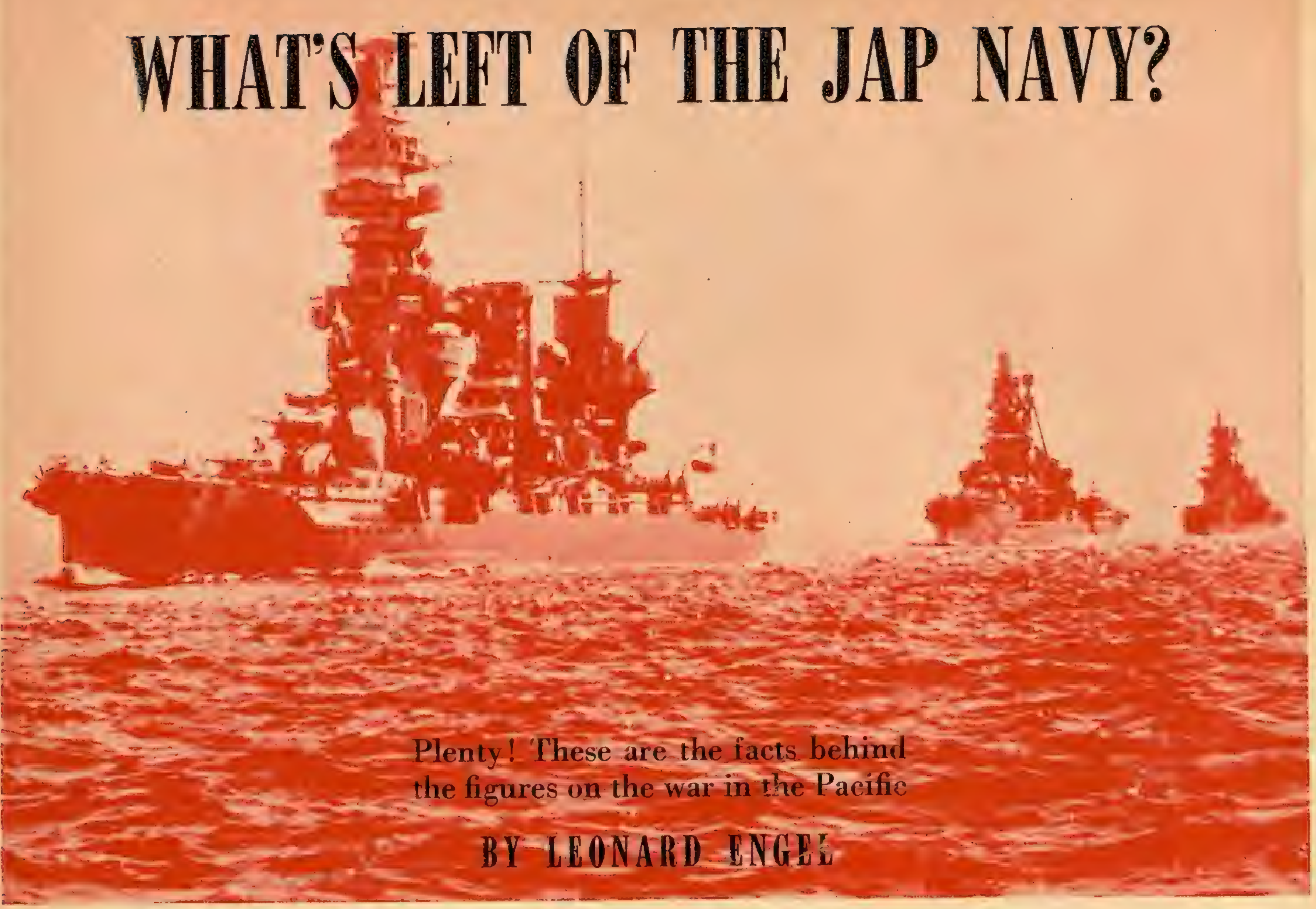


Before I knew it, Dave rushed up, grabbed me in both arms, and planted a good one.

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE JAP NAVY?



Plenty! These are the facts behind the figures on the war in the Pacific

BY LEONARD ENGEL

LAST spring, in the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea, star-spangled war birds smashed two Jap fleets outward bound on missions of conquest. Nevertheless, three months later the Japanese were able to return to the attack in the Solomon Islands, and they have been back twice since. Each time, particularly the last, they lost heavily. Yet at this writing still another challenge in the Southwest Pacific is expected at almost any moment.

To 130,000,000 of us this hardly makes sense. How can a fleet be crippled one week and strike the next? What is actually happening in the Pacific?

We ourselves have exaggerated the damage inflicted on the Japanese, and underrated them once more besides. The Jap Navy has been able to come back again and again because it has never in fact been crippled. Our armed forces have dealt it stunning blows and the tide is running in our favor. But its back is not yet broken.

The belief that it is, is chiefly the creation of our incurably overoptimistic purveyors of information, the press, radio, and screen. Their reports contain the truth of what we have done, but not, unfortunately, nothing but the truth. Moreover, even the navy, which makes a conscientious effort to be cautious in its communiqués, occasionally unavoidably torpedoes a ship with an unloaded typewriter. Battle action is enormously confusing, and it is not always possible to be absolutely certain of what happened.

THE Japanese Navy has come through more than twelve months of constant skirmishing and frequent battle with enough ships left to match our Pacific fleet numerically. We now (as of Dec. 21) have an edge in cruisers, but the Japs may have more aircraft carriers, and most of their newest men-of-war, carefully kept at a safe distance from combat zones, have never been in action and are still intact. Furthermore, the enemy fleet is reinforced by a formidable advantage in position. The Japs have most of the bases that count. We don't. We have to capture them.

Here is approximately what Japan had (including damaged ships which will soon rejoin the fleet) after our great series of victories in the Solomons in mid-November:

BATTLESHIPS: 10 to 12.

AIRCRAFT CARRIERS: Probably 5 or 6, but it is just possible that the correct figure is as high as 9.

CRUISERS: 20 to 25.

DESTROYERS: 75 to 85.

SUBMARINES: 60 to 70 of large type, plus an unknown number of two-man midgets, which are not, however, of much use.

We and our allies have destroyed one or two enemy battleships, five or six aircraft carriers, twenty-five to thirty-two cruisers, forty-five to fifty-five destroyers, and upward of twenty large submarines. But the Japanese Navy still has 170 to 190 fighting ships and remains the third largest afloat. There can be no question of its ability to take the offensive. Our surprise whenever it does simply means we have not been given an accurate picture of its strength.

Although its policy is now changed, the navy shares the responsibility for misleading the public in this particular. Most of its communiqués were one-sided because it felt it could not report damage to its own forces immediately, whereas damage to the enemy has always been promptly announced. But press and radio are even more responsible.

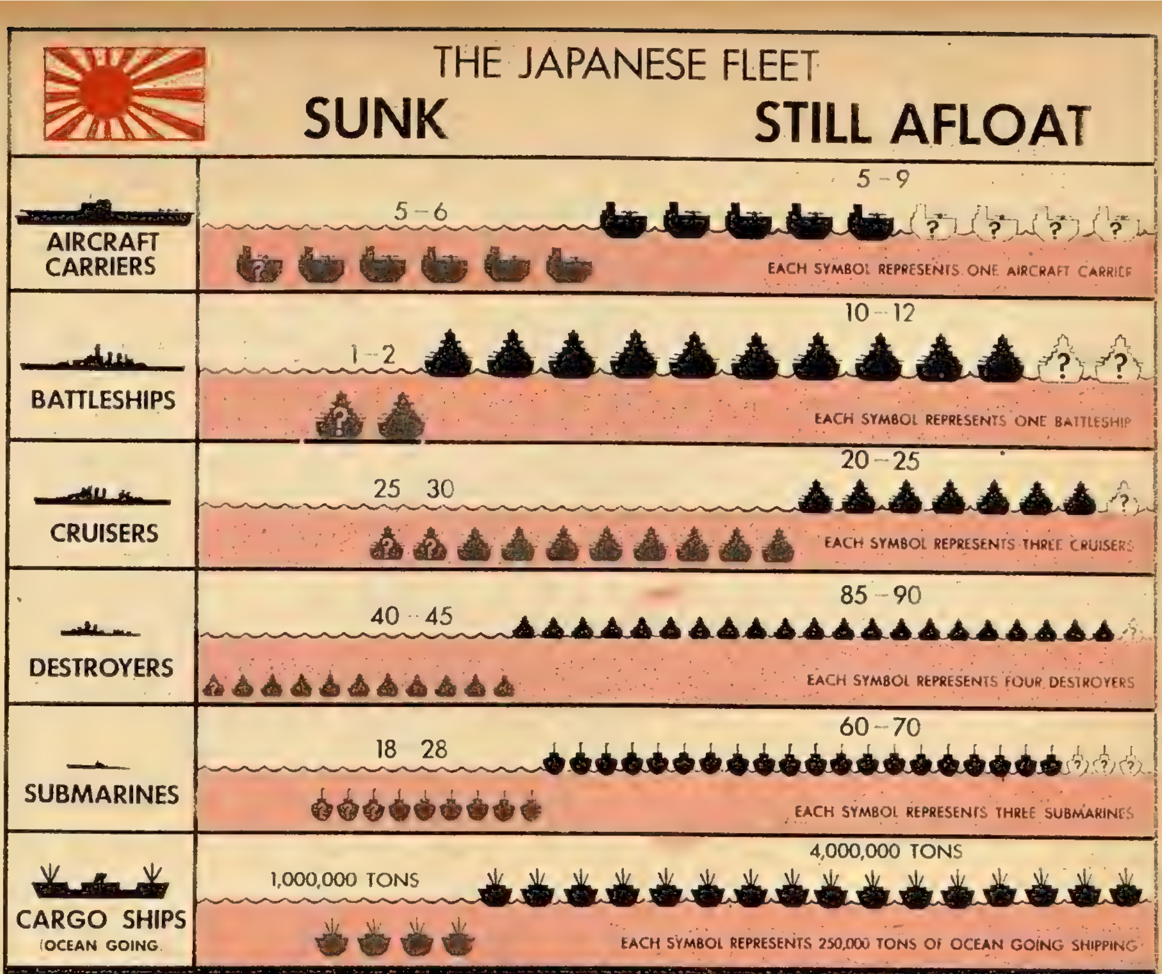
Suppose, for example, the navy announces the sinking of two enemy ships and damage to six more. Like as not, this will emerge in broadcasts and headlines as "Eight Jap ships sunk or damaged." This may be literal, but it isn't honest, truth.

When Admiral Halsey sank sixteen Japanese men-of-war in the Battle of the Solomons in mid-November, his victory was acclaimed in print and on the air as a "second Jutland." This is another kind of exaggeration. For no battle with the decisive, once-and-for-all character of Jutland has taken place in the Pacific. Nor is one likely in the immediate future. We and Japan are fighting an altogether different kind of war.

NAVAL warfare traditionally is a slugging match between the largest fleets belligerents can muster, with everything staked on the outcome of a single clash. The struggle in the Pacific, however, has become a hit-and-run war between smaller fleet units. The swift task force has replaced the long battle line as champion of the western sea.

Admiral Nimitz, commander of our Pacific fleet, has employed this style of fighting because of our disadvantage in numbers and position. By adhering to tradition and striking the enemy a single massive blow, he might give Japan a taste of its own Tsushima victory over imperial Russia in 1905. But he might well lose, and then he loses all. Unless the Japs expose themselves under adverse conditions, he will therefore avoid a showdown battle until our building program, or two or three more victories like the Solomons, give him a decisive margin. In the meantime he will continue whittling the Japanese with slashing task-force attacks.

The growth of air power has increased the danger to massed ships.



STILL THE THIRD LARGEST FLEET AFLOAT

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

Moreover, large concentrations were not needed to conquer the rich but poorly defended territories of southeast Asia. Consequently the Japanese, too, have chosen to divide their fleet and wage a task-force war. The largest unit they have sent into action so far was the force which weighed anchor for Midway early in June but never got there. It consisted of eighty warships, transports, and auxiliaries, including three battleships and four aircraft carriers. At most, it represented a third of the enemy's naval strength.

If task-force war minimizes the possibility of sudden annihilation for us, it does the same for the enemy. No Midway can be a Trafalgar, for a large navy, as the Japs have well proved, can always salvage enough ships to form, with reserves, new squadrons of attack.

In the long run, however, victory on the installment plan is as genuine as victory in one payment. That victory we are plainly winning. Japan's piecemeal defeats are adding up. By reason of raw-material shortages her shipyards are unable to replace more than a third of what we and our allies are sinking.

If it were not qualified by our own heavier losses, our greatest success would be the pasting our pilots have given the enemy's aircraft carriers. Half the "flattops" which spearheaded his attacks are now on the bottom. However, newspaper and radio reports of the total demise of his carrier force, inferred from the absence of Jap carriers in the Solomons battle, are premature, for the other half remain.

We have sunk five or six of the

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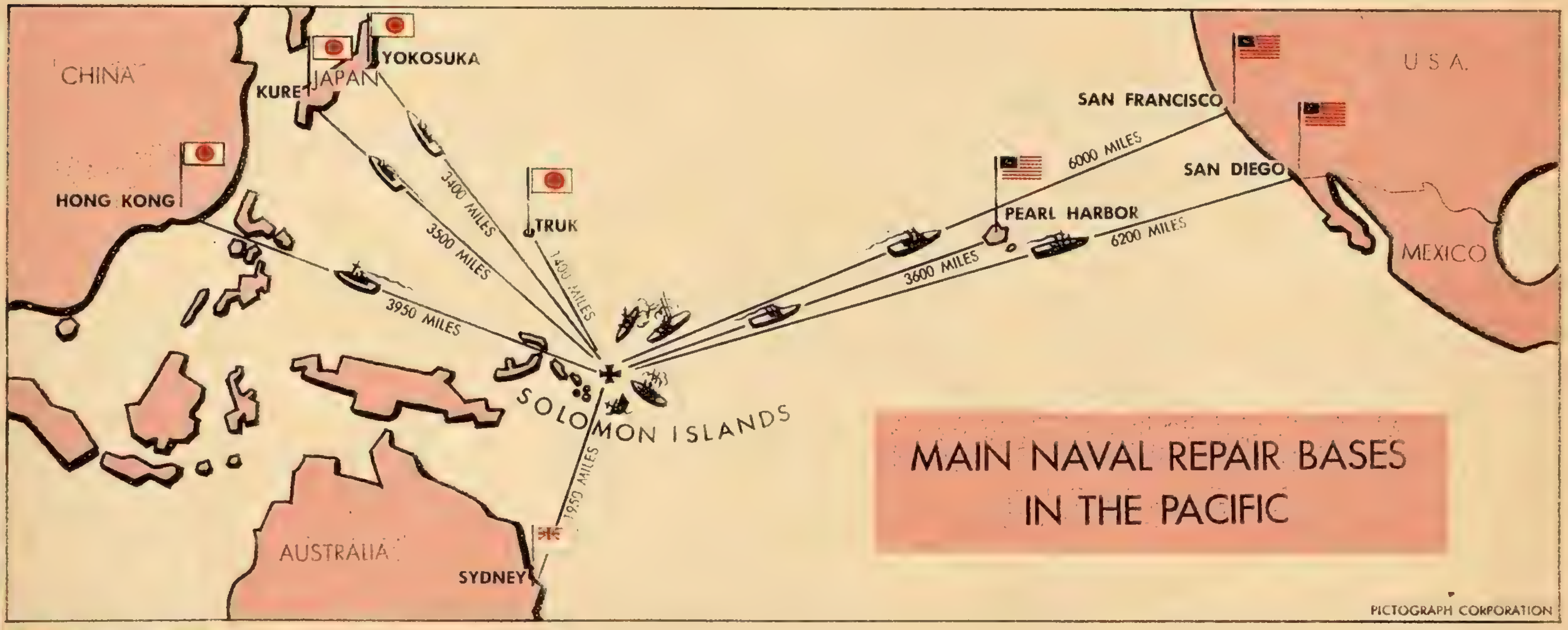
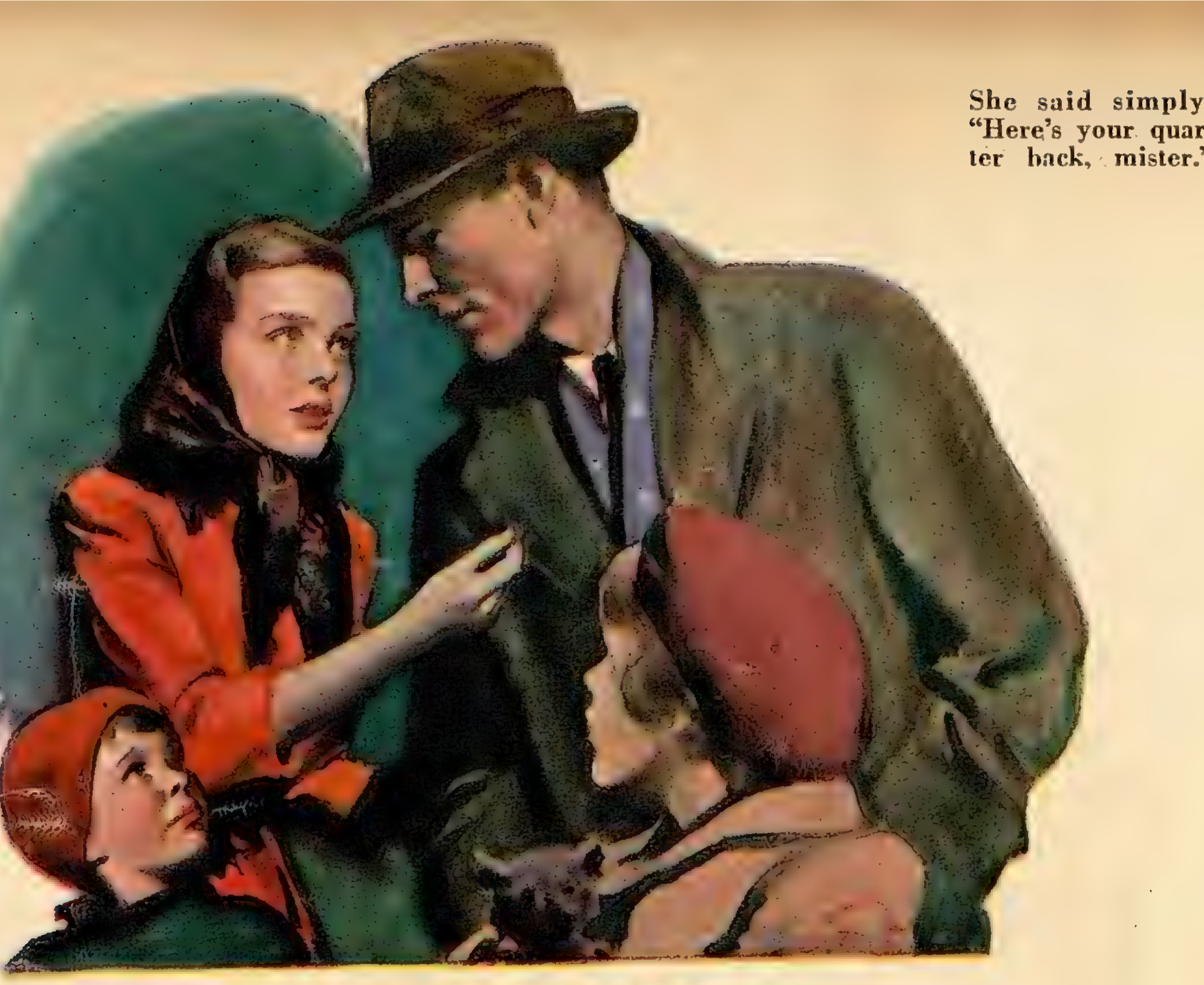


MAIN NAVAL REPAIR BASES IN THE PACIFIC

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION



She said simply, "Here's your quarter back, mister."

YOU LOOK FAMILIAR

Her public thought they knew all about Franchette Signy, the fabulous Hollywood glamour girl—but only two people really knew the story that never could be told

BY JOSEPH HARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

MIND you, I can't prove all this. It's entirely possible that I've grown to be an imaginative old fool of a reporter—the kind who mutter darkly, while in their cups, that they know this or that cabinet member is having an affair with this or that torch singer, but can't prove it. So take the following with a large handful of salt.

The first time I saw her was in the old Willow Street police station in Brooklyn, about ten o'clock on a winter's night. There were ten or twelve of us, reporters and photographers, sitting on the concrete steps outside the Detective Bureau on the second floor, most of us foggy with fatigue, for this had been a particularly long and wearisome murder story, and it happened long before the Guild made us eight-hour-a-day workers. Most of us had been on the job fifteen hours. Most of us were leaning our heads against the iron rail of the staircase.

Two reporters were drowsily arguing over what the psychiatrist had said. The psychiatrist—the one the District Attorney always hired and who always testified the murderer was perfectly sane—was a jolly, snowy-headed little ward heeler who made his living by such testimony and an occasional assignment to a lunacy commission. He didn't know much about psychiatry, but he was always good for a story. Tonight he'd said that of course the murderer was sane. The things he'd done—aside from the murders—were simply latent seeds in most of us, their viability suppressed by the inhibitions of civilization. He liked to sling words like that. "The most beautiful flowers grow in muck," he said, pontifically vague, "and may forget the stuff their feet are in. But it's there, that muck."

Inside the door of the Detective Bureau, they were "questioning" the murderer. Occasionally we could hear a choked-off scream. After each scream, one of us would wonder aloud what form the "questioning" was taking, and the answers were all obscene.

It was right after one of these choked screams that I heard something below me. I looked sleepily through the rails, and saw her.

She must have been about fourteen then. She wore a dark red knitted dress, and socks that stopped just below the knees, the forerunner, I suppose, of the ankle socks of today. The knees, and her cheeks as well, were ruddy from the wind that howled around the old yellow brick station house. She was marshaling two younger children before her—about five and three, I'd say. And somehow I got the impression of a biddy, a peculiarly young biddy, with fine-drawn chin and lean ruddy cheeks. There was something smart and trim about her.

On the last steps she took the two younger children, one on each hand, and helped them up to the landing. She looked at me—why, I don't know—and said, "Could you tell me, please, where the Detective Bureau is?"

I said, "The door to your right, sis. Just knock."

For a moment I looked straight into her eyes. The whites of them were a little reddened by the wind. But it wasn't that. It was the peculiar grayness in them, like wood smoke; it was the stunned hurt that clouded them that got me. For a moment I thought, I'll never forget those eyes. One of the youngsters, the five-year-old, was bawling that she wanted a "lillicops." The other, a boy, was staring at the cameras. He stared hard, and encircled his sister's ruddy knee with a chubby arm.

The girl said, "Thank you, sir," gravely. It sounded foreign in the atmosphere of the Willow Street station, with the winter wind howling outside, with unpleasant sounds coming from behind that oak door.

She knocked delicately, gently. A detective opened it. He growled, "Nothing do— Oh, hello! Didn't recognize you for the moment. Just wait outside, will you?"

He was a thick, coarse, potbellied man, this detective, wearing a dusting of cigar ashes on his vest. But when he spoke to this girl he was oddly gentle.

She said, "Yes, sir." She escorted the three-year-old and the five-year-old to a couple of vacant steps on the concrete stairs. She borrowed my topcoat to fold over them; she borrowed somebody else's topcoat to put under them. She didn't ask for them. She just looked at me, and I found myself taking off my coat, saying, "Here, sis." In a matter of minutes the kids were sleeping, and she was watching them, hovering over them, covering each wayward foot that thrust out from my Scotchmist.

There was no more discussion of the manner of the questioning. Watching her mother the younger children, it got almost to that stage where I smiled whenever there was a choky scream inside. She'd smile back at me, while terror filmed her eyes.

MAYBE you remember that double murder—but probably you don't. It wasn't a very pleasant murder. I've never run into a murder that *was* pleasant.

In this case, Henry Dorman—who was occasionally emitting a choked-off scream inside—was a balding, mild-looking little chap, a little under average size, wearing gray slacks that fell crumpily over the tops of his saddle-tan summer shoes. I remember those saddle shoes. They're all I do remember of him as he walked by us, those of us on the concrete steps. It was February and the wind was yelling outside. That's why the summery saddle shoes stuck in my mind.

His wife, Edith, had run off with an Italian named Sagonna, leaving him with three children and a job in a battery-rejuvenating station in Queens. That much we knew.

Night before last, Henry Dorman felt his oats. He bought a gallon of cheap sherry, drank most of it, and got on a trolley which took him down to Flatbush, where his wife's aunt, Mrs. Kinner, and her niece, Sally Jardan, lived. On the way, in the trolley, Henry Dorman suckled freely of the sherry.

So, when he arrived at the Kinner home, Henry was quite high. He tried to give Mrs. Kinner a drink of sherry, but she turned him down scornfully, muttering something about alcohol being a weak man's retreat.

Henry went into the living room then, and found Sally Jardan on the sofa. Sally had a cloth, soaked in hot goose grease, about her throat. She was wan and ill. But when, titillated by the looks of her lying feebly there, he tried to kiss her, she fought him like fury. And, before he won, she was dead at his hands. From then on the details were too indelicate to get into print.

When the aunt came in, querulously demanding what Sally was screaming about, he strangled her to death.

In the end, he tried drunkenly to cover up his crimes. He cut the rope from the clothes-drier in the kitchen, took it down to the cellar, and then dragged both bodies down. He looped the clothesline over a crossbeam, and hung Sally and her aunt from the loose ends by their necks.

While he was looping one of the loose ends, the doorbell rang and he went to answer it. It was a woman, a neighbor come to visit his aunt.

"She's very busy now," he said insanely. "Can't you come back tomorrow?"

She said she could, doubtfully, and

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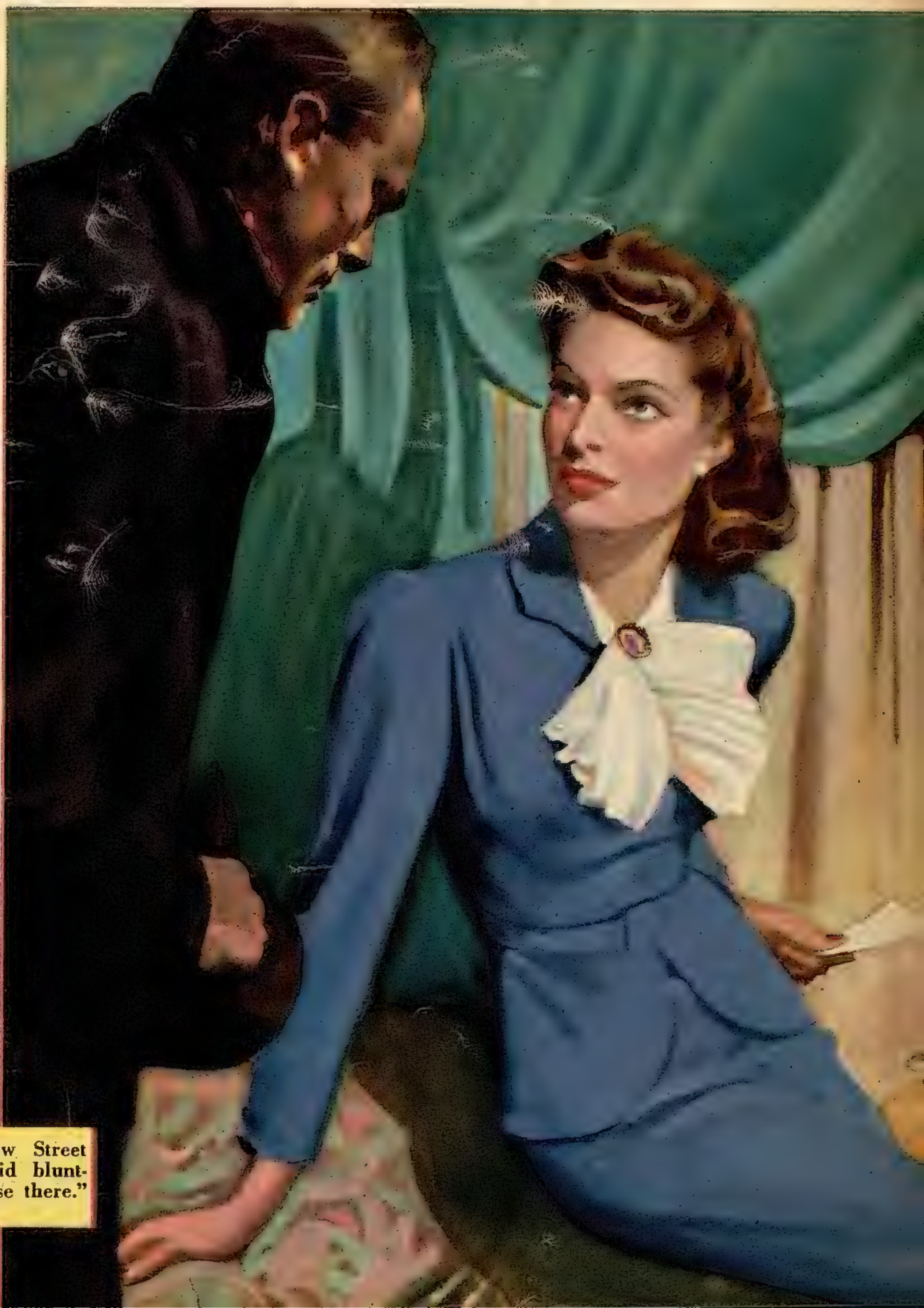

"It was in the old Willow Street station in Brooklyn," I said bluntly. "There was a murder case there."

PAPER CHASE

A brief case changes hands and a murderer becomes a victim in this breath-taking story of danger and intrigue

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

"I'VE decided we'll stick to being the ones that take what they want—not the doormats," Carola Ballister told her husband. After years abroad, living by their wits, the Ballisters were on their way back to the United States from Mexico. When their plane crashed, Fate played into Carola's hands. She found what appeared to be a made-to-order confidence game in a black briefcase belonging to an injured fellow passenger named Mercer.

Its contents were puzzling—a list of four names and addresses, four wills signed by the four people on the list, and what seemed to be a menu in reverse, beginning with plum tart and ending with split green pea soup. What interested the Ballisters was that each of the wills made Albert H. Mercer heir to about a million dollars!

"This is something big," said Henry Ballister.

"And for us?" asked Carola.

"Blackmail?" said Henry. "Maybe something more—more dignified."

They returned the papers to the briefcase and decided to go to Cleveland and look up George Kempen, whose name was first on Mercer's list.

In Cleveland, Lili Ban, a night-club singer, introduced Jeff Piper, a young lawyer, to the man she was to marry. His name was George Kempen and he wanted Piper to draw up a new will for him, leaving everything to Lili. Jeff noticed he seemed worried and very anxious to avoid a Mr. Mercer who had been calling him on the telephone.

On the day the will was to be signed, Jeff and Kempen were lunching in a restaurant when a man came in and greeted Kempen jovially. Kempen seemed ill at ease, almost afraid.

"I'm going to have plum tart," the man, whose name was Mercer, told the waiter, then ordered the rest of his lunch, ending with "And bring a cup of split pea soup first."

Promising to call on Mercer later, Kempen rushed away with Jeff in tow.

"I'm going to my apartment to pack," he said excitedly. "Phone me the instant the will is ready, and I'll come over to sign it."

WHEN Jeff got back to his office Miss Peck was at her typewriter. Jeff stopped beside her desk.

"Miss Peck, you must have had a very important appointment for lunch."

"I did. Why? Did you want me? I'm terribly sorry."

"Miss Peck, I wish to dictate a will."

She got out her shorthand book and it was then that he noticed the ring.

"H'mm," he said. "Something new?"

"Yes. New this noon."

"Now I *am* angry, Miss Peck. If you had stayed in all lunch hour, as I was going to ask you to do, Mike might have flung the ring and himself in the river. So you're leaving me?"

"Not for a while. But you really didn't expect me to stay in a lawyer's office all my life, did you? It's boring."

"It's just my practice that's boring. Some lawyers have very exciting times. I think maybe I'm about to have an exciting time." Why should I think that? Jeff asked himself. To Miss Peck he said, "Better give the ring back. Newspapermen make terrible husbands."

"I promise you all my divorce business."

AT about two o'clock the will was ready and Jeff put in a call for Kempen. He heard the buzzing sound as the telephone girl at the apartment house rang the suite. She rang several times, long, steady rings, but there was no response.

Jeff hung up. He was puzzled. The ringing of the phone in the quiet apartment had had an ominous sound. Curious that Kempen wasn't there.

Jeff shoved the phone away and walked over to the window. At a newsstand across the street the latest editions showed war headlines inches high. Jeff had a vision of his application to the Bureau of Military Intelligence filed among hundreds of others in an impersonal steel cabinet. On how many desks, in and out of how many folders, must it be shuffled yet before he heard? He felt a tremendous despairing distance between himself and the headlines across the street.

The phone buzzed and he picked it up.

The voice that came over was husky and agitated, with that bit of an accent that made it so intriguing.

"Mr. Piper, this is Lili Ban. Something very unforeseen has happened. Would you please come over right away?"

"Over?"

"George's apartment. Please, I beg you."

"Is Mr. Kempen there?"

"Yes, but he cannot speak to you. Please, Mr. Piper, please hurry."

"Shall I bring the will?"

But she had rung off without hearing him.

IMMEDIATELY after his knock Lili opened the door. Her eyes were enormous with horror. She stood wordlessly in the doorway staring at him.

"Where is he?" asked Jeff.

She turned and led him through the foyer into the living room. It made a ghastly picture, the great white marble statue, bloodstained, on the floor and underneath it the limp mashed body of George Kempen. It had hit him hardest across the chest and head, and one side of his face was a bruised purple.

Jeff felt nausea grip him at the sight.

"I couldn't move it," Lili whispered, shuddering. "It's too heavy. I couldn't move it off of him."

Jeff bent down and with much straining they managed together to roll the statue to one side. Jeff took Kempen in his arms and laid him on a couch. He was very crushed and very dead.

"Oh, God," Lili moaned, "it's my fault. I asked him to buy that statue for me."

"But how could it have happened?" Jeff gazed at the landing where the statue had stood the night before. "Was it off balance? Too close to the edge of the stairs?"

"I don't know, I don't know," she sobbed. "I came in and found him there. I thought I would go mad—seeing him like that—so horrible. Then I called you." She went and knelt beside the couch.

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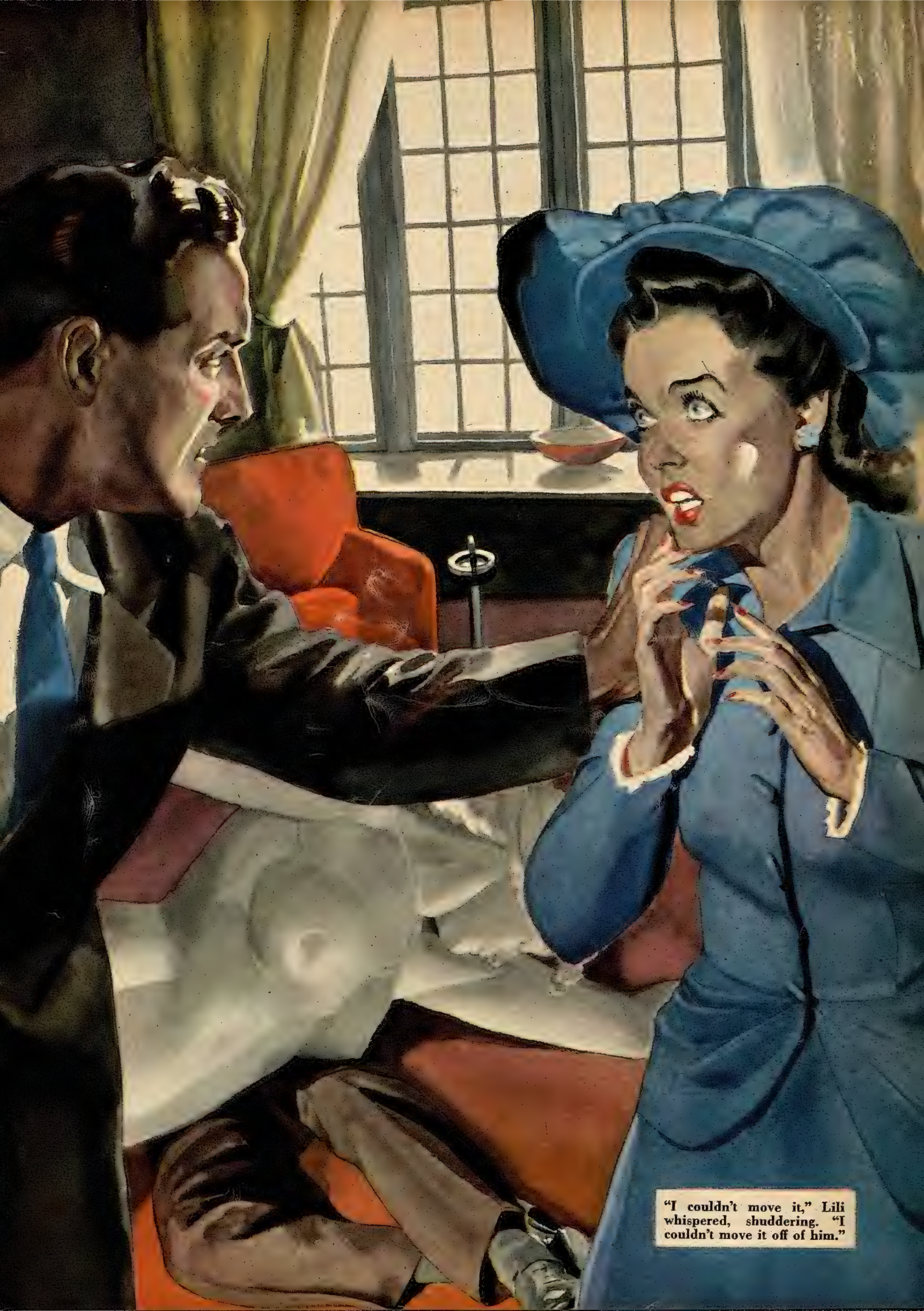


"I couldn't move it," Lili whispered, shuddering. "I couldn't move it off of him."

PRO

SHOULD VENGEANCE

A question every American must sooner or later decide for himself.

YOU cannot trust the German people. When this war is over, Germany must be destroyed so that we shall not have to fight her again. Three times in seventy years she has attacked innocent neighbors. Two attacks led to world wars.

Some people feel there's a distinction between the Nazis and the German people. But is there? In 1870, Germany had Bismarck; in 1914, the Kaiser; now, Hitler. All were enemies of democratic ideals. All were supported by the German people. All were the expression of the Teutonic nature, of the German character, of that monstrous concept, German *Kultur*.

The German people chose Hitler to be their ruler. They showered him with adoration, maniacal loyalty. Screaming, waving mobs welcomed each new aggressive move he ordered, each rape of a small nation.

The *German people,* not merely the Nazis, made Hitler.

In the last war there were many who said that German atrocity stories were fables, Allied propaganda. None today can say the horrors of Poland, Norway, Greece are lies. None can talk away the newsreel-recorded bombings of hospitals in England, of children in Barcelona, the machine-gunning of fleeing refugees.

The Red armies of Russia know best what a German is. They have seen the German's work: the corpses with gouged-out eyes, tongues cut out, lips burned off; women burned alive, children's bodies tortured before they were left to freeze, naked, in the snow.

A Russian major who went into battle after finding the mutilated body of his wife was brought in wounded. "When we kill Germans now," he said on his deathbed, "we are fulfilling a simple function of war. What I am afraid of is that, when we begin to take our revenge, there will be humanitarians, especially abroad, who will start talking about 'mercy' and 'morality.' Such people have not seen their dearest shot by the Germans. . . . They have not been shocked by the smoke of their own burning cities. . . . The Hitlerites should be annihilated like rats. *For the sake of the future, we must cleanse the world of this black plague.*"

You can't change the Teuton nature any more than you can break a dog trained to sink his teeth into a stranger's throat. You shoot a dog with rabies. A German today is a mad dog. Listen to the doctrine of modern Germany:

World history is the history of Greater Germany under the absolute leadership of Adolf Hitler. Hitler is divinely chosen. Hitler is wiser than any other leader. The Germans are ordained to be the master race. All other races are inferior, degenerate, and must be servile to the master race. The keynote of all "education" is to follow the Führer without question.

Lies, bestiality, hatred are virtues to be inculcated in true Germans. Individual freedom is a weak and degenerate ideal; democracy is through; the state must be all-powerful. The individual has but to obey.

A Nazi child must have contempt for his parents. Love for his mother is a weak and silly thing compared to love of the Führer. The child must denounce a mother who is not a 100-per-cent Nazi, must turn in his "unpatriotic" father, to be carried off to concentration camp. The child must revile his Jewish ex-playmates.

And women—the Germans know all about women. Stupid, inferior creatures who should keep their places: the kitchen and the childbed. But you can't even trust them to pick their mates—they may defile the race. Breed them as you do cattle and pigs, on human stud farms.

You can't "reform" a nation that has absorbed such teaching. The coming generations of Germany have been marked.

Some humanitarians want to feed and clothe Germans after the war—when the Nazis are defeated. Why? Greeks lie starving in the gutters. Czechs, Belgians, Poles, Dutch, Ukrainians, French, Scandinavians have been tortured, reviled, shot.

In the last war, German orphan children were adopted and brought up by Norwegians. These children returned twenty years later to conquer and betray Norway. It is folly to think that when Hitler is gone Germans will change and we shall have reasonable people. We cannot trust them for generations. They should be policed, occupied, administered, crushed—never to rise again as a German race.

Our fighting men, who have risked their lives, will have revenge. In having it, they will ensure safety for the world.

THE ARBITRATOR

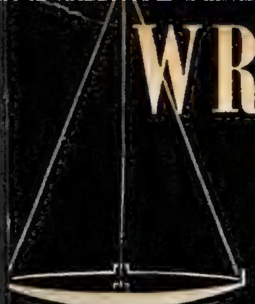
WHILE we must avenge the slaughtered victims of the Nazis, to repay in like measure would create more problems than it would settle. If, after the Nazi leaders are exterminated, we make a vengeful peace, shackle the Germans, humiliate them, make them suffer and go hungry, we will only inspire the same revenge phobia which begot Hitlerism.

Such measures will cause the masses, in their misery, to turn again to the first demagogue who promises them relief, on whatever terms. This is not a meek, humanitarian view. It is a realistic and practical one.

The greatest danger in the argument for vengeance is that it leads straight to another Hitler. It is Hitler who wants no distinction made between the Nazis and the German people. Shall we play into his hands?

The confused, despairing, betrayed German masses are the victims of their Nazi rulers. Each time the people tried to oppose Hitler, they were stopped.

We must recognize this, and exercise all our wisdom, knowledge, and restraint to make a sensible peace, not a settlement that will be merely a prelude to further unrest and upheavals. The peace must pre-



WRITE THE PEACE?

CON

Here are both sides

ANNIHILATING Germans is the easy way, and the popular way, because it slakes your thirst for revenge and stops all need for thinking. It would be, however, a tragically wrong step. First of all, it isn't true that all Germans are corrupted by Nazism. The greatest Germans, writers, artists, scientists, musicians, clergymen, teachers, working people of all parties, fought Nazism before and after Hitler came to power—fought it even when they knew that torture and death awaited them.

One must consider: Who brought Hitler to power? Krupp, Stinnes, Thyssen—some of Germany's biggest industrialists and bankers. Britain's appeaser clique helped, if only by their own complacency. So did the French collaborationists. These men shut their eyes to the rearming of Germany and allowed Hitler to annex half of fertile Europe at Munich.

Can you blame the German people for the fact that the democratic world did nothing but protest when Hitler seized the Skoda Works in Czechoslovakia—then producing the best tanks in the world?

Locking up the deluded Nazi child, sterilizing the factory hand, policing the wretched woman chained to her washtub or her childbed will not eradicate the causes of Hitlerism.

The Nazi leaders must be rooted out, of course; they could never change. No one in his right mind would oppose their execution.

But once get rid of the gang that's running the country now, and the concentration camps and torture instruments, and the SS and the SA—and you'd be left with a lot of wretched citizens, ill-nourished, ill-clothed, with a deep personal misery through having lost sons and husbands and fathers in the war; people who would have one overwhelming desire—to be left in peace, not to be fighting, not to be cold, hungry, lonely, or frightened any more.

The pro side quotes a Russian major. Understandable words, under the circumstances. But have you read the letters found on German soldiers in Russia, letters to wives reading: "My Dear One: If only I could be with you now. If only this butchery, this terrible misery were ended . . ." Wounded German soldiers have preferred the firing squad to going back to that butchery. Growing numbers of German men and women know they have been duped. But it is not alone a Teutonic characteristic to be taken in by promises of corrupt politicians who, when elected, do not carry out the promises they have made. To crush the German nation for that would set a dangerous precedent.

Already Germans are learning that much of what they have been told was not true; already they see the promises of quick victories, of speedy re-establishment of German prestige and world power, as a gigantic lie. The Nazi ideological façade is being shown up. For "servile inferiors," "animals," "degenerates," the enemy is doing pretty well.

Anti-Semitism? In Russia under the Czars occurred the worst pogroms in the world's history. In Turkey, Armenia, Rumania, Poland, Serbia, Jews have been massacred for hundreds of years. In the United States they aren't massacred, but many people blame the Jews for their ills and discriminate against them in professions and industry. Anti-Semitism is a weapon latent in all countries; Jews have from time immemorial been the scapegoats.

Hitler never, under a free ballot, had a majority in Germany. He came into power through assassination, trickery, and the colossal frame-up of the Reichstag fire. ("If the lie you tell be only shameless enough, they will believe it."—Mein Kampf.) We didn't tar the whole American people with the brush of gangsterism because of Al Capone and other underworld overlords. The Germans were likewise the victims of a shrewd and much more powerful band.

If the policy of crushing Germany after the war should be adopted, what will become of the anti-Nazi millions in Germany and Austria, those who risk their lives in underground work? What will become of the democratic spirit that has been kept alive in spite of all the torture and killing? Those anti-Nazi Germans would have no choice but to kill themselves or to join Hitler—and with them would go all hope of internal revolt. Yet internal revolt is what the Allies count on as one of their strongest weapons in occupied countries.

There is surely a wiser way than punishing whole peoples, the innocent with the guilty. No, it can't be "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." It must be "suffer little children to come unto Me."

ECISION BY ELLA WINTER

vent a third and possibly fatal world disaster.

We should be discussing peace plans *now*. It may be necessary to create an international police force. We must study the breakdown of peace machinery following World War I and discover what made the League of Nations weak and ineffective. We must decide whether there is any instrument which will ensure universal disarmament, and whether such disarmament is actually desirable.

While the details and specific peace measures are lacking, we do know that if world resources are better distributed there will be far less danger of Fascism recurring. A prosperous people listens to no demagogue.

The worst punishment for a Nazified Germany would be to let into Germany, after the war is won, the light of hitherto *verboten* science and music, knowledge and education and truth. To free the churches and the schools, the nurseries and the mothers, the workers and the Jews would be a body blow to Hitlerism.

To make compulsory the study of the great Germans, past and present and to flood the country like sunshine with millions of copies of every pamphlet, every book burned by the Nazis, would make Adolf turn forever in his self-dug grave.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN the Revolutionary War broke out, young Julian Day was teaching in a boys' school in Williamsburg, Virginia, and his sympathies were Tory. This endeared him to beautiful, arrogant Regina Greensleeves, who had broken her engagement to marry Julian's friend, St. John Sprague, when Sprague went north to join Washington.

Julian loved Regina, but he knew she was just leading him on to punish St. John. St. John's sister, Dorothea, knew it too, and hoped fervently that St. John would return soon and bring Regina to her senses. She herself loved Julian, although he was completely unaware of it.

Tibby Mawes watched Julian's infatuation for Regina with an aching heart, because she loved him deeply. Tibby was the daughter of a laundress, twin sister of Kit, who was a pupil in Julian's school. Julian had become interested in her because she was so eager to learn that she came to school in her brother's clothes—and fooled Julian several times, too. When he discovered her trick, he arranged for her to go to a girls' school.

He still thought of her as a child, and when she said once, of Regina and St. John, "She doesn't deserve him," he believed she was jealous because she had developed a schoolgirl passion for St. John.

"She loves him, though, Tibby," he told her. "We might as well make up our minds to that fact you and I"

St. John realized that Tibby loved Julian, and that made it doubly hard for him to face her, when he came home with a bad leg after the battle of Camden, for he had to tell her that he had seen Julian on the field, wounded, and had been compelled to leave him there.

"At *Camden?*" There was a fierce terror in Tibby's voice. Camden had been a bloody battlefield.

"With de Kalb," said St. John.

But a letter from Julian himself set Tibby's fears at rest. He had been captured by the British and rescued from them by General Marion's guerrillas. Now he had recovered from his wounds and was with Lafayette near Richmond.

The British were in Jamestown now, and might march into Williamsburg at any moment. St. John had gone back north to join Washington, and his aunt and his sister were leaving the city to go to the Greensleeves' plantation up the river. They sent for Tibby and Kit to go with them, but Kit was sick and couldn't be moved and Tibby, of course, wouldn't leave him. On the day the British entered Williamsburg, Kit died.

Tibby was alone in the world now —her mother had died that spring— and there was no one she wanted to be with except Julian. She could not go to him as she was—what would he do with a girl in the army? —but if she were Kit—

That night she buried Kit, and into the makeshift wooden cross above his grave she burned her own name with a hot poker: *Tabitha Mawes.*

Then, in Kit's clothes, she mounted her old horse, Crow's-meat, and rode away.

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

A magnificent and stirring chapter in America's history where, in the wilderness of Virginia, men fought, as they do today, for the cause of freedom

BY ELSWYTH THANE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

THERE was a sentry on the bridge, so Tibby crawled through the bushes on the bank until a bend in the creek hid her from his sight. She found Crow's-meat among the willows, and he whickered with pleasure at her approach. The saddle was in the woodshed behind the cabin, and too heavy for her to handle alone anyway, but an old blanket which sometimes protected the horse from flies and rain was on the ground under the tree. She laid it across his bony back as a pad, climbed on a fallen tree trunk, mounted, and made a wide circle toward the south and west, bearing always toward the Jamestown road, which she hoped to intersect from the shoreward side somewhere beyond the last sentry at the college end of the town.

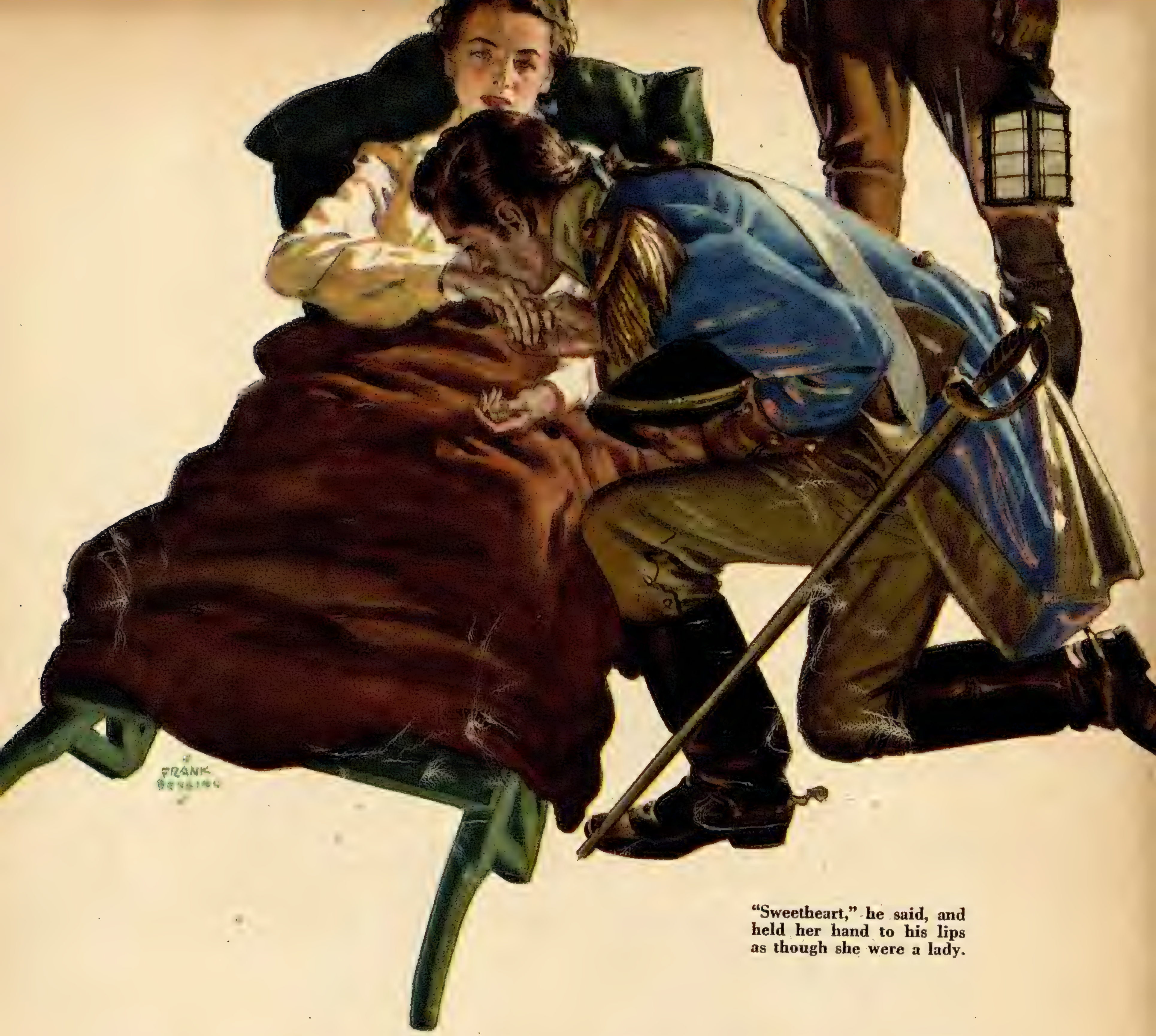
She had no way to carry water, and suffered from thirst as the long, hot day passed its meridian. She had brought cornbread in her bundle, and ate what fruit she could find along the way, to make her own provisions last.

It was slow work, with many rests for Crow's-meat and a hunt for drinking water, and darkness found her somewhere west of the town, between it and the shore. She slept exhaustedly on the ground, the blanket wrapped around her against the damp, with Crow's-meat tied to a near-by tree, and woke in the dawn to the inevitable problem of mounting him on top of the slippery blanket without stirrups.

Once during the day she nearly blundered into a British sentry and had to detour, and twice she dodged into the bushes and held Crow's-meat's nose while small parties of British horsemen rode by.

The detours ate up time, and Crow's-meat's pace was always stately, so she spent a second night in the woods beyond Spencer's Ordinary, and made a breakfastless start in the dawn. By now she had had time to contemplate the various aspects of the thing she had done in such haste. It was easy enough to counterfeit Kit now, but how about when he should have come of age? What would be expected of him, and how long would it be before—

Well, it was no good worrying about that now. The British army was in Williamsburg in all its might and glory, and Lafayette was moving toward his fate. There would be a battle on the Neck, everybody said. The British fleet would come into Yorktown at Cornwallis' back, and Lafayette would hurl his ragged men against British bayonets till they all died, and then it would be Washington's turn again. The world was on fire—the world might be coming to



"Sweetheart," he said, and held her hand to his lips as though she were a lady.

an end; but in the meantime she would see Julian Day again, and if there was a battle, she would be in it too. Because if Julian Day had to die that way, she must die too, beside him, where she belonged.

She tried to plan what she must say to him, as she rode. Neither she nor Kit had ever lied to him before —unless you could count those other times she had worn Kit's clothes and nobody had noticed till she broke the ewer. "Tibby is dead," she must say as soon as she got to him. "Tibby is dead." The words had a queer taste on her tongue. I am dead, and this is my brother, who never felt about Julian Day quite the way I do. I must be careful; I must remember that I am Kit when I see him. Kit would be fairly offhand about it, if he had left me under the cross and come to Tyre's Plantation. Kit wanted so much to be manly and strong. . . . "Tibby is dead, Mr. Day." How would Kit have said that? Not too offhand—he could never have managed it. . . .

She detoured Cooper's Mill and returned to the road, and finally, with her heart in her mouth, rode boldly up to the American sentry at Tyre's Plantation.

"Whoa, there," he said, and eyed the small straight figure atop the decrepit horse with friendly amusement. "Where might you be bound for, sonny?"

"Please, sir, I want to see General Lafayette," she announced.

"Ye don't say! Cornwallis send you?" he grinned.

"No, sir. But I come from Williamsburg, all the same."

"Don't tell me!" marveled the sentry, only half believing. "Ain't they got no pickets out?"

"There was a sentry, but he didn't see me. You wouldn't have a bit of breakfast left over, would you?"

He looked at her pale lips and sunken eyes, and at the horse which stood splay-legged with fatigue.

"Well, no, I wouldn't; I et it all, such as it was," he confessed regretfully. "But I tell you what you do, son. You go on into camp and tell 'em you're hungry, and see what happens."

"Thank you, sir."

She rode on, smiling back at him over her shoulder, for the encounter had raised her confidence. He hadn't suspected anything. It was going to be all right!

Instead of turning Crow's-meat's head toward the smoke of the cook fires on the left, she followed a wide tree-lined avenue toward the mansion whose stout brick chimneys were visible through the trees. Half-

(*Continued on page 61*)

AMNESIA-

"OFFICER, please help me. I can't remember my name or where I live." Every day, somewhere in the United States, some policeman hears this anxious, frightened plea.

The Greeks had a word for it—amnesia, a forgetting, a blotting out of memory for names, identity, friends, and home. More than 20,000 persons a year stumble into this fog of oblivion. Few get to police stations or hospitals; in most instances the neighborhood cop, the Travelers Aid, or some other social agency is able to clear up the case.

Few cases go unsolved—that is, few of those who realize their condition and ask for help. How many of the men and women carried on police lists of the missing are amnesiacs who do not even realize their condition is anybody's guess. Some victims have been known to "come to" after years of blank memory. Incidentally, when the amnesiac recovers his memory of his true identity, he promptly forgets everything that happened during his seizure.

A number of techniques have been developed to pull out of the deeps of the subconscious the lost bits of memory. All one well dressed young woman could remember was that she had been walking for a long time when she suddenly realized her predicament and approached a policeman. At the station house, after a number of routine questions, the inspector asked, "Can you type?" The girl thought she could. So the inspector dictated a brief note. The girl typed it expertly, and with perfect automatism typed initials in the lower left-hand corner. By these she was traced.

Another technique is to give the amnesiac a pencil and ask him to write down whatever pops into his head—particularly all names of persons. Or ask him to tell every thought that comes into his mind. Often this train of thought gives clues.

What is amnesia? What causes it? Physicians will tell you it's a special kind of forgetfulness—a protective mechanism by which certain types

Every day, somewhere, some policeman hears an amnesiac's frightened plea.

CIVILIAN SHELL SHOCK

Strange, true tales of the 20,000 men and women a year who lose all recollection of who they are

BY T. E. MURPHY

of minds avoid unpleasant memories or situations.

Usually it's not faked. It's as hard to fake amnesia as it is to simulate a heart attack, according to Dr. Nolan Lewis of the New York Psychiatric Institute. A well informed physician can spot either effort without much trouble.

The amnesiac keeps his ordinary faculties. He looks normal. He buys railroad tickets, walks through traffic, travels long distances, talks sanely. It's only the one special compartment in his mind that's shut off. It's the isle that contains painful memories. Amnesia in women is preceded by unhappy love or marriage. In men it is most often caused by business or financial worries.

Gene Tunney tells how he went around for a couple of days not knowing who he was after getting a clout on the jaw—that's traumatic amnesia. An operation on the brain of a patient in Seattle recently restored his memory; he had been listed as missing from Kearny, New Jersey, for eight years, had lived a normal life in the meantime, but had completely forgotten his past. His amnesia must have been traumatic, caused by a blow on the head, otherwise an operation would have had no effect. Many people don't remember next morning what happened during an evening of jovial imbibing—that's toxic amnesia. But usually amnesia is hysterical, the terminal result of a period of worry or strain.

The Case of Colonel Robins

AMNESIA is no respecter of persons —men and women get it with equal frequency. Only small children seem exempt, and it sometimes climbs up into the brackets of the great and near great. Take the case of Raymond Robins.

He was an intimate friend of Herbert Hoover, and was a noted prohibition leader. One night he had dinner with friends in New York. Next morning he had an appointment with Mr. Hoover, and his mind was active in going over his plans for the day.

Next day Mr. Hoover looked in vain for Mr. Robins. He didn't show up the next day, either—or the day after that. His picture appeared on front pages from coast to coast. Finally the belief grew that he was dead.

Months later an alert youngster down in the Old Smoky Mountains of North Carolina happened to notice one Reynolds Rogers, a gold prospector who had just come in from the hills. There was something familiar about the face in spite of the rough beard that he wore and the unkempt miner's clothing. Authorities were notified of the youngster's suspicions and sure enough, the man was Colonel Robins.

He was irked by all the attention. "Why do these people want to make me somebody else?" he said. "All I want is to be let alone."

Not for days afterward did he finally come around to a recognition of his own identity. Here in this little backwoods community he had already begun to carve out a new life for himself. He taught Sunday school and made political speeches—all unwitting of his previous life. What caused his amnesia never was publicly explained.

Physicians call amnesia the "shell shock of civil life." Dr. Foster Kennedy, noted neurologist, who made a special study of shell shock, found that it had nothing to do with the concussion of bursting shells. It came about as a result of a conflict within the mind of a soldier—his subconscious told him to run away to save his hide while his conscious mind told him to be loyal to his comrades and his duty. After a while something gave way in this psychic tug of war. Result: shell shock.

Most famous of the World War cases was that of Monsieur X. He was picked up at a railroad station in Tours, a blank, unknowing look on his face as he repeated, "I don't know who I am."

After a year or so, as the amnesia persisted, Monsieur X became valuable property because of accrued pension rights. More than 5,000 claims for him were filed by people who saw in him a lost brother, husband, or son. Finally the claims were sifted and reduced to three.

First claimant was the Widow Mozet, who saw in Monsieur X a son; so sure was she that she sold her farm in Bordeaux so she could be near him. Second was a young widow, who saw in him a resemblance to her missing husband. Last, a peasant couple named Montjoin from Ste. Maure, who recognized Monsieur X as their son Octave.

Investigators and physicians ran against a blank wall until the judge, with Solomon-like acumen, cut through it cleanly. He removed Monsieur X to the town of Ste. Maure and turned him loose. With unerring step Monsieur X turned down a side street, in through a tidy gate, and up the front steps and in the door of the peasant couple Montjoin.

The court declared him to be Octave Montjoin who had come home from the wars at long last.

When Watson Rivals Holmes

IN the preliminary stages of an investigation of a case of amnesia, the physician becomes a detective. He studies the physique, carriage, mode of speech, and demeanor of the patient, trying to place him. Into what general social and geographical niche does he fit? Are his hands work-hardened or soft? Is his vocabulary tough or refined? Does he talk Bostonese, Brooklynese or Chicagoese? Sometimes the piecing together of such observations can make a fairly comprehensive picture, whatever the patient may profess.

A young girl came in to Bellevue Hospital recently with a perfect Oxford accent—so she thought—and spoke vaguely of bombing raids. But a wily physician led her to use the word "clerk"—and she didn't say "clark." Ultimately it was found she came from Brooklyn.

Sometimes the sound of a name or a song may be enough to jar the associative memories.

In a hospital ward recently somebody was playing Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata when an amnesiac man jumped to his feet. "That's it—that's it!" he shouted. Then he rushed to the piano, displaced the player, and started to play furiously, first one piece, then another, shouting excitedly, "It's coming back—it's coming back!"

After an hour he drooped over the keys, exhausted by the emotional storm but perfectly lucid.

(*Continued on page 60*)

GENERAL GIRAUD HERO OF FRANCE

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A legend of military history comes to life under the pen of a famous French journalist who knew him

GENERAL GIRAUD is now commander in chief of the French troops serving with the American and British armies in North Africa. The Allies couldn't have made a better choice. All Frenchmen respect him for his personal courage, his unflinching energy, his unique military record. They know he was wounded six times and cited for bravery thirteen times. Taken prisoner by the Germans in 1914, he escaped and fought again. Taken prisoner by the Germans in 1940, he escaped first to France, then to Algeria, and is now fighting again. They respect and love him because they know he never despaired of the future nor of the unity of France.

While interned in the German fortress of Koenigstein he managed to send a letter home, parts of which I quote because they show the man:

"To my children:

I do not know how long I shall stay here; months, perhaps years. Maybe I shall be buried by the side of my friend Dame. That would not matter. I am ready. I entrust to you my most sacred task: the restoration of France. I forbid you to accept our defeat. . . . The ways and means are immaterial. The only essential thing is the result. To obtain it you must sacrifice everything, your personal interests, your tastes, your theories. . . .

At first, of course, you cannot attack openly an enemy that has occupied our land and has disarmed us completely. . . .

From a distance, I can only suggest a program:

The spirit is created in France.

The training takes place in the colonies.

The matériel comes from friendly countries. . . .

All of you, Pierre, Henri, Bernard, and you too, my dear daughters, remember that a storm passes but that our country remains. A nation lives on if it is determined to live. We are certain of success if we have the will to succeed. . . ."

GIRAUD is sixty-four. He was born in Paris of a good old middle-class family. He was educated at the College Stanislas, a remarkable Roman Catholic school which General Gouraud, the hero of the Dardanelles, and the poet Edmond Rostand also attended. Later Giraud went to the Lycée Louis-le-Grand where he had as a schoolmate the future Premier Paul Reynaud. When he was nineteen he entered the military school at Saint Cyr.

He left it, a second lieutenant in the infantry, and began his military career in the Zouaves. It is interesting to note that his first garrisons were the very towns which are the scene of his present fighting—Bizerte and Tunis. He was popular with his men at once because they admired his justice and the passionate interest he took in his command. He spent ten years in Tunisia and then, as a captain, entered the competition for the War College. He was admitted, which qualified him for the General Staff.

French officers on the General Staff had to spend a certain time with units of the various arms and services. So Giraud was attached provisionally to a cavalry brigade. He is a good horseman and a good airman. But when the war came he went back to his old regiment and started as an infantry officer.

UP to April, 1940, I had hardly met General Giraud. I had, of course, seen him at various ceremonies. I had admired his tall presence, his clear piercing eyes, his air of frankness and strength.

"Look at him well—he is big in

everything," Marshal Lyautey used to say of him. And it was true. One got an immediate impression of a man above normal in everything.

I heard a lot about him in Morocco. The Arabs said he had "the *Baraka*," the magic power that brings luck. He was the chief who had, at the side of Lyautey, done more than any other to conquer and pacify the south of the country. Officers spoke of his quick and energetic decisions, of his bravery, of his amazing recovery every time he was wounded.

During the hard Riff campaign against Abd-el-Krim, he was engaged in six battles. Seriously wounded in the thigh, he had two of his men lift him up on his horse and hold him in the saddle so he could follow the battle and continue giving his orders. It was Colonel Giraud who, a few months later, captured Abd-el-Krim. He went on an air reconnaissance above the mountains of Atlas and crashed, injuring his spine. Yet he continued to command his troops.

SOME of the senior officers who had known him during the first World War told me about his exploits then. Captain of a crack regiment, the Fourth Zouaves, he was wounded in one of the first battles of the war and left for dead on the battlefield. The Germans picked him up and sent him to a small hospital in a French village. As soon as he felt better, he escaped to his friends; was caught, escaped again, and lived for a while in Belgium under various disguises. He was a stableman, a clerk for a coal merchant, a magician in a traveling circus. Then, as his wounds did not heal, he placed himself for a few days in the hands of a Belgian doctor who introduced him to Miss Edith Cavell. She sent him to Holland. From there he got to England, and eventually back to France. After that, the war was for him an uninterrupted succession of victories, great and small.

In the entire French Army no one had a more perfect record of courage and efficiency than General Giraud.

ALL this explains why I felt so elated when in March, 1940, I received orders to report to him. He wanted me to give lectures to his troops about the British Army and the British character in general, to counteract German propaganda.

When I arrived at the headquarters of the Seventh Army, the Chief of Staff said, "The General wants you to lunch with him at twelve o'clock. Please be punctual. General Giraud hates people to be late, even one minute."

I have pleasant memories indeed of that luncheon and of the few days I spent in the company of the general. I found him simple, open, and friendly though dignified. He criticized quite freely our production, the lack of planes and of guns.

"Do you know how many planes I, a general commanding an army, have at my disposal?" he asked. "Eight. Less than a German colonel has! What can one do? I have many more air colonels than I have planes. . . ."

But in spite of our inferiority he was against a purely defensive policy. "We should enter Belgium now," he said; "not wait until the Germans compel us to do it under the worst possible circumstances."

In their prison camp General Giraud (second from right) told the Nazis: "Tomorrow I will escape. I will raise a new French army."

"There is a risk," I reminded him.

"In war," he replied, "one must take chances. Reasonable chances, to be sure. I expect some good people have told you that I am overconfident. That is not true. I can be very cautious, if and when necessary. But I do believe in a calculated audacity. For instance, you remember our attack at Villers-Cotterets in July, 1918. I was Chief of the Staff of the Moroccan Division. We had been told the only chance of success was a surprise and mass effect. In order to achieve this we had to pack all our tanks on a narrow front. A bombardment by the enemy of that crowded spot might have destroyed all my division, yet the probability of such a bombardment was extremely small. The tanks were well concealed and camouflaged. They had arrived only the previous evening under cover of darkness. I decided to take my chance. But up to the last minute I could hear my heart beat.

"We were due to attack at 4.35 A. M. I had my watch in hand. At four thirty not a single shell had come our way. I breathed easier. Four thirty-one . . . four thirty-two . . . four thirty-five. . . . The division moved forward. The *Baraka* had not deserted me."

"IN action," he told me, "speed is everything. I will give you an example. When I was campaigning in Morocco, I found myself up against a strong and fierce tribe that lived at the top of a peak, in a sort of eagle's nest. I called my chief engineer and said to him, 'Look here. You see that steep cliff? All right! Now you must build me in three days, working only at night, a road that will take us right up to the top of the peak.'

"Politely but firmly the chief engineer answered, 'Impossible, *mon général*. It will take three months to carve such a road in the rock.'

"'Very good,' I said. 'I cannot ask you to do the impossible. You will not build the road, but I will.'

"I sent for the colonel of the Foreign Legion, gave him the plan of the road I needed, and asked him to make road builders of his own men and all the men of the other regiments in the neighborhood. He was the right sort. Three days later I had my road. Result: We were able to attack that tribe in a spot they had thought impregnable, and we conquered, without loss, the most dangerous stronghold of the Atlas. Moral: The best element of surprise is to attempt the seemingly impossible and to act quickly."

Another story he told me was this:

(*Continued on page 29*)

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

llywood Canteen
for
SERVICE MEN

Top-flight movie stars appear at this renovated night club, but there is no cover charge. Everything, in fact, is free.

Business is brisk, and why wouldn't it be, with Hedy Lamarr (not a motion picture) doing a waitress act at the counter?

It's a great night when a sailor can get Irene Dunne's autograph thrown in with free coffee, sandwiches, and cigarettes.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND stood behind the snack bar at the Hollywood Canteen, handing out sandwiches and cakes to the men in service. Suddenly a tall gangling fellow stopped dead in his tracks and stared with mouth open.

"Are you one?" he asked in a slow Texas drawl.

"Yes," answered Olivia, with a grin. "I'm one. And she's one too," she added, pointing to a flaming red-head farther along the counter. "She's Geraldine Fitzgerald."

"Never heard of her."

"Didn't you see Wuthering Heights?" asked Olivia.

"No, ma'am," said the boy. "That was too deep for me."

"Well, surely you saw her with Bette Davis in Dark Victory?"

"No, ma'am. That was too deep for me, too. I only see your pictures, Miss de Havilland. They're simple."

Two nights later Bette Davis, shining light of the Canteen, was signing autographs. A six-foot-four marine shoved up to the counter. "Hello, sugarplum," he said, fresh as all get out. "You're kinda cute. But I sure think you stink on the screen."

An eighteen-year-old from the naval base at San Pedro swaggered up to hostess Eloise O'Brien and asked, "Is Joan Leslie here tonight?"

"No," said Mrs. O'Brien. "But that's Hedy Lamarr back of the snack bar, and there's Greer Garson."

"Aw, nuts," he said dejectedly. "They're too old for me. Say, is Linda Darnell here?"

Mary Astor was a hostess on the late shift one night when a sailor asked her to dance.

"Certainly," said Mary affably. "But I may as well warn you, I don't jitterbug."

"Don't jitterbug!" he sneered scornfully. "Jeez, you don't get around much, do you?" Then, on second thought, he decided to be gallant about it. "Lady," he said, swinging into action, "you'll learn."

And Mary did—the hard way.

At the end of a strenuous night Marlene Dietrich was sweeping the Canteen floor. A marine grabbed the broom from her. "I'll sweep this for

Where service men steal the spotlight and movie stars shine at the kitchen sink

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

you, babe," he said. "You must have enough of this to do at home."

A young soldier who was dancing with Olivia de Havilland asked her what kind of job she had. She told him she was an actress.

At the end of the dance he politely requested her autograph.

"Gee, Miss de Havilland," he said, blushing to the roots of his red hair, "I'm sorry I didn't recognize you. Isn't it awful, but I don't seem to recognize any actresses off the screen except the sweater girls."

This is the kind of stuff that goes on every night at the Hollywood Canteen—where Hollywood meets and entertains service men from all over the world. The critics who said that the movie people would never buckle down and make a success of the Canteen—and there were a lot of them—have had to eat their words. The Hollywood movie great, with few exceptions, have proved that they are pretty swell.

The Hollywood Canteen is the dream come true for a lot of studio people. It was inspired by the success of the Stage Door Canteen in New York, and practically every guild, craft, and union affiliated with films helped to create it.

A lease for the duration of the war was taken on an abandoned night club which had appropriately been known as The Barn. It was in a bad state of repair. The carpenters, the painters, the plumbers, property men, grips, studio decorators, drapers, electricians, laborers—all the multitude of crafts necessary to the existence of a studio—contributed man power, material, and money. One side of the Canteen was decorated by the artists from the Walt Disney studios. The Motion Picture Illustrators did the other side. Screen actor Richard Whorf, who used to design Broadway sets as a side line, designed the men's powder room. Now completely refurnished and rebuilt, the old night club has a value of $15,000. It cost the Canteen $200.

As the project gained momentum, Columbia studios dedicated the opening of Talk of the Town to the Canteen, thus giving it the first funds for its treasury. Since then

Lynn Bari attends to the serving, while Marlene Dietrich takes time out to dash off a few autographs for service men fans.

Hidden in the kitchen, Jean Gabin does the dish-washing. It's easy to see the Canteen does *not* cater to WAACs and WAVES.

The stag line crowds in on popular Mary Astor, while one opportunist gets set to ask for an autograph as well as a dance.

Johnny Nelson, a young marine who was injured at Guadalcanal, has a chat with Elyse Knox and Pat O'Brien at the Canteen.

He's enjoying his dance with Claire Trevor while it lasts. He knows the "cut-in" is permitted, so he won't have her long.

Bette Davis, champion Academy Award grabber-offer, and John Garfield welcome members of a colored regiment to the Canteen.

several movie stars have made healthy donations. Stars and executives who sat in the "bleachers" on opening night paid fifty dollars for their tickets. There is an "Angel's Table" at which outsiders see the fun at twenty-five dollars each, and angels have not been lacking.

Everything, of course, is free. The uniform of any branch of service in any of the United Nations forces is an admission ticket.

The Canteen serves between four and five thousand boys on Saturday nights, and an average of 1,600 on week nights. Most of the food is donated. To encourage the boys to write home, the studios supply two secretaries nightly to take dictation. One night over 200 letters went out. The soldiers seem to get a great kick out of playing what they call "Hollywood executive."

A few pretend to be bored, but at least 95 per cent of the men get a terrific thrill out of the place. One had his picture taken with one arm around Rita Hayworth and the other around Ann Sheridan. "I used to dream of things like this. I never thought it would happen to me," he murmured, wonder-struck. Thanks to the Hollywood photographers, he had a print a few days later to send to his girl.

Another soldier was heard telling his pal, "There I was, dancing with this dame and handing her a swell line. 'What's your name, babe?' I asked. 'Dorothy Lamour,' she said. Right in my arms! Dorothy Lamour! Gee, I shut up like a clam. I couldn't say a thing."

BUT the boys just back from the Solomons are the ones who go right to the hearts of the movie stars. As Bette Davis explained, "They have something in their eyes. We can always tell when a boy has seen actual service. There was a marine here last night. 'You'll never know,' he said to me, 'what it means to see girls and hear music again. Just let me sit here, please!' "

Despite the million-dollar entertainment provided nightly, the boys' chief sport seems to be getting autographs. Curious to know what they do with them, I asked a number of boys who were crowding around Irene Dunne and Hedy Lamarr. Three quarters told me they were sending them to their girls. Another 15 per cent were sending them "home," while 5 per cent insisted they would keep them. The remaining 5 per cent said, "I don't know, lady. This is the first one I ever got."

This is the first Hollywood Canteen the boys ever got, but it is doing its job like a million-dollar production.

THE END

GUESS WHO SAID IT!

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

"LET thy speech be better than silence, or be silent." Good advice from one of the Greeks who had a word for it. Whether you think the famous people speaking below should have remained silent is beside the point; for this is a game. Simply watch closely for clues and decide what person said what. Answers are on page 49.

1. "There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it and when he can." This advice came from a steamboat man with a shock of white hair who smoked bad cigars and used a nom de plume.

2. One of our best allies produced a man who has been revered for many centuries. He has but one name and he wisely said, "There is good government when those who are near are made happy, and when those who are afar are attracted."

3. Way back, when Good Queen Bess ruled, there was a famous man who did this plug for modern architecture: "Houses are built to live in, not to look on." He was supposed to have written the plays of another great man.

4. "There wouldn't be half so much fun in the world if it weren't for children and men, and there ain't a mite of difference between them under the skin." Virginian woman novelist; last name reminds you of the river Clyde.

5. You see her picture almost daily in the papers. She has occupied the same place longer than any other woman. First name can be spelled at least four ways. Said she: "No one can make you feel inferior without your consent."

6. Get this: "If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?" said by a great English scientist. A grandson in California is a popular novelist.

7. This man's last name is a servant. He's president of a big American university. He talks a lot. In 1927 he said: "Today there is not a single great man in any country in the world."

8. "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." The speaker was fat, brilliant, and the subject of a book more famous than any he'd written.

9. If you read the columnists you'll get this one. Once a sports writer, he turned to molls, mugs, guys, and others to make exciting stories. First name is a classic. He says: "We have great need of women in politics, but they must be women of forceful character who do not suddenly attempt to become men."

10. A great French satirist who would defend with his life a man's right to say anything, whose initial is a war symbol, said: "Ideas are like beards; men do not have them until they grow up."

GENERAL GIRAUD— HERO OF FRANCE

Continued from Page 25

"During the same campaign I used to go on reconnaissance flights above the Atlas. Mountain flying, with imperfect instruments, was supposed, at that time, to be dangerous, but I had an excellent pilot. But one day a sniper took a shot at us and the bullet went through our carburetor. We began to fall. We could see nothing under us but peaks and crests, no possible landing ground. Suddenly I spotted a small camp on a narrow ledge of rock. I pointed it out to my pilot. He shrugged but tried desperately to direct our fall that way. Then I felt a tremendous shock and lost consciousness. A few hours later I came to. My brave pilot had managed to land on the plateau. I had been thrown half over the edge of the precipice. It was a narrow escape. Yet I am still here. The *Baraka* again!"

I gave my lecture to a thousand officers. Afterward General Giraud said to me, "You are quite right about the British. They have many excellent qualities. My only grievance is that they lack initiative. They must refer everything to London. You said something in your lecture about the British tradition to allow great freedom to the man on the spot. I wish it were still true."

HE had great misgivings about the coming German attack, but no doubts about a final victory. I found him worried about the lack of seriousness in high places.

"A chief," he said, "or a statesman, has no right to behave like an ordinary man; he is responsible for his army or his country."

When the German offensive began, I knew Giraud's orders were to jump right up to the Dutch frontier. But he was recalled at once to take command of the defeated Ninth Army. He was told to land on a certain airfield. Arriving there at the appointed hour, he found himself, to his amazement and grief, among German officers who took him prisoner.

How he escaped, first from Germany, then from France, is not quite clear. The angry letter Hitler wrote about him to Marshal Pétain gives us a clue. In 1914 Giraud had escaped from a German hospital. Hitler's letter shows that in 1942, too, it was a simulated illness that gave him more freedom and a chance to get away. Giraud speaks perfect German and his physical strength is astounding. He barely escaped death in his dash to North Africa by submarine and plane. While boarding the British submarine which awaited him off the shore, he fell into the sea. He was lifted out by his coat collar.

But what matters most is not how he came to North Africa but that he is there. His knowledge of the country, his prestige with the French Army, his qualities as a fighter and as a chief will make him an invaluable addition to the Allied cause. He has political ideas, like any intelligent man; but he wishes to be nothing but a soldier until the war is won and France liberated, with the help of her American and British allies. Only when the last German has left France will Frenchmen have the right to reopen political discussions among themselves.

AN officer who had spent several months in the German prison with Giraud told me this story:

The German colonel in command of the camp used to attend, each day, a sort of meeting of all the French officers. On the wall was a large map of Europe on which small Nazi flags marked the progress of the German conquest. The German colonel would move the flags forward with triumphant and sarcastic comments.

One day General Giraud was wait-

GIRLS

I may never meet you, Kitty;
  I may never find you, Jane;
For this is a cruel city,
  Full of sorrow, full of pain.
Somewhere you are dwelling, Phyllis;
  In some street you're hiding, Sue;
Maybe I've passed Amaryllis
  On the flaming Avenue.

How's a lad to recognize her
  When he hears her pattering feet?
Ah! he would not dare surprise her,
  Walking down this thrilling street.
In despair I watch their faces,
  Hoping for an answering glance.
Surely in these crowded places
  There's still room for sweet romance.

But if I should leap from cover,
  If I dared to bid you stop,
Being such an uncouth lover,
  Probably you'd call a cop!

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

ing for him. Stood silent beside him during his remarks and then began to speak:

"I must confess that you have told us nothing but the truth. You have conquered a great many countries, won a great many victories, and taken a tremendous number of prisoners, among whom we have the misfortune to be counted. Yes. And it is also true that you have a fine army, wonderfully equipped, which might well win for you more resounding victories. But, of course, this is not the end of the story. I am sure you realize that. For instance, here am I, General Giraud. Your prisoner. But tomorrow—ah!—tomorrow I shall no longer be here. Tomorrow I will escape from this camp. I will go back to France. I will join the Americans and the British. I will raise a new French army. Then, with our allies, we will reconquer France. We will recross the Rhine."

He began pointing to the map as the German had done.

"Then," he said, "we shall enter Germany. We shall retake from you Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Greece. Then Italy will revolt against you. Then Russia will advance. And this, my dear colonel, will be the end of the story!"

The story developed exactly as he had predicted. He escaped mysteriously last April. Hitler was so angry that he denounced the general in one of his speeches—as if escape was not the duty of a prisoner of war. Had Hitler foreseen that Giraud would get out of occupied France to join the Americans in North Africa, he certainly would have had him watched more carefully. Now it is too late. Giraud is going to put into action the plan for the liberation of France he outlined to his children, and he will be at the side of the Allied armies the day they enter Paris. It was a truly important event in this war—the arrival in Algiers of the greatest French soldier on the eve of the American offensive.

And General Giraud still has that *Baraka*.

THE END

Coming Next Week

Something new in story telling—new and irresistible. It combines the charm of romance, the ghost story's eerie magic, and the fine "who-done-it's" fascinating puzzle-drama! Don't miss Liberty's abridgement, to one evening's reading time, of

THE UNINVITED

By Dorothy Macardle

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

MINISTERS' daughters think twice before marrying a minister, because they know how hard it is for a minister's wife to have any private life. She must help him do good, and on that job *all* hours are office hours. Lloyd Douglas told me this the other day, apropos of his own background. He said, "My wife Bessie is a minister's daughter; I am a minister's son; and I was a minister myself when we married. After marriage I accepted appointments only on condition that we wouldn't be expected to live in the parsonage, next door to the church. Too close for freedom. Same as every one else, people in religious work need independence and the chance of making friends where they please." . . . Author of *Magnificent Obsession, The Robe,* and many other best sellers, Lloyd Douglas rates today as our most successful popularizer of stories based on religion. Fame rests with natural ease upon his breadth of shoulder. His understanding of human vagaries holds him beyond the reach of complacent self-esteem. I met him at a party where he was being greatly fussed over and congratulated for his latest best seller—yet what pleased him most at the moment was a couplet just made up by Arthur Dawson, his ten-year-old grandson in Canada. Young Arthur's couplet goes as follows:

TIRO
SHL
UVPF

Nibble and blink, nibble and blink,
That's all that rabbits can do—I think.

HOSTESSES of wealth and savvy, such as Irene Dunne and Rosalind Russell, adhere to sound tradition in table setting. They don't let fanciness steal the show from good food. White damask tablecloths, traditional for fine dinners, have been ousted for a while by bridge-table entertaining in smallish rooms, but now they're right back in vogue. Since a bridge-table repast can be as excellent as one served on spacious mahogany, white damask cloths are now being cut to bridge-table size, forty-five inches square. You might make several out of one that is too vast for present convenience.

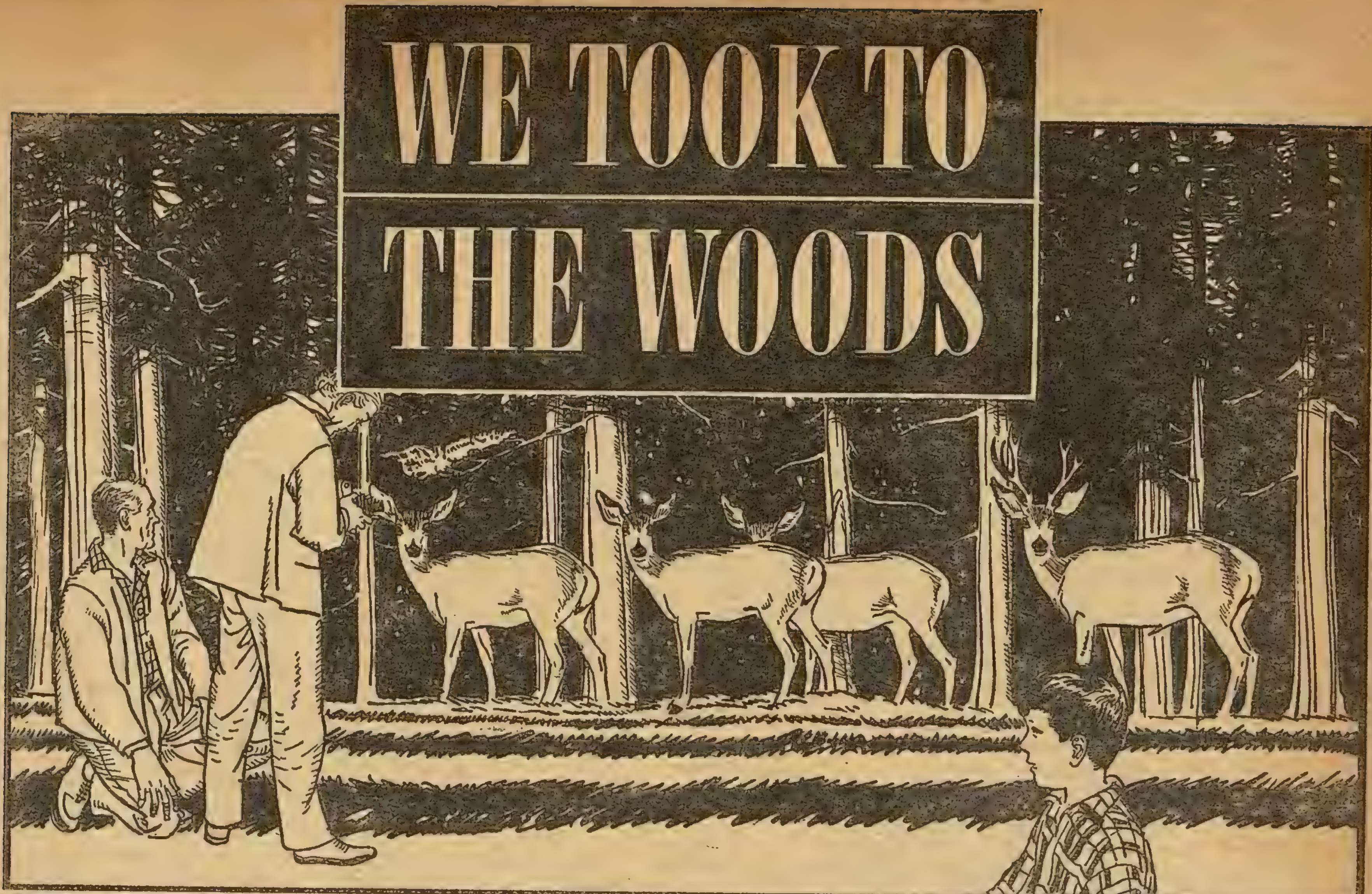
USEFUL new business book—*Life Underwriting: A Career for Women.* (Published by the Insurance Research and Review Service, Indianapolis, Indiana. $2.)

AT last I've seen a suitable place for those works of modern art that are called abstract—pictures composed of lines and spots and shapes that don't appear to mean anything. My oculist now has one on his office wall along with the usual charts made up of big and little letters for us to try to read. I asked if the abstract picture was some new test. "Nope," said my oculist; "and if you think you understand it, you *must* be cockeyed." I guess he's a joker.

HAVE you tried giving him breakfast in bed when your service husband, son, or brother comes home on leave? I know a number of women who have, and they say it provides the very touch of unaccustomed luxury their men delight in after days and days of turning out at dawn. Maybe you think *your* guy wouldn't like it—but I'll bet he will.

HERE'S a couple of breakfast treats he can get only at home: . . . Thin buckwheat pancakes lightly spread with scrambled eggs and chopped ham, then rolled up, sprinkled with maple sugar and quickly browned under flame. . . . Or in slow skillet fry 1 potato sliced paper-thin; add 1 tablespoon diced American cheese, dash of tomato catchup; cook 3 minutes. Break 2 eggs on top; moisten with 2 tablespoons cream; set 4 minutes in oven.

WE TOOK TO THE WOODS



By LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

Abridged to a reading time of one evening

A Liberty BOOK

WHAT THE CRITICS SAID ABOUT THIS GAY, LIGHTHEARTED BOOK . . .

"Irresistibly spontaneous and sophisticated humor . . . mirthfully exciting." ***The New York Times.***

"One of those rare books one falls in love with for its sparkle, warmth, and reflected joy of living." ***Philadelphia Inquirer.***

DURING most of my adolescence—specifically, between the time when I gave up wanting to be a brakeman on a freight train and the time when I definitely decided to become an English teacher—I said, when asked what I was going to do with my life, that I was going to live alone in a cabin in the Maine woods and write. It seemed to me that this was a romantic notion, and I was insufferably smug over my own originality. Of course I found out later that everybody is at one time or other going to do something of the sort. It's part of being young. The only difference in my case is that, grown to womanhood, I seem to be living in a cabin in the Maine woods, and I seem to be writing.

There is nothing that I so greatly admire as purposefulness. I have an enormous respect for people who know exactly what they are doing and where they are going.

I wish I could say that from the moment I first thought about this kind of life to the moment almost two decades later when I finally began living it, I had been working single-mindedly toward it. But it wouldn't be true. Actually I'd forgotten all about it long before. I did a lot of things—graduated from college, taught school, worked in an institution for the feeble-minded, went to Europe—but none of it was in preparation for an end. At the time it seemed end enough in itself.

I was shocked, therefore, to receive not long ago, and within the same week, letters from two old friends saying virtually the same thing, although the writers are strangers to each other. What they said, in effect, was this: "Isn't it wonderful that you're at last doing what you always said you wanted to do!"

My two friends, I thank you for your high opinion of my character, and I hate to have to disabuse you of it. It is wonderful—far more wonderful than you know—that I am doing what I once, without really believing it, said I was going to do. But if it proves anything, it is only that some people are fools for luck. Let me admit that until I received your letters I had been so busy coping with the situation that I hadn't even realized I was living my old dream.

There are differences, of course. My idea was a little

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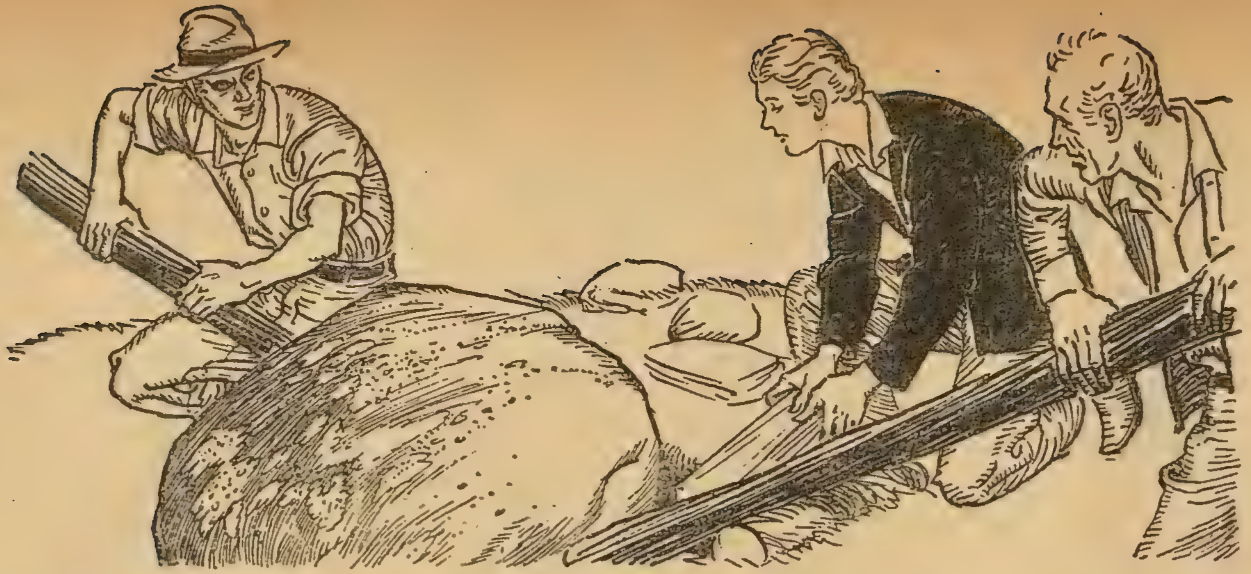


log cabin in a sort of spacious park. There is nothing parklike about this northwesternmost corner of Maine. Here, between two ranges of mountains, the Boundary Mountains and the Blue Mountains, lies a high wild valley, the basin that holds the Rangeley lakes. The country is crisscrossed with ridges, dotted with swamps and logans, and covered with dense forest. There are very few people living here, and no roads down into what we call The Outside.

I like to think of the lakes coming down from the north of us like a gigantic staircase to the sea. Kennebago to Rangeley to Cupsuptic, down they drop, level to level, through short snarling rivers; Mooselukmeguntic to the Richardsons to Pond-in-the-River, and through Rapid River to Umbagog, whence they empty into the Androscoggin and begin the long southeasterly curve back to the ocean. I like to say their names, and I wish I could make you see them—long, lovely, lonely stretches of water shut in by dark hills. There is nothing at all on the hills but forest, and nobody lives there but deer and bear and wildcats. The people keep close to the lakes, building their dwellings in narrow clearings they have made by pushing the trees a little way back from the water.

WHEN I said we lived in a cabin in the woods, I was speaking loosely. Forest Lodge is in the woods all right; there is nothing north or south of us but trees for so many miles that sometimes it scares me to think about it. But actually it consists of one cabin, one shack, one large house in the worst cracker-box style, and an assortment of lean-to's, woodsheds, workshops, and what are euphemistically known as outhouses. These latter are necessary because we have no plumbing, and therefore no bathroom. We get our water from the river and from a spring up back in the woods. We do our bathing in washtubs in front of the kitchen stove, and for other uses of the bathroom we resort to the outhouses. This is no great hardship in summer; but in winter, with the snow knee-deep, the wind howling like a maniac up the river, and the thermometer crawling down to ten below zero, it is a supreme test of fortitude to leave the warmth of the fire and go plunging out into the cold, no matter how great the necessity. We like to think, however, that it builds character.

The cabin, hereafter to be referred to as the Winter House, was the original Forest Lodge, built for a fishing camp. From the outside it's not a bad little house, but everything that could possibly be wrong with it inside is wrong. The ceilings are too high and the windows are too small, although Ralph, my husband, ripped out the old ones and doubled the window space the first year we were here. The living room, where we spend much of the time in winter, is on the north side, toward the woods, while the bedrooms, which we use only at night, are on the sunny, open side toward the river.

The reason for this irritates me. In the country the living quarters are always on the road side of a house, so that inhabitants can keep tabs on the passers-by. In winter there are normally about three passers-by in seven months here, but still the old rule holds. Apparently it's preferable to sit forever in sunless gloom than to lose one opportunity to speculate about some one's identity, starting point, destination, family connections, and probably discreditable purpose. The Winter House hasn't any kitchen, either, which is a point in its favor, odd as that may sound. We use the kitchen ell of the Big House all the year round, so the cooking odors that always collect in small country houses in the winter, no matter how often they are aired, never get into the Winter House.

About the last of May, or as soon as it is warm enough, we move down into the Big House, and the Winter House becomes the guest house for the summer, but we are rebuilding the Big House now so we can live in it all the year. Since Ralph is doing the work himself, for economic reasons, this is a slow process. At the moment the whole structure is balanced precariously on poles over the cellar he has dug beneath it. It looks both dangerous and sloppy, but he says it's perfectly safe, and when you're in a house, its external appearance needn't bother you. In fact, I should think a good way to buy a house would be by the looks of the house across the street, which is the one you see most of.

The house across the street here is the Guide's House, or what would be the servants' quarters if we had servants. It's called the Guide's House because most people living in a place like this would be summer people, and they would employ a registered guide, who would live in the house across the road. It's a nice little shack with a living room and two bedrooms and Gerrish lives there.

Gerrish works for us, but he is in no sense a servant. He has a guide's license, but that isn't important, because so have Ralph and I. It's a handy thing to own around here. What Gerrish is, I suppose, is the hired help. We pay him to do certain things, which is the hired part. But since he is practically a member of the family, he does a great many other things for which we don't, and couldn't, pay him. That's the help part. We couldn't pay him for being so dependable, and for always giving us a dollar and a quarter's worth of work for every dollar of his wages. We are very lucky to have found him. This is not a place that many people would care to work in. It is remote not only from movies and stores but from other people. There is nowhere to go except hunting and fishing, and nothing to see except woods and water. But luckily Gerrish likes it, and I think that he considers the Guide's House, his own undisputed realm, as home. Perhaps that is pay of a kind.

The one building here that looks as though it belonged in the deep woods is Ralph's shop, an old log cabin. I can't say much about it, as it comes under the heading of sacred ground. It is full of tools and pieces of board that look like any other boards but which have something special about them, so that they must never be touched, or even looked at. Hanging from the rafters are old car parts, lengths of rope, chains, and boat seats, all of which are going to be used some day for some important project. In the middle is a pile of invaluable junk, and around the edges are kegs of nails and bolts. In my bridal innocence I used, when I needed a nail, to go and take one out of a keg. But it always turned out that I had taken *(a)* the wrong kind of nail for the job on hand, and *(b)* a nail that was being conserved for a specific purpose and was practically irreplaceable. So now when I need a nail I find Ralph and ask him to get me one.

He's usually easy to find. I have only to listen for the sound of a motor running. He is completely infatuated with gasoline motors, and collects them from the most improbable places.

We have only five miles of road to run a car on, but we are a four-car family. They aren't new models—the newest is a 1930 Model A and the oldest a 1924 Marmon—but they run, and they pay for themselves. All summer long Ralph hauls canoes and duffel across the carry for camping parties, and in the spring and fall the lumber company finds it convenient to hire him to tote their wangans up from Sunday Cove.

This lumber company is our privacy insurance, our guaranty that we won't wake up some morning and find new neighbors building a pink stucco bungalow down the river from us. With the exception of our two acres and a strip owned by a water-power company, it owns every foot of land for miles around. And it won't sell an inch to anybody. I won't go into reasons and company policy. All that matters is that, come hell or high water, it will not sell.

So here we sit in what amounts to a forest preserve of some hundreds of square miles; and in that "we" the reality differs again from the dream. I was going to live alone, remember. I don't, and that's quite all right with me.

BESIDES Ralph, Rufus, and Gerrish, there is Sally, Ralph's sixteen-year-old daughter by a previous marriage and further proof that I am a fool for luck. A stepdaughter could be a thorn in the flesh, which Sally certainly isn't. And there are Kyak and Tom, the dog and the cat.

Around the blank space on the map where we live are some towns and some things that look like towns but aren't. South Arm is one of these. We simply call it the Arm, and it's important, because it's at the beginning of the road to The Outside. Once you get off the boat from Middle Dam at the Arm, you have begun to leave the woods behind. There is still a long drive to Andover, the first village, but you can't help knowing that if you follow the road far enough you will land not at a lonely cove tenanted only by loons, but in Boston or New York, or Butte, Montana. It makes a difference. The Arm itself is not imposing, consisting of a huddle of ramshackle wharfs and a string of tired sheds where people in here keep their Outside cars. But its implications are enormous.

Andover really is a town, with a school, two or three little stores, and a post office, whence comes our mail. Upton is a town, too, and our civic center, where we send Sally to school and where we go to vote. Most of the land around here is wild land, or unorganized territory—just squares on the map labeled C Township or North C Surplus or Section 37—but the back line of Upton runs north of us, so technically at least we live in organized territory. Upton has 182 inhabitants and the loveliest view in Maine.

The only other town that concerns us is Magalloway, which is too small to be on the road map or to have a post office. But it does have the Brown Farm, where our telephone line ends. Let me say at once that the Brown Farm isn't a farm, and our telephone line isn't a telephone line, in the modern sense of the word. It is a fifteen-mile-long piece of wire, frail and uninsulated, strung haphazardly through the woods from tree to tree, and the private property of the lumber company for communication with their various operations. We are hitched onto it only because once they cut down some of our trees by mistake, and extended this courtesy as reparation and apology. If it hasn't snowed lately, or the wind hasn't blown any trees down across the line, or if the wire hasn't sagged wearily into one of the many brooks it crosses, we can, by cranking three times on the battery-powered telephone which hangs on the kitchen wall, talk to the Millers. Or we can ring four times and talk to Cliff, an old hermit who lives down on Umbagog. Or we can ring twice and get the disembodied voice that is all I know of Joe, at the Brown Farm.

Although not a farm, the Brown Farm is a number of other things, including a hospital and delousing station for lumberjacks, a bunkhouse and mess hall, a rest cure for work-worn horses, and a storehouse for the tremendous amounts of food and equipment necessary in the lumber camps. There used to be a clerk in that storehouse who had a splendid graft. At that time the lumber company was using a brand of canned goods that gave premiums for the labels off the cans: a pickle dish for ten labels, a baby carriage for 500, and I suppose a Rolls-Royce for a million. The clerk isn't there any more, though. His label-removing activities—they buy canned goods by the car lot—left him no time for his duties; and besides, the cooks in the camps got bored with having to open twenty anonymous cans before they happened on the sliced beets they were looking for. He was about to retire, anyhow. He'd sold the things he didn't fancy himself, and had money in the bank.

Once, seven years ago, I saw the Brown Farm, but I didn't know then what it was going to mean in my life, so I didn't pay much attention. I don't remember what it looks like. I was a schoolteacher-on-vacation, and my sister and I and some friends came up through this country on a canoe trip. We went through the Parmachenee section, and then we debated whether we should come back through the Rangeleys and along Rapid River or not. The guide insisted that this was the way to come—that although it involved a lot of work, the country was wild and beautiful and unspoiled enough to be worth a few paddle blisters, pack sores, and lame muscles. So we finally gave in, not too enthusiastically, being travel-frayed already.

And that offhand decision, in which I didn't even have a major part, was the accident by which I now live in a cabin in the woods. As we walked along the Carry Road, we saw a man splitting wood in the yard of the only house we had seen in days, and we stopped to talk to him. He had just arrived there that morning, and he was about to build his first fire and cook his first meal. He invited us to stay and eat with him, because he felt like celebrating.

He told us he'd bought the place for a summer camp during the boom years, but he hadn't been able to come East from Chicago, where he lived, since 1929. Now, however, he'd sold some patent rights and not only was he going to spend the summer there but, if things turned out right, the rest of his life. We were all touched and amused, I remember, by his enthusiasm.

Now that I know Ralph better, I know that there was nothing strange about his inviting us all to spend the rest of the week with him. Since that day, seven years ago, I've known him to invite a week-end guest whom he liked to extend his visit from week to week until it lasted more than two years. But at the time I thought, and I guess all the others thought, that he was crazy. We stayed, though.

WE stayed, and we had a lovely time. We fished and sun-bathed and swam, and in between times I found out why a man so obviously dry behind the ears should want to bury himself in the woods for the rest of his life. Ever since he was twelve years old he had been spending his summers at Coburn's, and his winters wishing it were summer so he could go back to Coburn's. Middle Dam was the place in all the world where he was happiest, and he'd always told himself that some day he'd live there permanently. It took a long time and a lot of doing, but finally he'd managed. You see, Ralph, unlike me, has a single-track mind.

My mind, however, did fall into a single track before that week was over. I became obsessed with the idea that if I didn't see more—a lot more—of this Ralph Rich, I'd quietly go into a decline and die. It's a common phenomenon, I believe, both in fact and in fiction. It doesn't need any explanation, if indeed it can be explained. It's seldom fatal, I understand, so probably I'd have recovered if I'd had to. I didn't have to. Almost immediately upon my return to Massachusetts, while I was trying to think up a reasonably plausible excuse for happening back to the Rangeley region at the time of year when people just don't go there, I began getting letters, telegrams, and finally telephone calls, almost daily from Ralph. Then he began spending his time and money on the long and painful trek from Maine to Boston. It was, in short, a Courtship, and ended in the usual manner, with our deciding that this was a lot of expensive nonsense, so why didn't we get married?

It's taken me a great many words, I see, to answer the first questions people always ask us when they come out of the woods and find us here, unaccountably installed in a little clearing that is always full of the smell of pine and the sound of the river.

I don't pretend to know all of the answers. I don't know what to answer when people say, "But isn't the way you live escapism?" I don't even know, really, what escapism is. We haven't tried to escape from anything. We have only exchanged one set of problems for another—the problem of keeping out from under car wheels for the problem of not getting lost in the woods, for example; or the problem of being bored to death by one's neighbor for the problem of being bored to death by oneself. I don't know what to answer when some one says, "I should think you'd go insane!" It's too cheap and easy and obvious to retort, "And I should think you would."

But some of the answers, the answers to the easy, matter-of-fact questions, like "Why don't you write a book about it?" I do know. The answer to that is, "Well, I guess maybe I will."

And so I am writing a book about it.

"But How Can You Make a Living?"

I ALWAYS like to know what people do for a living. This is probably just plain nosiness, but I like to call it a scientific interest. I like to argue that research is simply snooping on a high plane. So when I run across one who seems to be existing as a lily of the field, neither toiling nor spinning, I like to find out how it's done.

Since we would seem to be in that class ourselves, I consider "But how can you make a living up there in the woods?" a perfectly legitimate question.

We make a living in a variety of ways. For one thing, there's the taxi and transport service from Middle Dam to Sunday Cove and way stations. The rates are a little bit flexible, depending on a number of things. Very often in winter woodsmen who are leaving the lumber camps call on us to take them and their turkeys—woods for knapsacks—up to Middle Dam. If all goes well, the charge is a dollar. After Thanksgiving the road gets more and more treacherous as the snow gets deeper and deeper, and it becomes easier and easier to slide off into the ditch. The passenger then is obliged to help get the car back onto the road. If this is a matter of a few shoves, the rate goes down to seventy-five cents. If it requires a lot of snow shoveling and strenuous heaving, the fare decreases accordingly. Sometimes it vanishes utterly. You can't charge a man for spending half the morning with his shoulder to the tailboard of a 1929 Essex truck, getting his clothes plastered with flying snow.

I always feel a little apologetic about our being a four-car family. After all, with only five miles of road available, it seems a little ostentatious, in view of our faded denim pants and patched work shirts, to be discussing which car to take to get the mail. It was worse, though, when the Packard was running.

I'd better make it clear at once that we didn't buy all our four present cars. We came by them through a series of deals—all except the Essex, which was given to us by a friend who had become too attached to it to be able to bear the thought of selling it down the river for the twenty dollars the dealer would allow him on a trade-in. He wanted to know that it would have a good home with kind people. Men get so emotional about machinery. And the Marmon was a left-over from the days when Ralph lived on The Outside.

In one or other of these cars Ralph has hauled all sorts of things across the carry, from a rubber fold boat to a steel gasoline-powered work boat. He has hauled woodsmen suffering from third-degree burns, all manner of cuts and fractures, pneumonia, and delirium tremens, known hereabouts as "the horrors." He has hauled a litter of pigs bound for the garbage-disposal department of a lumber camp. He has hauled newsreel men and their cameras covering the National Championship White Water Races, and fire wardens covering a forest fire. But the ones I like best and he hates most are the girls' camps.

He hates the girls' camps because he claims that in spite of the fact that the girls are always under the auspices of a guide and two or three counselors, you might as well try to organize a handful of quicksilver. I like them, because I like to see the old boy get his come-uppance. He gets them all packed in nicely around their canoes and duffel, and some one decides she has to have a picture of the outfit. But Tessie's skinned knee and Vera's camp letter won't show, so will everybody please rearrange themselves? Or Muggsy can't find her sweater, so everything has to be unpacked. Or some one has a notion, and the notion spreads, and in a flash the whole works is streaming off into the bushes. It drives him nuts, being, so he says, me raised to the *n*th degree.

The most recent invasion got even Gerrish down. Ralph went to Middle Dam to get them—fifteen of them from some camp over in Vermont—and stopped here to refill his radiator. They swarmed into the yard like a pack of beagles, with an old and completely resigned guide making perfunctory motions of bringing them to heel. While his charges were posing for snapshots with Kyak, who makes swell local color to show the home folks, he came in to ask permission to build a lunch fire on our land. I asked him how he liked his job. He sighed wearily. "Wal, it ain't no position," he said with feeling.

He could have saved his breath about the fire. Gerrish was tarring the seams of a boat and had the tarpot heating over a little fire between two rocks. According to his rather hysterical story, the first thing he knew, he was smearing the boat with tomato soup, and then he realized he had somehow become embroiled in a mass culinary operation. He grabbed the tarpot, fought his way clear, and knocked off for dinner. He believes in co-operating with the inevitable.

I have my difficulties, too. I don't much like to cook. I

like the results of a morning's hard labor to last more than ten minutes. But once in a while I have to take boarders. This usually happens when I am in the worst possible position to do so. Last spring is a good example.

All three families in Middle Dam had enough food to last, with care, over the break-up and until a load of supplies could be brought in from The Outside. We were feeling pretty good because sometimes we aren't so lucky. I was even entertaining the extravagant idea of making a one-egg chocolate cake instead of no-egg gingerbread, when the telephone rang. It was Alice Miller, and she was in a dither.

She said, "Louise, how much food have you got? I got a crew of five walked in here along the shore from the Arm to stay over the break-up and do some work on the dam. I ain't got a thing to feed them."

The Millers had helped us out in more pinches than I can remember, and it wasn't often that I had a chance to do much for them. This was a God-given opportunity to lend a hand. I'd peel the larder down to the last bone, and be glad of the chance. If I saved out a dozen eggs and a couple of cans of corned beef and beans and salt pork and split peas and flour and corn meal, we could eat for the few days until the lake was clear, even if it wasn't a very balanced diet. We had plenty of canned milk and potatoes. I told her what I could let her have.

IN due time her emissary arrived. I gave him everything I could spare, and he staggered off up the Carry Road under the load.

Barely was he out of sight when the telephone rang again. A man's voice said pleasantly, "Mis' Rich? This is Ban Barnett. I'm down at Dunsay Cove with a crew of three. We walked in over the old Magalloway trail to fix the Carry Road before the drive comes in, and we'll be right up. We'll stay at your place for two-three days, like always."

"Did you bring any food?" I asked with regrettable lack of hospitality.

"Food? Holy Moses, Mis' Rich, we had all we could do to get ourselves through that Jees'ly swamp!"

"Ban," I said desperately, "I can't board you. I've hardly got enough food in the house to feed the family. You'll have to—"

He'd have to what? The Millers couldn't feed four more. The Parsons weren't any better off than I was. They couldn't go home, nine miles through the swamp and over a mountain, with nothing under their belts.

"You can feed us," Ban assured me with touching faith. "You got potatoes and salt, ain't you?"

I fed them for three days, and ever since I have had implicit belief in the miracle of the loaves and fishes. We had pea soup, which is very filling. We had baked beans. I sent Gerrish fishing. You can never catch fish when you need them, but he did. We had trout and salmon. We had corn-meal mush and molasses. The butter ran out, but we had johnnycake and the last of the jam I had made the fall before. We had dandelion greens and fiddleheads, those strange furry fern fronds that taste something like asparagus and something like swamp water. You boil them and serve them with butter, if you have any butter.

Oh, I fed them. It wasn't according to any known dietetics, but we all survived.

Then there was the day Ted Benson called me up from Pond-in-the-River Dam. He wanted me to come up to the dam and cook dinner for him and his crew of nine. It wouldn't be any work at all. Mis' Miller had everything all ready. All I had to do was heat it up. He'd do it himself, only dam repairing had reached a crisis where not a man could be spared. Would I come?

Ralph had gone to Upton to vote in the state elections, so there was nothing to keep me at home. I locked up the dogs, put Rufus into a packsack—he was too young to walk—loaded him onto my back, and went up to the dam.

A fire was already burning under the grate. A long-chinned individual named Rush was splitting wood and Ted was standing by to tell me that the dinner hour was eleven o'clock by the battered Big Ben he had placed conspicuously on a stump. Then he went off down the dam fill, motioning Rush to follow.

Rush left his ax in the block and closed in confidentially.

"You want to watch that crazy Dane," he warned me. "He gets hungry and then he comes up and shoves the clock along ten-fifteen minutes. You have to keep an eye on him."

It was half past ten then.

I tied Rufus to a bush and gave him a pannikinful of water and a spoon to play with. Then I looked into the food situation. Everything was cooked, but it would take at least twenty minutes to heat through again, which left ten minutes in which to make the coffee—at least a gallon in a big smoke-smudged pot. The grate would hold only one thing at a time. Well, it could be done, with a good hot fire. I set the kettle on and stuffed some dry spruce under it.

Suddenly I realized that Ted was hovering. He took the cover off the kettle, peered in, put it back, snitched a cookie out of a bag, and wandered back down the dam fill. The clock said ten minutes of eleven. I set it back fifteen minutes.

The fire had died down a little, so I put some wood on, saw that the boiled dinner had commenced to steam gently, and took the coffeepot down to the river to fill it with water. When I got back, Ted was again retiring down the dam fill, the clock said five minutes of eleven, Rufus had untied himself and was eating cheese. I took the cheese away, tied Rufus up, set the clock back fifteen minutes. Then I sat down on the stump beside the clock and waited for the boiled dinner to boil. It was quarter of eleven by my time, which by then had nothing to do with any other time on earth.

Pretty soon the big kettle began to rumble quietly, sending out clouds of steam and a delicious odor, and Ted started up from the dam, dangling something in his hand. I took one look and set the clock back five more minutes. It was a two-pound salmon, and my prophetic soul informed me, rightly, that he wanted it cooked for his dinner.

I took off the boiled dinner, set the coffeepot on, and went down to get some water for the fish. When I got back the clock again said five minutes of eleven. I set it back to quarter of, edged the coffeepot over to make room for the salmon.

Rufus was eating leaves which might or might not be edible, and although by then I didn't much care which they were, I fished them out of his mouth, getting my finger bitten in the process, and set out the salt, pepper and vinegar. A loud hissing behind my back indicated that the coffee had boiled over and put out the fire. I took the coffee off, burning my hand, and built up the fire with some birch bark. Ted's fish was boiling, and Ted was coming up from the dam again, so I stuck a fork into it, decided it was near enough done to make no difference, and with no attempt at concealment, shoved the clock along to eleven.

"I guess we're ready," I told Ted, and met his eye. "Right on the dot, too!" I added blandly.

HAD Ralph been born a little earlier, he would have been a Yankee horse trader. As it is, he doesn't do so badly with his car trading in a country where trading is a religion.

Albert Allen, a friend from Upton, who has lived all his life in this vicinity, covered the general attitude one day. "Nope," he said, "I'd be ashamed to give it to anybody. 'Tain't good enough. But maybe I can find some one who'll make a trade." No matter what you start with, here, if you stick with it long enough, you'll get what you want. All you need is something to start with. Will Morton, who is the oldest working guide in the state, being eighty-two—and one of the best—started out with an electric razor which one of his sports gave him for Christmas. He ended with a boat, which was what he had in mind all the time. I've forgotten, unfortunately, the intermediate steps.

Ralph's most remarkable operation was the trading of the old Model T touring car. There was a lumber camp over on Sunday Pond three miles north of us then, and one gray November day the clerk of the camp called up and announced that he'd heard Ralph had a lot of cars and would maybe sell one. He wanted it to run up and down Umbagog, now that the ice was safe and the snow hadn't come yet, so he could go out and see his girl.

We'd just acquired the Essex, so Ralph was open to bids on the Model T. The clerk—Mac his name was—said he'd be over the next day to take a look. Ralph spent the intervening time pacing up and down and muttering to himself, trying to decide what price he ought to ask. He concluded finally that he'd ask twenty-five dollars, but would be glad to get fifteen.

The trial run was a huge success. Mac was impressed twenty-five dollars' worth, all right, only he didn't have twenty-five dollars to spare. Just as Ralph was about to come bigheartedly down to twenty, Mac advanced a proposition.

"Look. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you fifteen dollars and return the car to you when the camp moves out."

Every woman occasionally wonders what manner of man she has married. No matter how long she has been living with her husband, once in a while he presents a new face. It's the bunk about women being enigmas and men being just transparent little boys at heart. Or else I'm gullible.

Anyway, I had Ralph down as good old honest outspoken Rich, the guy with the heart of gold; the guy who, offered his price in that frank and open manner, would say, "Oh, hell, fifteen dollars is plenty. She's yours. Drive her away!"

And did he? Oh, my goodness gracious, no! He hemmed and hawed, while I bit my tongue in an effort not to interfere. Finally he gave in, with the perfectly maddening appearance of granting a favor. "That'll be all right," he said graciously. "When you get through with her, be sure to leave her on this side of the Cove, so I can get her without any trouble." Just like that. And then I swear he went out and measured gas into the tank with a teaspoon, so that Mac could get to the nearest source of supply but not much farther.

That night Mac went to Errol to see his girl. The next day it snowed eighteen inches. The rest of the winter the Ford sat under a drift at Sunday Cove—on this side of the Cove, as requested—and never so much as turned a wheel.

In the spring Ralph drove it home. I should think he'd lie awake nights, but he doesn't. He has the horse-trader conscience, I guess.

I am amused, spasmodically, at being married to a Maine guide. Oh, yes, Ralph's a guide, too, although he doesn't work at it much.

OF course a guide has to be a good woodsman and canoeman and camp cook and emergency doctor, and the State of Maine ascertains that he is before issuing him a license to guide. But he could never earn a living if he didn't also make the grade with the sports—same as the dudes of the West—as "quite a character." He has to be laconic, picturesque. Maine guides have a legend of quaintness to uphold, and, boy, do they uphold it! They're so quaint they creak. They ought to be. They work hard enough at it.

Here's the Maine guide: He wears what amounts to a uniform. It consists of a wool shirt, preferably plaid, nicely faded to soft warm tones; dark pants, either plus fours, for some unknown reason, or riding breeches; wool socks and the soleless Indian-type moccasin, or high laced boots. He carries a bandanna in his hip pocket and may or may not wear another knotted around his neck. But he must wear a battered felt hat with a collection of salmon flies stuck in the band, and he must wear it with an air; and he must wear a hunting knife day and night; and he must look tough and efficient. Naturally, he could do his work as well in mail-order slacks, or in a tuxedo, for that matter; but the sports wouldn't think so. Sports are funny.

The other thing that we do for a living is write. This is the most important, because we spend the most time on it and because the larger part of our income is derived from it. Probably if we spent the same amount of time and energy working in a factory or selling brushes from door to door, we'd have more money and fewer headaches. But there are other things we wouldn't have.

Writing is hard work, and don't let anybody tell you otherwise. It's hard on the eyes, the back, the fanny, the disposition, and the nail polish. It's hard on the nerves—your income is so uncertain. You never know, when you're sweating blood over a story, whether the editor is going to hold his nose, or cheer and send you a check for—

And that's another thing. People don't mind asking a writer how much he gets paid for a story. There must be some explanation for such a breach of good taste in otherwise well bred persons. I have been coping with the situation by stalling. I say, "Well, that depends. It would be impossible to say. Some magazines pay higher rates than others, and some writers are better than others." And blah, blah, blah.

But I'm not going to stall any more. The next time any one asks me how much I got for a story, I'm going to tell her. I might even tell her the truth. And then I'm going to say, "And what does your husband earn in a year?" That ought to settle that.

Upon reflection, I conclude that probably the best short answer to "How do you earn a living?" would be "From hand to mouth."

"But You Don't Live Here All the Year Round?"

WHAT people really mean when they ask us if we live here the year round, is "But, good Lord! Certainly you don't stay in here during the winter? You must be crazy!" Well, all right, we're crazy. I would have thought so myself before I tried it.

I used to hate winter, too. When I was a child it was because winter meant school. The only time that I ever liked school was one spell when I was in the eighth grade. I fell in love with the boy who sat in front of me, and since he lived over on the other side of town, the only time I got to see him was during school hours. It made a difference in my attitude, but it didn't last very long. In spite of all the sentences I diagramed for him, and the arithmetic answers I slipped under my desk into his eager palm, come Valentine's Day he spent all his pocket money on a big lace-and-ribbon heart for a blonde who sat over in the dumb section and who didn't know a verb from a common denominator. It soured me on the male for a time, but it taught me a lesson that has been valuable ever since: to wit, men may admire and use brains in a woman, but they don't love them. I reverted to my hatred of winter.

After I grew up I still hated it, and I think that now I know the reason why. In civilization we try to combat winter. We try to modify it so that we can continue to live the same sort of life that we live in summer. We plow the sidewalks so we can wear low shoes, and the roads so we can use cars. We heat every enclosed space and then, inadequately clad, dash quickly from one little pocket of hot air through a bitter no man's land of cold to another. We fool around with sun lamps, trying to convince our skins that it is really August, and we eat travel-worn spinach in an attempt to sell the same idea to our stomachs. Naturally, it doesn't work very well. You can neither remodel nor ignore a thing as big as winter.

In the woods we just let winter be winter, and any adjustments that have to be made we make in ourselves and our way of living.

Every one in here dresses more or less alike, until it comes to footgear. We all, male or female, wear plaid wool shirts—two of them sometimes—and wool pants, ski or riding. We wear wool caps and homemade mittens with leather mittens, called choppers, over them. The choppers don't keep the hands warm, but they keep the mittens dry and prevent their wearing out. We all wear wool socks. And there the great woods schism begins. Every one has his own pet ideas of the proper footwear for below-zero weather. No one will listen to any one else's opinion on the subject. Every one knows he is right, and no one will dabble with experiments. Feet freeze too easily and frozen feet are too painful and serious to be courted deliberately.

Ralph belongs to the great gum-boot school of thought. Gum boots have high leather tops sewed on rubber feet. They are loose and roomy, and their addicts wear two or three pairs of heavy wool socks inside them. Larry Parsons swears by laced all-rubber knee boots and two pairs of socks. He claims that the leather tops of gum boots get soaked when there is wet snow, and then where are you? The answer to that is that healthy feet perspire a little, and there is no chance for evaporation through rubber. So by night your socks are going to be wet anyhow, and what difference does it make how you got them wet in the first place?

Myself, I wear a pair of wool socks and the lightest pair of sneakers I can buy, and nobody can convince me that this isn't the answer. Every one else is working on the principle of getting more and more layers between their feet and the cold. That's wrong. What they gain in insulation they sacrifice in foot flexibility. Their feet are just two petrified lumps wrapped in wool. According to my system, articulation isn't interfered with and the blood circulates freely, bringing heat from the body to the feet as a hot-water heating system brings heat to the radiators. I haven't been able to win any disciples to my belief, but that's all right. Neither have I ever had my feet frostbitten.

I seem to have devoted a lot of space to what we wear on our feet in winter, but it's quite in proportion to the amount of time spent talking and thinking about it. It's a very vital matter.

Outside, life takes on pace with the approach of winter. It is the gay season, the season of parties and theaters and all the other things that will help people forget that outdoors something they can't cope with is going on. We know we haven't a Chinaman's chance of controlling them. We only hope we can outmaneuver them.

Luckily the deer-hunting season furnishes a distraction around freeze-up time. Of course every one in here goes hunting. It isn't sport with us, though. We want and need the deer meat. (Only snobs and city people say venison, I early learned.) Hunting is a business with us. There are plenty of deer. In the summer, when it's against the law to shoot them, they stand around the yard underfoot in romantic negligent poses, fairly screaming to have their pictures taken. But during the hunting season, when they are fat and sleek and it's legal to kill them, every deer in the country remembers a man he has to see about a horse back in the thick growth on the highest ridges. It's uncanny.

Ralph estimates that by the time he has caught up with one and shot it and dragged it out, estimating his time at the current local wage of thirty-five cents an hour and taking into account expenditure of shoe leather, ammunition, and wear and tear on clothes, but with no charge for loss of temper, the meat comes to about ten dollars a pound. He doesn't like deer meat, anyhow, so probably his figures are padded. He says he'd rather eat an old goat and be done with it. So he goes out only when I drive him out, almost at the point of his own gun.

After the hunting season is over and the lakes have frozen, we can settle down to winter, which consists not of the problem, primarily, of how to keep ourselves amused, but of the much more interesting problem of keeping ourselves warm and fed.

Christmas in the woods is much better than Christmas on The Outside. We do exactly what we want to do about it; not what we have to do because the neighbors will think it's funny if we don't; or because of the kids, who will judge our efforts not by their own standards but by the standards set up by the parents of the other kids. We don't have any synthetic pre-Christmas build-up—no shop-window displays, no carol singers in department stores, no competition in the matter of lighting effects over front doors.

But we do have Christmas just the same, and since we are so far from stores and last-minute shopping, we have to start planning for it a long time ahead. With no chance to shop for gadgets, we have to make quite a lot of our presents, and the rest we get from what is known here simply as the Mail Order. We don't have a Christmas tree in the house. It seems a little silly, with hundreds of square miles of fir and spruce, from knee-high babies to giants of eighty feet, on all sides of us, to cut one down and bring it in. We have our Christmas tree outdoors, for the benefit of the birds, hanging suet and crusts on the branches of one of the trees in the yard.

After Christmas, what we call "the long drag" sets in. One day is very like another. The sun rises late over a snow-covered world. It's worth while to get up, even with the thermometer twenty below zero, to see a winter sunrise. The eastern sky flames with red and the whole world turns rose.

During the short space between sunrise and sunset there are a lot of things that have to be tended to. There are the daily chores, chief of which are filling the wood boxes, bringing in the water, and shoveling snow. Snow shoveling sounds like a trivial occupation, but it isn't. It's hard work and it's maddening work. The paths and steps have to be shoveled out, but all the time you're doing it, you know in the back of your mind that *(a)* it'll probably snow again during the night, and *(b)* if you could only wait until spring, you wouldn't have to do it at all. I get tired just thinking about shoveling snow.

BUT keeping the paths clear hasn't half the headaches of keeping the road to Middle open for a car. We can't even choose our time for doing that. We start out in the car as soon as it begins snowing as if it meant business. Probably blizzards start as often at ten o'clock in the morning as at seven o'clock at night, but my impression is that it is always dark when we start out to break out the road. Undoubtedly this is a hangover from my first trip.

It was cold that evening, I remember—too cold, we thought, to snow. We never knew when the sun set—gray afternoon merged slowly into black and starless night. We brought the wood and water in, had supper, fed the dogs, pulled down the shades against the biting cold, and drew up around the lamp with our books. The fire roared softly in the stove; a dog whined in his sleep; outside, a tree cracked now and then in the falling temperature. It was a good evening to be inside.

Suddenly Ralph said, "Listen to that wind!" We pulled aside the curtains and peered out into the night. At the bottom of each pane of glass was a little line of white, curving up at the ends. Ralph dropped his corner of the curtain. "Snow," he said, and reached for his gum boots. "I'll go get the car started. You'd better put some wood on the kitchen fire. I'll meet you up at the road."

By the time I had put on my sneakers and mended the fire, Ralph was ready to go. He had a cant dog, a couple of shovels, some rope, some empty burlap sacks, and a lantern in the back of the old Model T. I climbed in beside him and we started off. It really didn't seem to me that this was necessary. Only about an inch of snow had fallen so far and it was crisp and mealy. Why didn't we wait awhile?

I found out. As soon as we got out of the shelter of the buildings the road vanished. Everything vanished. The headlights showed us only a thick white wall that swayed in the wind, and pretty soon we couldn't even see that. I got out onto the running board and scraped the windshield clean, and we went a few more rods. Then I repeated the performance, and we went on again. It was just like living and trying to work in a heavy, smothering black bag.

Halfway up Wangan Hill we fell off the road. The front left wheel went down with a sickening slump, the rear wheels raced, and there we were. We didn't say anything. We didn't have to. We just lighted the lantern and got out to look. The bottom of the car was resting on the frozen snow shoulder of the road, and neither of the rear wheels had traction. We had to dig the pan and axles free and get her back into the ruts somehow. We did. Don't ask how. I don't know. All I remember is lying for what seemed like hours on my stomach with snow drifting over me, scraping away at that frozen shoulder. Then I remember shoving for dear life while Ralph gave her the gas. I remember also Ralph's giving me a little lecture on the asininity of any one my age not being able to drive a car. If I could drive and he might shove, then we might get some place. This annoyed me, as I do feel like a fool to be the only woman east of the Rockies who can't drive a car, and I gave an awful heave. Out she came and I leaped aboard.

The snow had made three inches while we were fooling around, and any last trace of ruts had vanished. There was only one thing to do. I took the lantern and got out and walked, leading the way. I hadn't thought of it when I decided upon sneakers as the ideal winter footgear, but this was a place where they were of unparalleled value. No one else could have felt the ruts with the soles of the feet. I walked along one rut, making a track that Ralph could keep a wheel in. That was all he needed to keep him on the road. We made Middle all right—every one there was in bed—turned around and started home again. The return trip was comparatively easy. Our own tracks were still faintly visible.

We went down to the kitchen, made some coffee, drank it, ate a doughnut apiece, stoked the fire, and started out again. It was after eleven o'clock, and snowing harder. We fell off the road three times, and on the return trip the car dragged in the middle all the way. We drank some more coffee, ate some more doughnuts, and set out again. This time we were piling up so much snow with the front of the car that we both got out and stumbled and slid a hundred feet up the middle of the road to break down the crown, came back and rode the distance we had walked, and repeated the performance until we saw Millers' back pasture gate in front of us. Then we shoveled a place to turn around and came home. It was after three o'clock by then, and neither of us could remember a time in our lives when we hadn't breathed snow, and had snow down our necks, up our sleeves, in our faces, and most especially dragging at our feet. And it was still snowing, and we had to keep on making these ghastly expeditions into uncharted space. We set out again.

I CAN'T remember whether this trip, or the next, or the next, was our last. They all blur into one long eon of pushing and shoveling, of roaring motors and spinning rear wheels, of blowing snow and moaning wind, of brief periods in the warmth and light of the kitchen, of scalding coffee, of changing soaked mittens and socks for mittens and socks not quite so wet, and of wishing first that I could go home and go to bed, and along toward the last, that I could just go to bed under the nearest bush. Somewhere along there, though, we found ourselves standing beside the Ford, tacitly acknowledging that we were licked. We'd shoveled and we'd pushed. We'd practically willed her along the last quarter mile, when she'd been out of the ruts more often than she'd been in. The snow was just too mealy to provide traction, and now it was just too deep to plow through. The last inch had been our undoing, and now we might as well drag ourselves home and go to bed. Ralph drained the radiator. The Ford would keep until spring just where she sat.

Twice a week we are afforded some winter entertainment in walking to Middle for the mail and watching the tracks in the snow. Sometimes they are just tracks—the clear-cut chiseled hoofmarks of deer, a rabbit's big spreading padmarks with a little dent behind them where its maker squatted in the snow, or the precise line of prints left by a trotting fox. Sometimes they tell of tragedy. You follow the delicate embroidery of a wood mouse's trail for a quarter of a mile, and then it ends like the snipping off of a thread. Two feathery swept places in the snow, where the wings of an owl brushed as he swooped, tell why. Or you may come to a churned-up bloodstained spot, with the tracks of a rabbit and a wildcat leading into it, but only the wildcat's tracks leading out. You don't have to have a dictionary to translate that story. Once in a while we see a bear track, but not often. In the winter the bears ought to be, and usually are, sleeping somewhere.

Actually, the only track that has the power to startle us very much is the track of man. We fancy that we know about where every one belonging to Middle Dam is at any given hour of the day or night. Moreover, if any one comes down the Carry Road, it's usually to see us. There isn't any other place to go in winter. So if nobody has stopped at the house, and yet here's this track on the road—well! It doesn't strike us as odd at all that we have so changed our way of living from that in which we were brought up that bear and deer and wildcat tracks are all in the day's walk, while a stray human bootprint throws us into a dither.

THEN, too, in winter we have the lumber camps. When a lumber camp first moves in, all the men look alike to me. They're all big and tough-looking and most of them need a shave, which they won't get all winter. They all dress more or less alike, in layers of shabby sweaters and shirts, ragged pants, and wool caps. They all walk along the road with the same swagger, carrying their axes and saws over their shoulders, swearing at their twitch horses, and dropping their eyes upon meeting me. After a while I begin to get them sorted out and those that I meet regularly I start speaking to.

The first time I do this the same thing always happens. The man starts obviously, raises his eyes to look at me, looks all around to see if by any chance I mean a couple of other guys, and looks back at me. Then his face lights up in the warmest and friendliest of smiles, and he answers. If he can't speak English, he answers in French or Russian or Finnish. It doesn't make any difference. We both know what we mean: "Hello, stranger. I'll never get to know you very well. We haven't much in common, but we're both here on this snowy road, with the woods all around us. Stranger, I wish you well."

They do wish me well, too. Lumberjacks have a reputation, I know, for being brawlers and roisterers and general troublemakers, and I guess when they are on The Outside, with their systems full of rotgut, they often deserve this reputation. But I have never met a lumberjack in the woods who didn't treat me with complete respect and friendliness—and I've met a lot of lumberjacks. What they do Outside, I neither know nor care.

Winter, to look forward to, is a long, dark, dreary time. To live, it's a time of swirling blizzards and heavenly high blue-and-white days, of bitter cold and sudden thaws, of hard work outdoors and long lamplit evenings, of frost patterns on the windows and the patterns of deer tracks in the snow. It's the time you expected to drag intolerably, and once in a while you stop and wonder when the drag is going to begin. Next week, you warn yourself, after we've finished doing this job on hand, we'd better be prepared for a siege of boredom. But somehow next week never comes. There's always something to keep it at bay.

Then one day there's a patch of bare ground on a sunny slope, the dog starts going wild with the smell of spring, and some one says that the break-up ought to come early this year. The break-up! But, good heavens, the lakes only froze up a couple of weeks ago! Well, a little more than that, maybe. Let's see. Why, it's time to tap the maple trees and overhaul the cars and clean house! The next thing you know the smelts are running and the loons have come back into the growing patch of open water in the Pond-in-the-River. There's an ant hill in the flower garden and a dandelion blossom up by the road. Gerrish has begun talking about a good mess of dandelion greens cooked with salt pork. It's time to clean up the vegetable garden and paint the boats, and the consensus is that the ice will be out by next Tuesday.

Next Tuesday!

Where has the winter gone?

"Isn't Housekeeping Difficult?"

NO. Housekeeping in the woods is—for me—not at all difficult. I'd like to let that statement stand unqualified, testimony to my enormous efficiency and energy. Too many people know the truth about me, though, to make that advisable. The truth is that under the most favorable circumstances—circumstances including linoleum floors, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, and automatic water-heating system—I would still be a rotten housekeeper. My friends would indulgently call me a little bit careless, and my enemies would label me downright slovenly. My enemies would be the nearer right.

Here I can be a rotten housekeeper and it doesn't make much difference. After all, this is the woods. I can refuse to allow myself to become the slave of a dustpan and brush. I have learned, because I've had to, to spend money wisely. Now I am learning to spend my time wisely; and I don't think it's very wise to spend two hours waxing the living-room floor on a lovely day when I could be out fishing.

We do have to eat, however. That I will concede. So I spend a large proportion of my housekeeping time in getting ready to cook, cooking, and recovering from cooking. It makes me tired just to think about it.

There are two factors which complicate the cooking situation for me. One is that I never know how many people I am going to have to feed. I always have to allow for at least one more than the family, in case any one drops in. In the woods the first question you ask anybody, no matter what time of day he arrives, is, "Have you eaten?" This is absolutely obligatory, and the reason is easy to see. A man can't drop into a dog cart for a hamburger or a cup of coffee if he's hungry. He expects the population to feed him, and in return he expects to feed whoever drops in at his place. So we feed game wardens and fire wardens and timber cruisers and lost hunters and stray woodsmen and any one else who happens along.

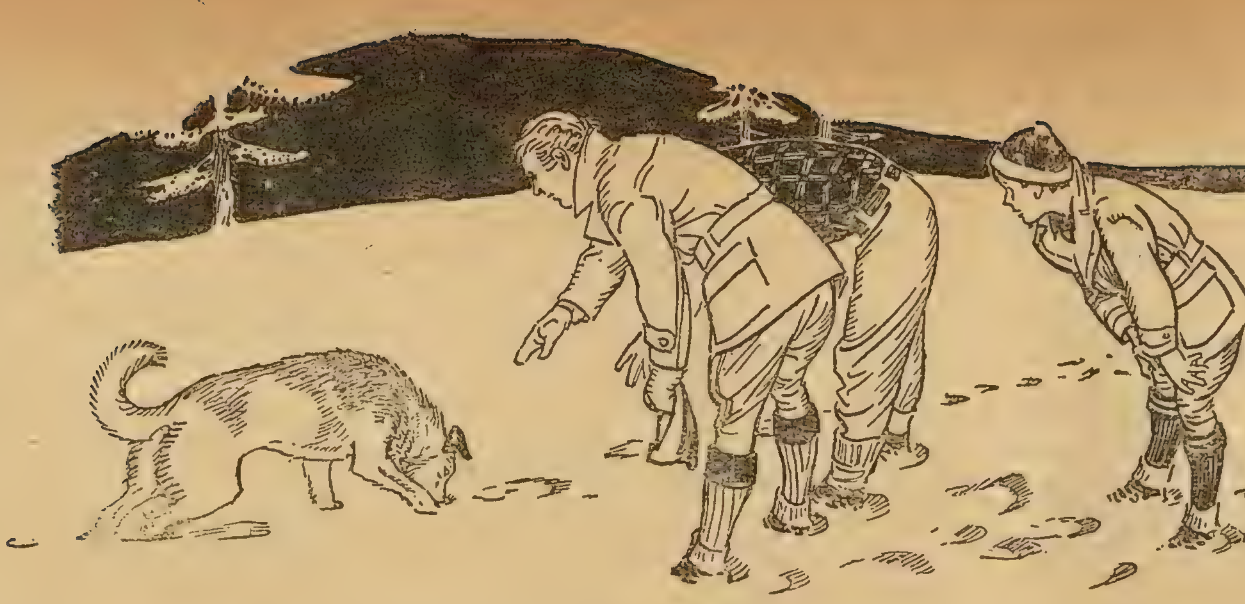
I used to try to keep the kitchen sacred to legitimate kitchen activities, but I finally gave it up. No matter how often I chased Gerrish and his tackle mending or Ralph and his car repairing or Rufus and his fleet of trucks into the living room, they always insidiously filtered back. Actually there's an advantage in having them right there. If they're in the room they can't very well pretend not to hear me when I start hollering to have my water pails filled or some wood brought in. And I might as well break down and admit that I like having them underfoot. The few times that they stayed in the living room when I sent them there I felt like a social pariah out in the kitchen all alone with my efficiency.

To augment our larder we have a vegetable garden, and believe me, please, that was quite a feat. The first year was spent in cutting brush and trees and removing roots and the worst of the rocks. This was honest-to-God hard labor, particularly as we didn't have the right equipment for it. Ralph and Gerrish and I have spent a whole day getting out a boulder that weighed more than the three of us put together. The first step, always, was to trench around the thing so we could get at it, and Ralph and Gerrish did this. My part consisted solely of lending my weight on the end of a twenty-foot beam that served as a pry, or dodging around the edges of the operation with an armful of blocks of assorted sizes. "Over here! Over here!" Ralph and Gerrish would shout in chorus, their faces red and strained with lifting. "For God's sake, stick a block under her before—" I'd thrust a block in to hold what they'd gained and they'd relax, panting and perspiring, to get their breath and plan the next step.

The general *modus operandi* was to lift the boulder up with levers to ground level, building a scaffolding of blocks under her as she came—I'm catching this "she" habit, too—and then roll her across an extremely precarious bridge of planks to solid earth. Frequently, with only six inches to go before we could roll her out, the entire scaffolding would collapse and drop the boulder back to the bottom of the pit—a perfectly maddening thing to happen. I do believe in the malevolence of the inanimate, and of all inanimate objects, stones are the most malevolent. After they have flopped the wrong way and have ruined an entire morning's work, they just lie there. There's something about the bland face of a stone lying in the middle of a pile of wrecked scaffolding at the bottom of a hole that makes you want to throw yourself face down on the ground and kick and scream.

We got enough rocks and roots out of the ground that year so that we could plant a few things in the cleared spaces.

But oh, the troubles we had that first year! No sooner had our vegetables broken ground than the deer started coming in at night and eating the plants. We decided we had to fence the garden, but it was going to take time to get fencing material in from The Outside. In the meantime something had to be done. For a while we worked days cutting and setting fence posts, and sat up



nights with a shotgun. But you can't keep that up forever. Then the game warden told us to spread some blood meal around. This is a packing-house product that is used primarily for fertilizer. The smell of blood is supposed to frighten the deer away. It didn't, though. On the contrary, I think it attracted them.

Then some one told us that if we made a little tent in the garden and kept a lighted lantern in it all night, the deer would keep their distance. The tent material had to be thin so the light would glow through, and the color had to be changed often, so the deer wouldn't acquire the contempt bred by familiarity. We tried that—we'd have tried anything—and, rather surprisingly, it worked. At least, it worked for a week. Then one morning we went into the garden and found the tracks of a dozen deer, all converging on our little tent. Apparently they'd held a meeting and decided on a mass investigation. They hadn't touched any of the vegetables, though. I guess they were too intrigued with the light to bother about anything else.

That very afternoon the wire for the fence came, and next morning we put it onto the posts we'd set, so fast that it smoked. And that was that.

AS I have said before, we do all our purchasing from the Mail Order. It's wonderful as a source of supply, and their catalogues are a fascinating source of entertainment. We sit by the hour looking at the illustrations and reading the descriptions of the thousands of items in the enormous twice-yearly catalogues, and we buy anything from motor parts to ankle socks.

Everybody in this country is thoroughly familiar with the Mail Order. I show up at Middle in a new pair of slacks, and Alice Miller says, "Oh, those are those Ward's slacks. A dollar ninety-eight. I was thinking about getting me some, only in brown." Or somebody comes in from Upton sporting a new hunting shirt, and I can put the price tag and percentage of wool on it with the accuracy of a purchasing agent. Fifty per cent wool, and two seventy-five in the big catalogue; but he paid only two forty-nine for it. They had them on sale in the latest flyer. There are no secrets between Mail Order devotees.

All my life I've had a very clear idea of the kind of living room I'd like to have. It's the living room so often described in English novels or novels of country life among the gentlefolk in Virginia or the Berkshires. Everybody knows the room well, with its wide windows, its books and flowers and faded chintz, its open fire and comfortable shabby chairs and sleeping dogs. It sounds attractive and comfortable. It's comfortable, all right, but not necessarily as attractive as it's made out to be. I know. That's the kind of living room we have in the Summer House.

The trouble with faded chintz, let me tell you, is that instead of looking soft and old and precious, it looks like chintz that should have been replaced two years ago. The trouble with the dogs is that instead of lying in front of the fire and lending atmosphere, they lie in the middle of the floor where you fall over them. Or else they lie in the shabby chairs and look so hurt when you try to oust them that you can't bear it, and you'd almost sit on the floor yourself rather than cause them pain.

The trouble with the open fire is that it throws embers onto the rug—a screen holds in the embers, but holds in the heat, too—so that eventually you decide to take up the rug altogether and have a bare floor—unless you've already taken it up because it's too hard to keep clean, what with the menfolks of your family and the dogs and cats tracking in mud, sawdust, and snow. There's nothing the matter with the flowers and the books and there's nothing the matter with the shabby chairs, if you can accept them as shabby chairs and don't try to make something interesting out of them.

BUT—and this is never taken into consideration in the novels—if you're the kind of weak-minded person who will put up with faded chintz and dogs in shabby chairs in the first place, you're too weak-minded to put your foot down there. You allow the corners of this interesting room to become jammed with fishing tackle and guns; the table and mantel are soon buried under a mound of fly-tying material, magazines, odd pieces of rock, and work gloves; the floor is littered with toys and tools; and several pairs of boots for all types of weather are parked at the end of the couch. In short, the place is a mess. The only thing that can be said for it is that there is nothing in it than can be hurt by the roughest usage. It's a room you can let yourself go in, for what that's worth. It's a room where you can put your feet up and relax.

That's the kind of home Ralph and I have made for ourselves in the backwoods, and that's the kind of marriage we've managed, together, to make, too.

We've managed to make a good marriage. This I say with all humility. It's a marriage in which there is nothing that can be hurt by the roughest usage. It's a marriage that you can let yourself go in, a marriage in which you can put up your feet and relax.

"Aren't the Children a Problem?"

THE true Yankee answer to the question, "Aren't the children a problem?" is, of course, another question: "Aren't children always a problem, no matter where you live?" Unless my memory plays me false, parenthood anywhere from the heart of Texas to the middle of Manhattan is one long coping with maladjusted personalities, crooked teeth, allergies to goose feathers, and lamentable traits inherited from the other side of the family. In short, certainly children are a problem, only in the woods the details of the problem aren't quite the same as they are on The Outside.

The problem starts with getting them born. Of course, with Sally, I skipped this. She's my stepchild and sprang into my life full-panoplied, as it were, at the age of twelve.

Rufus I got the hard way, on the 18th of December at 2.55 A. M., with the thermometer down to 10 degrees above zero. That's a night I won't forget in a hurry. Neither will Ralph, I imagine. Ralph has always been the type that, if he heard it rumored that the wife of one of his friends was going to have a baby eight months from date, took to crossing the street and raising his hat politely from the opposite sidewalk when he met her. He was taking no chances of having to ride in a taxi with her to the hospital.

Well, the night our son Rufus was born he didn't have any time to worry about what might happen in a taxi. He was much too busy coping, singlehanded, with what was happening right then and there. I can see him now, with a wool cap pulled down over his ears, his mackinaw collar turned up to meet it, and his mittens on, reading by lantern light a little book called If Baby Comes Ahead of the Doctor. Perspiration was running down his face. You see, he knew the doctor couldn't possibly get there for ten hours or more.

I was supposed to go out to Rumford to have Rufus; but then he wasn't supposed to be born until the first of the year. The idea was that I would stay in over Christmas, and then in a leisurely way betake myself to the hospital to wait the necessary week or ten days.

But on the 18th I woke up in the middle of the night, out of a sound sleep, with a stomach-ache. Only it wasn't a stomach-ache. It was an emergency, and there were no lights on the Ford, and I didn't have a bag packed.

I woke Ralph up, and he went down to telephone to the Millers and, of course, woke them up, while I wandered around with an old pair of slippers in one hand and a cake of soap in the other. I couldn't seem to think where I'd put my suitcase or what I should put into it. Pretty soon it became obvious that it didn't matter. I got back into bed just as Ralph came up with the information that the Millers' Ford had no lights either, and since it was pitch black outdoors we wouldn't be going anywhere. This didn't upset me as much as it would have fifteen minutes before. I'd already come to the same conclusion but for an entirely different reason.

I DON'T want to give the impression that I was calm and unruffled through this whole proceeding. I wasn't. But I took one look at Ralph's face and saw that he was ten times as alarmed as I was. I'd never seen him really alarmed before, and it was the best thing in the world that could have happened to me. I suddenly felt very brave and confident. I remembered that lots of babies are born without benefit of the medical profession, and that the best thing in a crisis is to keep busy. I was busy enough myself. All I had to do was to give Ralph something to occupy his mind.

"You'd better heat up a lot of water," I said. I didn't know quite what for, but I remembered that in books people always heat water under similar circumstances.

He went away and I could hear him rattling away down in the kitchen. By and by he came back and said that he wanted a nice wool blanket to warm over the stove before he put it in the laundry basket. "Got to have some place to park the kid," he explained, and I stopped worrying about him. He was functioning again, that was plain. I told him where to find the blanket, in between pains, and he went away again. When he came back, five minutes later, he was a father.

Usually a father has no immediate responsibilities toward his new offspring aside from running up to the hospital once a day for a viewing—and of course paying the hospital bill. Ralph's responsibilities, on the contrary, were immediate and very pressing. There was the little matter of the umbilical cord to be cut and tied, first of all.

"And don't you wash new babies?" I asked.

"Nope. You grease them." I don't know to this day how he came by this piece of knowledge, but he was right.

He folded his new son in a bath towel and went away with him, while I lay in bed and worried. What did he know about greasing babies and tying cords?

The new baby was crying, too, a little but furious bellow. What was his father doing to him? Or wait a minute—you were supposed only to worry, weren't you, if they didn't cry? So probably it was all right. It was criminal, I decided, for a grown woman to arrive at motherhood knowing as little about the whole thing as I did. By and by Ralph came back.

"Did you get him greased all right?" I asked anxiously.

He looked offended. "Certainly I did. I should hope, after all the pistons I've oiled in my lifetime—"

Pistons, mind you!

"What did you use?" I asked, horrified. "Motor oil?"

"Olive oil, naturally."

"Where did you get it? We haven't any olive oil."

"I've got a can. I use it to make fly dope out of."

Well, why not, after all? If early experience molds a child's life, I could see from where I lay that I was certainly going to be the mother of another mechanic and fly fisherman.

"He's all right and he's all there," Ralph went on. "Fingernails, toenails, hair, everything. I went over him carefully. And my God, is he homely!" He threw out his chest. "I never did like pretty men, anyway," he added complacently. "He's got a grip like a wrestler. And, say, what am I supposed to do with all that hot water?"

Oh, yes. The hot water. Well— "Why don't you make some coffee?" Suddenly I was starved. "Make me a sandwich, too—a ham sandwich with a lot of mustard."

Alice Miller came down in the morning as soon as it was light. Lying in bed, I could hear her laughing down in the kitchen. She laughed all the way upstairs.

"What do you suppose Ralph used to tie his cord with?" she demanded before she was halfway into the room. "A piece of rope! That poor little kid! The knot's bigger than he is. I guess I'll call the doctor in Rumford when I get home and tell him there's no need of his coming way in here. No sense in spending twenty dollars for nothing—"

And so Rufus missed his chance of having a doctor look him over. I guess it didn't do any harm. He's never seen a doctor from that day to this, except in a purely social capacity.

As I look at it, child-rearing resolves itself, for me, to the problem of what can we give our children besides a formal education, which Sally is getting now in Upton, and Rufus will get when he is old enough to go Outside for it.

Our mode of life guarantees them self-reliance. Soft living isn't important to them now, because it never has been. They're never going to be miserable because of physical inconveniences. Perhaps the best thing we can give them in a world where the possession of material things becomes more and more precarious, is a tough-fibered indifference to heat and cold and comfort and discomfort.

Sally is old enough now to have learned much, and she has learned the best things well. What I hope to give Rufus in the early years through which Sally has already passed is a happy childhood to remember, a way of life that he will be willing to die to protect, if the need arises. That sounds like a grim and spartan gift to a little boy, but it's not as dangerous a gift as the belief in pacifism and universal well-wishing to which my generation was exposed. I don't want to raise my son to be a soldier—but if he has to be one, I want him to be a good and capable one. I want him to know what he's fighting for—and Freedom and Democracy won't mean a thing to him unless they are all tied up with memories of things that he has loved ever since he can remember—things like the sound of the river, and the way Kyak lies and dreams in front of the open fire on a crisp autumn evening, and the picnics we've held at Smooth Ledge. The name of his country won't be worth fighting for unless he can remember from experience that his country is the place, not of equal opportunity, not of universal suffrage, not of any of those lofty conceptions so far above a little boy's ability to comprehend, but the place where he walked with his father down a woods road one evening and saw a doe and twin fawns; or the place where he came in from playing in the snow and found the kitchen warm and fragrant and his mother making popcorn balls.

Probably I ought to be able to draw some valuable deductions and conclusions from my special set of circumstances in regard to the problem of child raising. I'm sorry to say that I can't. The only conclusion that I've come to is pretty general and pretty trite. All any parent can do is to stagger along as best he is able, and trust to luck.

"Don't You Ever Get Bored?"

WE are often asked if we never get terribly bored here, and I'm a little diffident about telling the truth. There is something so smug about people who say, with horror and umbrage at the very suggestion, "Oh, no! I'm never bored!" It sounds a little like, "Who, me? With my rich mine of inner resources? *Me?* With all my rare memories and rich philosophy?" I hate people like that. They're infuriating, and I think they are liars as well. Every one is bored sometimes. It's a very painful illness, and completely undeserving of moral censure.

But, be that as it may, the answer still is no. We're almost never bored. In winter we work too hard. And, as I have plentifully indicated, there is always something to occupy us.

The second winter that we lived here, in the middle of February—a very well chosen time, since we were just about fed to the teeth with lugging things on our backs—Stumpy Crocker and Norman Vaughn came in to see us, and they came from below South Arm by dog team. Stumpy is an old friend and Norman had been a dog driver on Admiral Byrd's first Antarctic expedition, and he was full of enthusiasm for this particular mode of travel. His team consisted of nine dogs.

I had always been led to suppose that Huskies were vicious brutes, but these nine weren't. They were sweet. Of course, they periodically fought terribly among themselves, but as far as humans were concerned, they were a bunch of softies. Ralph and I fell in love with them. Our infatuation blinded us to the fact that for three days' stay, Norman brought in over a hundred pounds of food just for the dogs, and we fell easy victims to the notion that a dog team was just what we needed and wanted most of anything in the world. This notion was clinched after Norman had ridden us up to Middle a couple of times. It was marvelous just to sit and be whisked up Wangan Hill. Besides, we didn't really need nine dogs, Norman assured us. Five would be plenty.

SO when, the next spring, Stumpy offered us a Husky pup, offspring of one of Norman's team, we accepted with alacrity. That was Cookie. From the same source the Millers acquired another Husky, Karlok—he was an albino, and one of the most beautiful dogs I have ever seen—so what could be more natural than a match between them when they grew up? The final result was a litter of four pups, of which Kyak was one. And there was our dog team in embryo. Nothing could have been simpler.

The pups grew. Norman had told us that when they were about half grown was the time to start training them; so when they were five or six months old, we put them in harness. He had said nothing, though, about the desirability of having an experienced dog with them to show them the ropes. So we just hitched them up and told them to mush. Cookie looked at us in amazement. This was a new game, and one she wasn't sure she liked. Kyak lay down on his back and went limp, his legs like boiled macaroni. Nothing we could do would get him onto his feet. Every time we stood him up he just collapsed. Metak and Richard just stood and shivered. Only Mukluk got the idea, and he very soon became bored with pulling not only the light sled we had, but all his relations as well. He finally sat down and looked disgusted.

We might have given up the idea then if Stumpy hadn't made a fevered telephone call from Fitchburg, where he lives. Would we give one of his dogs a home? (He was a victim of the dog-team obsession at the time, too.) We wanted to know, naturally, what was the matter with the dog. People don't give valuable dogs away without any reason. It seemed that nothing was the matter with the dog except boyish high spirits. He was a wonderful dog—gentle, obedient, well trained to harness. The only trouble was that he was a little too powerful. He'd run away with Stumpy's young son Weyman, and had frightened some saddle horses on a back road. Unfortunately the saddle horses were complete with riders.

Now, we had no saddle horses up our way, so— We'd really stopped listening at the "well trained to harness" clause. Here was the answer. Thor could be a sort of tutor to the other dogs. We said, "Yes." It seemed evident that Providence wanted us to have a dog team. No sooner did a problem arise than the solution appeared right behind it.

Thor arrived and we immediately renamed him the Hound of the Baskervilles. He was almost as big as a Shetland pony, and had a head like a basketball. He didn't have teeth. He had fangs. He looked horrible, and he was the biggest bowl of mush I ever saw. He thought he was a lap dog, and tried to sit in my lap whenever I sat down. I just haven't got enough lap for that, so he finally compromised by sitting beside me by the hour with that huge head on my knees, gazing adoringly into my face. My legs would grow numb under the weight, and consciousness of all my shortcomings would rise to the surface under that worshipful regard. Nobody could be that wonderful, me least of all. It was very embarrassing for me.

I could have stood it, though, if Thor had been a good teacher. He wasn't. He was perfectly willing to work, and the others were willing to let him. Our dog team, obviously, was going to consist of Thor and Mukluk. Kyak, instead of being shamed by this example of usefulness, just grew limper and limper. It got so that whenever he saw one of us with a harness in hand, he fainted. The dog team, as such, was getting no place fast.

On top of this, it was costing more to feed the dogs than to feed us, my Monday laundry was periodically ripped from the line and torn up, and the only way to insure keeping a whole pair of shoes in the house was to hang them by the laces from the ceiling beams, where the dogs couldn't reach them. We were told by experts that we'd never have a dog team unless we stopped making pets of the dogs. It was all wrong to feed them twice a day and let them have the run of the house. Dogs won't work unless they are half starved and kept tied up outside, away from human association. Working dogs aren't

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pets; they are slaves and should be treated as such. Well! That doesn't go for us. Neither Ralph nor I could ever treat any dog like that. So we gave up the dog-team idea. But we still had the dogs.

Then, one by one, things began to happen to them, and, viewed cosmically, it was probably just as well, much as it hurt at the time. After every disaster I said my little say— "Here we had six dogs, and five of them were swell. We're going to end by being left with the only lemon in the bunch, just you wait and see." And so we were. Oh, well, Kyak isn't much of a dog, but he suits us. He's nice with Rufus, and we love him dearly. And that's all we want.

Now to get back to what we do. In the summer, as in the winter, we still work hard, and there are always distractions to fill in the chinks between jobs—things like guests and fishing and swimming. Nobody could be bored in autumn, when the air is like wine, and the hills are hazy tapestries with the red and gold thread of the frost-touched maple and birch embroidering a breath-taking design on the permanent dark fabric of the evergreens. The lakes then are unbelievably blue. All the things you've meant to do all summer but didn't get around to suddenly start crying to get done, and the days aren't half long enough to crowd them all in before the first snow.

The only time left to be bored in is spring, when winter is over but it's still too early to plant the garden or move to the Big House and there's nothing very much to do but wait. Spring, as far as I'm concerned, is a vastly overrated season, and I'd be bored to death with it, for all its burgeoning buds and returning birds and coy extremes of temperature, were it not for the spring log drive. The log drive was not designed solely for my entertainment; that's what is so remarkable and providential about its falling, as it does, in the slump of the year. Even before the ice is out the driving crews start filtering into the woods to the company wangans along the chain of lakes. There is a lot to be done before the wood can start south.

I should explain "wangan." It is an Indian word, and can mean almost anything. It can mean a camp or building. Pond-in-the-River wangan—or Pondy wangan, as the drivers call it—is a long low shack a third of a mile above us, where the Rapid River crew lives during the drive. There is a sign in the bunkhouse that reads, "Wangan open an hour after supper." That refers to the store where the cook sells candy, tobacco, snuff, and clothing. (It really is a big box in the kitchen, and the reason it isn't open all the time is that the cook doesn't want to be bothered in the middle of his baking to hand out and charge against wages a nickel's worth of makings.)

The cook may say, "I lost my wangan when the work boat swamped," and that means that his dishes are at the bottom of the lake. Or he may complain, "The wangan's runnin' low," meaning this time that he's short of food. Or a man may take his wangan and fly—leave the job with his little bundle of personal belongings. You can tell only by the context what the word means, and it's a very convenient word to know. I use it myself a lot, in nondriving connections.

There is a stir that goes through the woods just before the drive moves in that is difficult to explain. Actually it consists only of suddenly increased activity on the telephone. The telephone man, Fred Bennet, comes slogging in through the woods and swamps and wet snow between here and the Brown Farm, and adds a half dozen phones to our line. There is one at Middle Dam wangan, one at Pondy wangan, above us, and one at Hedgehog wangan, below, at the mouth of the river. The rest are hung in tar-paper cubicles on trees, in places where crises demanding immediate aid may arise.

ALMOST as soon as the phones are in they begin to ring, strange numbers that have nothing to do with our simple year-round one, two, three, and four. They ring all the time, and I, neglecting my housework and throwing overboard all ethical scruples that first year, listened in. (That's all right to do, here. Often when I ask some one where they got a piece of news, they say quite frankly and shamelessly, "Oh, rubbering on the telephone.") Just by standing in the kitchen with the receiver to my ear, I could see the drive get under way all up the length of the lakes.

At first all the calls were to Joe Mooney at the Brown Farm, who acts as a sort of liaison officer. First of all came the reports as to the condition of the ice in the various lakes. "She's pretty rotten here on Umbagog this morning. If a west wind comes up she'll be clear by night. The river's all open and we've got the steamer Diamond in. She's blackin' up fast toward the Narrows. Give her two or three days of hot sun and she'll be out of the Richardsons." (Why are things like ice that won't melt, or inclement weather, or balky motors always "she" to the men who deal with them?) "They brought a horse 'n' sled down the big lake this morning. She won't go out for a week-ten days."

Then it speeds up. "This is Henry Mullen at Pondy. The cook claims he wants a barrel of flour, couple of crates of eggs, an' a half dozen hams. We got about thirty to feed tonight." "Middle Dam talkin'. I got to have some inch-an'-a-quarter line and a bunch of pickpoles. I need ten more men. Thurston's boom's broke loose in the Arm, 'n' it's scattered all over hell." "I gotta have some pitch. This bateau at Middle leaks like a sieve." "Where's that cookee? The cook's raving." "I gotta close Pondy dam. I can't string no sluice boom with all this water runnin'." And finally, "When's that first boom comin' down? We're ready any time."

The ice is out; the winch boats are in; the crews have come; the ground work is done. The drive is ready to start.

THAT first year, when the lumber camp opened we were invited to lunch by the cookee, Frank. A cookee, I must explain, is a sort of second cook, a perpetual K. P.

"Either first or second lunch," he told us. "Ten o'clock or two. Don't matter." On the drive there are four meals a day, breakfast at six, first and second lunch, supper at five, and then, if the men have to sluice after dark, another lunch before they go to bed, which may be anywhere from 10 P. M. until two the next morning.

We decided we'd go to second lunch, because Rufus would be asleep and we could leave him. Before we started, Ralph said, "Now, look. There's a guy up there named Casey that has *my* ideal of a hat. It's a swell hat and I want to make a deal with him, if I can, for it. So I'll point him out to you, and if you could sort of be nice to him—you know, soften him up—"

I knew, and I knew too without asking, what the Ideal Hat of Casey would look like. It would be a battered felt of no recognizable style, with the crown squashed out of shape and the brim dropping dejectedly. Ralph had been working on one of his old city hats for years, trying to achieve that special abandoned and disreputable look; but it takes a long time to get it.

"All right," I said resignedly. "What is he, an Irishman?"

Every married woman knows the look he gave me—the very special look husbands save for their wives when they say something more than usually stupid; the look combining in equal proportions disgust, resignation, and a dash of dismay at the prospect of living to be a grandfather with such a half-wit.

"With a name like Casey?" he asked. "What do you suppose he is, a Frenchman?"

The meals on the drive are buffet affairs, unlike the sitting-down meals in a logging camp. All the food is laid out on a long trestle table in the kitchen, with the knives and forks and tin plates and pannikins stacked at the end. You get your tools first, and then go down the table, filling up your plate with whatever looks good to you. The trouble is everything looks good. There are always two kinds of meat—a hot beef pot roast, for example, and cold sliced ham—and potatoes and three other vegetables. Then there are always baked beans, and fresh bread, and pickles, and apple sauce, and, to top off with, three kinds of pie, cake, cookies, and doughnuts.

When you can't get any more onto your plate, you look for a place to sit down and eat it. The cook wanted us, as company, to sit at the table, but I saw a hat that could belong to no one but Casey. So I said I'd rather do as the river hogs did, if he didn't mind, and went outdoors and sat down beside the man with the hat, under a pine tree.

He looked a little terrified, but he couldn't get away, as there was a man on the other side of him.

"Lovely day," I said cordially, and he grunted. "Good cook you've got," I went on, and he showed the whites of his eyes like a nervous horse. "Been working in the woods long?" I asked with neighborly interest, and he definitely shied.

The man on the other side took pity on us both. "He don't understand no English, lady," he explained kindly. "He's a Frenchman."

I gaped at him. This was absolutely too marvelous to be true. After that look Ralph had given me—

"With a name like Casey?" I asked.

"Oh, they just call him Casey. He's got some frog name nobody can pronounce. So when he went to work for the company they put him down as Casey. Sounds as near like his real name as they could get."

I beamed on Casey, not minding that he didn't beam back. He was unshaven and ragged and dirty, but he looked wonderful to me. He'd given me a weapon I could use in domestic crises for years to come. I loved him like a brother.

Apparently he misunderstood my intentions, because he got up in a panic and fled. Incidentally, Ralph never did make the hat deal, because next day Casey asked to be transferred to the Middle Dam wangan. I don't know whether it was I who scared him, or whether it was the predatory way Ralph kept looking at his hat.

"Do You Get Out Very Often?"

THE first winter that I lived here, Cliff Wiggin-Wallace used to call me up. He still does, for that matter, whenever he gets bored with his own society and that of his several cats. I'd only seen him once, but we'd have a good gossip every now and then, and about once a month he'd ask me what day of the week it was. I'd tell him, shaking my head and clucking my tongue to myself. You see, Cliff hadn't been Outside for three years, and I thought I recognized the first sign of his going woods queer.

Woods queerness is a real and serious and fairly common thing here, brought on by solitude and a growing awareness of the emptiness all around. It starts in little ways, and gets worse and worse, until finally it may end in raving insanity. Every now and then some one along the lakes is taken out to an asylum. I thought Cliff ought to go out on a spree. Three years is too long a time to stay in the woods.

Or so I thought then. I didn't know that it would be years before I myself saw The Outside; and if I had known it, I wouldn't have believed that the time could pass so quickly and lightly, that season could roll so smoothly into season, and year into year.

I spent four years ramming around the woods, and I could have gone on for the rest of my life in the same way, if it hadn't been for Alice Miller.

She called me up one day in April to tell me that she was going out over the breakup to visit her sister in Lewiston.

I said, for something to say, "Well, see a couple of movies for me. I haven't seen one for myself for over four years." I was just talking. I can take movies but I can just as well leave them alone.

"You'd ought to go out, Louise," she said. "First thing you know, you'll be going woods queer."

I laughed, but she didn't.

"I'm not fooling," she said. "You can laugh, but how do you know you ain't queer already? For all you know, come to get in crowds and traffic, you'll act like one of these farm dogs in a town, running into doorways and shivering and howling. You'd ought to go out."

I continued to think that was pretty funny for about five minutes after she'd hung up, and then I wasn't quite so sure. After all, she'd spoken with conviction. She'd really snatched at an opportunity to make the suggestion. Maybe she'd noticed something about me—or maybe Renny, her husband, had. Renny'd been around the woods most of his life. He knew the symptoms. Maybe he'd said to her, "If you get a chance, drop a hint to Ralph about Louise. It's time she went Outside. Or if it comes right, say something to her." How did I know? The clerk at Barnett's Number One camp the winter before had thought he was all right long after even I could see that he wasn't. So had that big Russian up in the Narrows, and it had taken four men to tie him and get him aboard Larry's boat. So had the lumberjack who had tried to hang himself and the woman up on Mooselukmeguntic. And so did I.

It's ghastly to wonder seriously about your own sanity. First you start remembering things. I remembered breaking my pet needle the week before, and all the talking I had done about it.

"Haven't you got another one?" Ralph asked.

"Certainly. I've got dozens. But this one was different. It was balanced just right."

"Well, for Heaven's sake! Whoever heard of a balanced needle? You're nuts."

Of course he often says "You're nuts" to me. But hadn't he looked at me queerly this time? Was it odd to think that a needle could have correct balance? I didn't think so—but how could I tell?

I thought of my Columbiana Pump pencil. It was painted cream color with gold lettering on it, and it was round. I don't like hexagonal pencils. They hurt my fingers. Most round ones, especially free advertising pencils, have specks of grit in the graphite. Not my Columbiana Pump pencil, though. The lead was soft and smooth. It was the best pencil I had ever taken in hand, so I said it was mine. I hid it in my mending basket, and nobody was supposed even to think about it. And then one day it was gone.

I flew into a froth. You know: "Considering the very few things I'm fussy about around here, I should certainly think that when I ask to have a measly little pencil left alone, it could be left alone. I'll find out who took my Columbiana Pump pencil, and when I do—" You can imagine.

It didn't seem to me to be an unreasonable attitude, but how could I be sure? Do sane people go into rages about pencils? Do they make horrible threats? I didn't know, and whom could I depend on to tell me honestly?

There was only one answer. I had to go Outside. If I weren't on the way to woods queerness already, I soon would be if I began to question and scrutinize my every act and thought. I'd begin to see hidden meanings in what people said to me and in the way they looked at me, or in the things they didn't say or look. Merna and Albert Allen, with whom Sally was boarding while going to school in Upton, had invited me repeatedly to come out with Rufus and stay overnight. I'd have to see if I couldn't manage somehow to get out there.

THE ease with which my going was arranged, once I let it be known that I wanted to go, did nothing to reestablish my peace of mind. Actually, of course, people were just being nice. In spite of all that is said, and more especially written, about the crabbed New Englander, New Englanders, like all ordinary people, are nice. Their manner of proffering a favor is sometimes on the crusty side, but that is much more often diffidence than surliness.

I shouldn't have been surprised and suspicious at all about the co-operation I received after Ralph asked one of Barnett's tractor drivers to ask Merna the next time he was out in Upton if it would be convenient to have me some time during the next week. Ordinarily I wouldn't have been. But I couldn't help remembering how hard we'd all worked, the winter before, to get that clerk out on a legitimate pretext before a strait-jacket was necessary.

The tractor driver, Edgar Worster, said that he knew it would be all right. He lives next door to the Allens and he'd seen Merna two days before. She'd told him to bring me out on the tractor the next time he came, and as it happened, he was going the next day. The camps were breaking up, and he had to take out the

beds, stoves, some lumber, and the pigs, and there was no reason in the world why he couldn't add Rufus and me to the load. If I'd just be ready to start around noon—

Then the question of what to wear reared its ugly head. Rufus was all right. He had a fairly new snow suit. But as for me—

"Don't give me any of that 'haven't got a thing that's fit to be seen' business," Ralph begged. "That's what women always say."

Maybe it is, but for once it was absolutely and literally true. I didn't have a thing that was fit to be seen, even in far from dressy Upton. I almost didn't have a thing, period. My old ski pants had holes in the knees and seat, and my newer ones were filthy and I didn't have time to wash them. I thought briefly of the days gone by when I had worried over such esoteric details as the exact shade of my stockings. Now I had one pair of silk stockings, five years old, and when I put them on, they went to pieces, rotten from lying in the drawer. I could wear some wool knee socks, for decency and warmth, and my gum boots. Then I had a twelve-year-old Harris tweed topcoat. God bless a good tweed! It's passable as long as two threads hold together. And I had a suit. It was seven years old, completely out of style and slightly on the snug side. But if I moved the buttons of the jacket over so it would close, took up the hem, and pieced out the waistband of the skirt with a piece of twine, and then was careful not to ever unbutton the jacket, it would do. It would have to do.

It did do, although when I was ready to go I understood fully for the first time the term "a haywire rig." Since haywire is a fairly common commodity in the woods, it is used universally for emergency repairs. Therefore anything that is held together with haywire is a haywire rig. Broadening the scope of the term, so is any makeshift expedient whatsoever. If you run out of cornstarch and have to thicken a chocolate pudding with flour, that's a haywire rig. As I walked through the snow down to where the tractors were waiting, I was the haywirest rig north of Boston.

Two tractors were going instead of one, and the driver of the second tractor I had never seen before. Now, I'm shy. I know that's old stuff. I know I'm awfully tired, too, of having just plain snooty people excused to me by their friends on the grounds of a fundamental shyness. But I stick to my story. I am shy. So I said to Ralph, "You'd better introduce that man to me, if we're going to ride out together." If Ralph knows a person, he is apt to assume that by a sort of social osmosis I must know him too.

He said now, "Why, that's Paul Fuller. You know him."

I didn't. I knew he had a wife named Linda, who was one of Jim Barnett's daughters, and that he had four children, one of whom was Rufus' age almost to the day. But I didn't know Paul Fuller.

It didn't make any difference. "Hi, Louise," he said, before Ralph could go into his introduction. "Four years since you been out, isn't it? And Rufus hasn't ever been out at all. Well, he's going to get an eyeful. Let's see, the last time you was out must have been when you and Ralph—"

I don't know where I ever got the impression that the grapevine only works one way—that I sit up in the woods, invisible and inaudible, collecting my data. It came as a distinct shock that, while I knew the youngest Fuller child is allergic to tomatoes, the Fuller family undoubtedly knew all about the loose filling in my second left upper molar.

It was odd to be Outside. It was odd to see modern cars, looking like a bunch of water bugs, scooting up and down the road, after our collection of angular antiques. It was odd to go into a house that had electric lights, and to have Merna say, "Sally, run up to the store and get two pounds of sugar." I had forgotten that people lived near enough stores to be able to run up to them at a moment's notice. I ran, too, for the novelty of it, and we took Rufus along. He'd never been in a store before, and he couldn't believe his eyes. I bought him his first candy bar, and he didn't quite know what to do with it. It didn't take him long to find out, though. Probably buying it was an example of misguided motherly indulgence.

There were several people in the store, and they all said, "Hi, Louise. How does it seem to be out?" Sally told me their names, which were familiar to me, and now I sorted them out to go with the right faces. They didn't seem like strangers and they didn't treat me like a stranger. I had a fine time. Albert Allen gave me a bag of carrots to take home, and Jim Barnett tried to give Rufus a pair of white rats, but there I drew the line. White rats give me the creeps. Rufus forgot his disappointment in the excitement of viewing the Allens' hens. Horses, cows, and pigs he had seen before, but never a hen. He was fascinated. We kept losing him and finding him leaning transfixed against the hen-yard fence. He watched the cows being milked, too, with amazement. Milk heretofore had been something that came out of a can. He saw a new little calf and a lot of things that turned out to be dogs. I suppose it is news to one whose entire dog experience has been Kyak that a cocker spaniel is a dog, and, surprisingly, so are such divergent types as setters and toy bulls. It must be baffling. But he loved best of all the other children. It was a discovery that he and Junior Miller weren't carrying the whole burden of perpetuating the race.

The things I loved best, next to watching Rufus react, were eating some one else's cooking and meeting so many friendly people. It wasn't until we were halfway home the next morning that I remembered to be relieved that in a traffic jam in front of the store—three cars and an ox team all at once—I felt no compulsion to scuttle into the doorway and shiver and howl.

"Is It Worth While?"

NOBODY ever asks me, "Is this life you are living worth while?" That's a question I ask myself occasionally.

I ask it when I get up on a twenty-below-zero morning to find the kitchen stove in one of its sullen moods. Smoke oozes from every crack, but the top won't heat enough to melt the ice in the tea kettle. A cup of hot coffee is a long way in the future. I bang the oven door and the stove pipe falls down, raining buckets of soot over everything, including the butter that I have put on the stove shelf to warm to a spreadable consistency. Smoke pours out of the down chimney in clouds, and I have to open the door and all the windows or suffocate. My eyes smart and run water, and my hands and feet slowly and painfully turn to ice, and the answer is, "No! Nothing is worth this!"

I ask it when, at the end of a long hot summer, everyone in Middle Dam has used up his entire ice supply, and I want a glass of ice water. I can't have it. Moreover, the meat is going to spoil unless I do something about it at once, and the butter is unattractively liquid, and the lettuce has wilted, and the tomato aspic that I made this morning isn't going to set. I think of tall frosted glasses, and salads that are crisp and noisy under the fork, and lemon sherbet, and decide I'd swap the whole north woods for one properly refrigerated meal.

I ask it when I've got the lunch dishes done and the kitchen tidy and am all set for an hour's leisurely reading before going swimming, and a whole hungry gang drops in. Anywhere else, we could drive to the nearest hot-dog stand, but here I have to start from scratch and throw together another complete meal. I ask it when I look at the hands of Coburn's women guests and then at my own, with their short nails, calloused palms, and the burns from the oven door across the backs. The answer is always "No. It's not worth it."

You can't very well stop operations to ponder the problem of worth-whileness when you have a big salmon on the end of a light line. When the reel starts screaming and the rod bends into a vibrating bow and you suddenly remember that you meant to change that frayed leader and didn't, you have enough to think about. The fish starts away from the boat, and you burn your thumb braking the line. Then the water explodes fifty feet away, and you see him, a furious arc in the air, shaking his head viciously in an effort to dislodge the fly. He's a whale! He's easily the biggest fish that— He starts for the boat, and you reel in frantically. The sun is in your eyes, and the landing net is just out of reach—not that you'll ever bring him to the net; your arms are numb already—and then, abruptly, there he is, right up under the gunwale, just as tired as you are. You find that you can reach the net after all, and you ease it over the side, taking care not to hit the leader—and he's yours! He doesn't weigh the seven pounds you thought he did when you saw him break water, but the pocket scales say four and a half, and four and a half isn't so bad. You wet your hands carefully before taking him off the hook, and slide him over the side. You don't think to ask yourself then if that was worth while. It's enough that it was fun.

"IS it worth while?" is not a question that I think to ask myself when I am in the middle of B Pond, watching the gulls inscribe their white scrolls against the sky. I don't ask it when I see a deer drinking at Long Pool, or hear a loon laugh, or when I compare Rufus with other children of his age and discover that he is two inches taller and five pounds heavier than most of them, and that he doesn't enter rooms with a piercing shriek of "It's Superman!" I don't ask it when I get a check for a story, or when I find that my dollar-ninety-eight mail-order bathing suit looks much nicer than the fifteen-dollar model I saw on a woman up at the hotel—or does it only seem that way because I'm browner and thinner and can swim better than that woman? I don't ask it when friends have such a good time with us that they hate to leave as much as we hate to see them go; or when we all sit on the porch in the evening with our feet on the rail, and watch the tide of the dusk rise from the valleys, up the hills, and across the sky. The stars come out one by one, and the moon swings up above Pondy Dam, changing the river to a road of restless gold. It isn't a moment to be asking yourself questions. It's a moment to enjoy.

It amounts to this. "Is it worth while to live like this?" is a question that I never ask myself under fair conditions. I ask it only when exasperation or discomfort or exhaustion predetermines *no* as an answer. That's about ten times a year. On the other three hundred and fifty-five days of the year I don't question anything. Happy people aren't given to soul searching, I find. Revolt and reform, whether private or general, are always bred in misery and discontent. So now, sitting here quietly with nothing to annoy me and nothing to exhilarate me—except that I am at long last on the final chapter of this book I undertook so lightheartedly to write—I will once and for all try to find the answer.

Why did we come to live here in the first place? We thought it was because we liked the woods, because we wanted to find a simple, leisurely way of life. Now, looking back, I think that we were unconsciously seeking to find a lost sense of our own identity. Looking back through the telescope of the last six years, I can see myself as I was and realize how living here has changed me. I hope it has changed me for the better. Certainly I am happier than I was then. Certainly I am more at home in this world that we have created than I ever was in that vast and confusing maelstrom that we call civilization.

A GREAT many people ask me if Ralph and I don't get on each other's nerves horribly during the long periods when we see only each other. That's a legitimate question.

Every one knows the corroding effect too much familiarity has on even the strongest attachment. It would have an even more devastating effect on me, as I am, I know, not quite normal in my loathing for having any one crowd in on me, either literally or figuratively. I can't stand being jostled physically, and I can't stand having my actions questioned or commented upon. I could, quite literally, kill any one who said to me, "A penny for your thoughts." I'm a New Englander, so I can't talk about love. The only way I can explain why I never feel like killing Ralph is open to unflattering misinterpretation; but I'll try to explain, all the same.

Emily Dickinson once said of a little niece who had been shut up in a closet as punishment, and was discovered there hours later, perfectly composed and happy, "But no one could ever punish a Dickinson by shutting her up alone!" That applied to Emily herself, and it applies to this obscure Dickinson. It applies to my ability to be contented here, away from the world, and to the truth underlying Ralph's and my relationship: that being with Ralph is just exactly as good as being alone.

Now that that's written, it looks terrible; and I meant it to be the nicest thing I could say!

And what about Ralph himself? Does he feel as I feel about our life here? I can't answer for him. No one can truly answer for another person's thoughts and feelings. I can only go by what external evidence I have.

Last summer a visitor, Barbara Wing, asked Ralph a purely hypothetical question during one of those long rambling discussions that kindred souls get into: "If you had a million dollars left you tomorrow, what would be the first thing you'd do?"

Ralph thought for a long time, and I thought right along with him, wondering whether it would be an island in the South Seas—this was before Pearl Harbor—or a ranch in the Argentine. Finally he said slowly, "Well—that's a hard question to answer. I can't make up my mind whether a bathroom or a new roof for the woodshed comes first." He was serious, so we all laughed, but I don't worry any more about whether he really likes it here as much as I do.

I'd spend my million dollars on Forest Lodge, too, except for a fund I'd invest in letting the kids see the world. I'd send them everywhere and let them taste everything, so that at last they'd come to know what we have here to value. Discontent is only the fear of missing something. Content is the knowledge that you aren't missing a thing worth while.

I know that many people—perhaps most people—couldn't feel that, living here, they held within their grasp all the best of life. So for them it wouldn't be the best. For us, it is.

And that's the final answer.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A FEW weeks ago there was reproduced on this page a V-mail letter to Old Sarge from one 1st Sgt. Al J. Bush, "Somewhere in Australia."

Among other items, Sergeant Bush mentioned that the A. E. F. in that part of the world was experiencing a scarcity of pipe tobacco. I imagine the sergeant now has enough to last him for the duration—if all the Liberty readers who wrote me that they were making good the deficiency actually sent the stuff.

One of them was a housewife of Highland Park, Michigan, who must remain anonymous at her request. She wrote Sergeant Bush that his 'baccy was on the way. When he answered her letter he hadn't yet received the gift because he had by then been transferred to the New Guinea front. But he said, in part:

"We are *all* in this thing. A battery in one of our radios was made in Wisconsin; our road machinery comes from Ohio; the bombers that fly over our heads are a product of your state, as is the bulk of this regiment. Everything from everywhere all over the United States.

US
TOBAC
TOBACCO
TOBACCO
TOBACCO
toba

"I promise you from the bottom of my heart that what we are now planning to do will land with an awful thump on Togo. God grant that it all comes off as we plan it."

The good lady in Michigan comments:

"There is a spirit in his letter which should make every civilian take stock of himself and decide whether we really rate those fine men out there in the battle areas. His letter was dated just before the zero hour for moving into offensive action against the Japs in New Guinea. That a soldier, under such conditions, could find the selflessness to write to total strangers, assuring them that they could have faith in our fighting men, makes me feel humble . . . and reverent . . . and weepy."

Me, too.

* * *

As a "Regular" I have a small gripe. But first let me say that I'm damned glad to be a member of a rough and ready bunch only waiting their chance to slap down a Nazi. Our bunch is typical of this man's army. We're in a spot right now where we can more than appreciate the relaxation and "escape" afforded by a good movie, and Hollywood supplies us with some fine films. But almost every time we see a picture of Army life it is out-and-out tripe. The Army is made to seem one gay round of passes and parties, and its men a bunch of pampered pets. Nothing could be farther from the true routine of the Army than that.

Our Army is tough; that's the way we like it and the way it should be shown on the screen. With so many of its own sons in the fray, why doesn't Hollywood get wise to itself? Thanks for the time and space, Sarge, and keep up your department—it's filling a long-felt need.

Sgt. Grant L. Payne,
Somewhere Overseas.

That is a very potent letter, Sergeant Payne, and I even like the last sentence. I take it that you are talking about screen *stories* of Army men and life, not the documentary films. I've seen some of the former, and I agree with your reaction, except that I looked at them *as* stories and not as exact reproductions of our Army as is. In other words, they were intended solely for entertainment, not instruction. Look at them that way and they're not so annoying. As for the documentaries, most of those I've seen are superb jobs. Now, if Hollywood can cross the two we'll have something.

* * *

In November 28, 1942, Liberty you said, "Only Army, Navy, or Marine Corps service can be counted for longevity purposes of enlisted men. Services in the National Guard, Enlisted Reserve, R. O. T. C., or C. M. T. C. is not credited."

The following is an extract from Section 1-9, Bulletin 28, War Department, 1942. "Every enlisted man paid under the provisions of this section shall receive an increase of 5 per centum of the base pay of his grade for each three years of service up to thirty years. Such service shall be active Federal Service in any of the services mentioned in the title of this Act or Reserve components thereof; service in the active National Guard of the several States, Territories and the District of Columbia; and service in the enlisted Reserve Corps of the Army, the Naval Reserve, the Marine Corps Reserve, and the Coast Guard Reserve."

B. H. P., 2d Lt., M. A. C.,
Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.

Thanks, Lieutenant. You're absolutely right, as were the many other helpful men from whom similar corrections came. Due to its ambiguous wording and doubtful intent, the act was subject to varying interpretations until it was recently and completely clarified. Now we've got it straight—and the boys are getting their longevity pay. Everybody happy?

* * *

I've never seen a letter from a Seabee in your columns, so here goes for a try. You know, of course, that Seabee stands for the Construction Battalions of the Navy. Quite a few of the fellows in my outfit are wondering about the chances of a transfer to the regular Navy, or at least to get on regular Navy duty. Can it be done and, if so, how do we go about it? Thanks for helping us, as you have many others.

M. W. S., MM-2C
San Francisco, Calif.

The Navy tells me that when a man enlists in the Seabees it is for assignment to that specific corps. Transfers from the Seabees are only made on special authorization from the Chief of Naval Operations. And just try to get it. Apparently you're considered too valuable where you are.

* * *

I had always thought that a soldier kept his same serial number throughout his Army career. But after doing a three-year trick in Honolulu I was drafted and given an entirely new dog-tag number. And if I stay in the Army after the war and long enough for a pension, will this time I'm doing now count on my longevity?

Pvt. C. O. S., Camp Polk, La.

Because you were inducted you were given a new serial number from the bloc reserved for inductees; had you re-enlisted you would have retained your original number. *All* service in the Army may be counted toward retirement.

* * *

To settle a bet, please give us the right dope on the divisional insignia which bears a steer's skull. The other party claims it derives from a cattle war in 1930; I claim it started in the first World War. Who wins? And what's the outfit?

Pvt. W. L.,
42d Eng. Reg't., Overseas.

You must refer to the 34th Division (also known as the Sante Fe), which was activated in 1917, although the history of some of its units goes back to the early nineteenth century, when frontiersmen banded together to defend themselves against the Indians. The 34th went to France in 1918 and saw front-line service.

* * *

Why discrimination against the women veterans of World War I? Many of the so-called Yeomanettes are still employable, working every day—but we don't get another chance at the uniformed services?

Ex-Yeomanette, San Diego, Calif.

Does it make you feel any better now the powers-that-be have decided that *men* over thirty-eight are too old to be drafted? Gosh, that was an awful blow to a lot of "old-timers" of my acquaintance! Men who had thought they were just in their prime started to price wheel chairs and decide whether to sleep with their long white beards in or out of the kivvers. This war is bound to get you, one way or t'other.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

I DON'T CRY

Continued from Page 11

When I got downstairs, Dave had another marine with him, a little dark guy. As soon as they saw me they bounded up like two jack-in-the-boxes, and Dave made the introductions. Joe Arnaldi; and he was Dave's pal. Then Dave fished around in back of him and gave me a box. It was the bride's bouquet. A bunch of white flowers, some of them gardenias, with a big satin bow.

We were married in the minister's front parlor. The minister looked solemn but as though everything was all right and perfect. He had a nice face. You know: good.

All you have to say is answer "I do" to each and every question. Dave didn't seem fazed, but I . . . Ever notice a horse's skin when flies got him marked for a target? That was me—outside and inside. I hardly knew what went on and yet I saw Joe Arnaldi hand Dave the ring. There it was on my finger, and before I knew it, I was Mrs. David Merrill.

Joe's kiss landed on my left ear. "Good luck, kids." He shook Dave's hand. "I gotta date lined up with an airplane, so I'll scram. Be seein' ya." Dave tried to get him to have lunch with us, but he wouldn't.

We walked out into that Texas sun, but I didn't even feel it. I seemed to have my own private air-cooling system.

We sat a long while over lunch, and all the time Dave talked a blue streak. Good thing, because I could hardly say a word.

"Notice anything different about me?" He kind of squirmed around in his seat.

"You're my . . . you're wearing a different kind of uniform."

"Summer-weight stuff. That's not it. Stripes. Take a gander."

"Why, Dave, they've made you a . . ."

"Corporal, baby. You're married to Corporal Merrill. That's only a starter. Just give me time and I'll end up . . ." He looked kind of sheepish. "Well, you never can tell. There's something about a marine keeps him batting away for the old traditions of the Corps."

"There certainly is something, Dave, and you've got it." He laughed at that and I could see he didn't have a single filling in his teeth.

"I'd better have it, kid. Marines knocked off the Barbary pirates. That's where we get the Tripoli part of our song. Then there was Belleau Wood, back in '18. . . ."

The way he looked then, I could imagine him in a plumed hat and cape and sword. Or a lance and suit of armor, maybe.

That night he touched me like he thought I might bruise easy. His light brown eyes were warm. In the darkness I could feel him breathe. As though if he breathed deep enough, he could inhale me like a perfume, and some of me would stay with him.

"Love me, Amy," he said. "Love me." . . . I only wished I could.

The telephone woke us up at 8 A. M. Dave just said, "Yes. Sure, Joe. Right away. I'll make the ten-fifteen."

I sat up and looked at Dave. Then I looked away quick. Suppose you hold a vase in your hands; all you have to do is relax your grip and the vase'll crash in bits all over the floor. That was Dave. Ready to break up at a moment's notice.

"We're shoving off," he said.

"I know."

"Thought I'd have anyway this week-end with you, Amy."

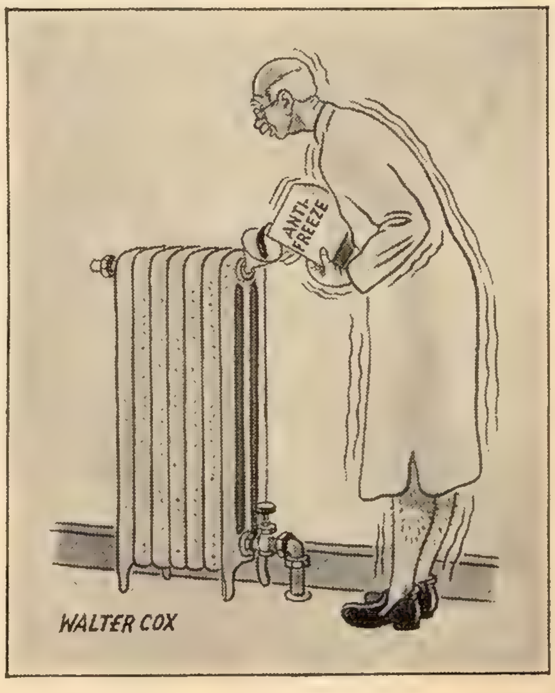
I touched his hair. It was cut short and felt like a good rug. He hugged me until my ribs hurt. I'm not the type that cries easy. Right then I could have squirted like a fountain, only I didn't dare.

"Only this little—this little . . ." His eyes began to pucker up and I pinched him hard.

He was holding me to him, talking into my neck. "Never see you again, baby. Not a chance."

A thousand-volt shock went right through me. This guy thought he wasn't coming back. He'd made up his mind he'd sure get killed. Nobody could stand that.

"What you been telling me all this time about your marines?" I said it as though I was sore. "Don't you know plenty that were in the last war? You'd also have met guys from the Spanish-American War and the War of 1812, and so on, if they hadn't died of old age. You're supposed to be a crack shot, aren't you? Well,



what earthly use are you going to be if you let the Japs get you? I thought you were so crazy to smack them down."

I took a peek at him. He was putting his face together again. "And me," I went on. "What's the idea of marrying me and then planning to make me a widow right away?" I had to swallow on that one. "Here I am, planning on our apartment, and also on learning to cook your favorite dishes. By the way, what are they?"

"Apple pie, apple brown Betty, steak, roast beef . . . How about a kiss? . . ."

I gave him a snap I'd had taken at Far Rockaway that summer. He cut it so it would fit in a locket he wore around his neck, along with his identification tag. He gave me a picture of himself, too. He sure looked cocky in it.

"Keep looking like that, Dave," I said.

He wouldn't let me see him off. He was right. It would have been too tough on him. . . .

Since I had to live up to my part of the bargain, the moment I got back to New York I began to work like a beaver. I believed he was coming back. Dammit, he just had to. So I began to plan everything accordingly. First thing I did was to move out of that rathole I'd been living in. My landlady had a swell room with a kitchenette. Ten bucks was hard on the budget, but I had to make a home, didn't I? I had to learn to cook. That was a laugh, with my big ideas of a hotel apartment and ordering up meals. Anyhow, Dave not being there, I didn't need to doll up in new clothes. I got me a book called Cooking for Two, and used it.

The first allotment came in October. I said I wasn't the weepy type. I took myself right down to the bank and deposited it in the name of David Merrill. He'd have to have a nest egg when he got back. Maybe that'd make up some for my not loving him.

WHEN you're not buying clothes and shampoos, it's funny how far your money'll go. I got some swell cretonne. Dave's hair wouldn't go with red, so I figured on a color scheme of lots of yellow and blue and white. I thought about a brown rug. I made the drapes all by hand and from the Home Beautiful Magazine I studied up on slip covers. Mrs. Hines, my landlady, began taking an interest in the goings-on, and helped me cut out chair patterns.

No letter from Dave and I didn't know where to write him. I'd listen to the radio about what the marines were doing in the Solomons. I'd look at pictures in the paper of them taking beach heads and eating and having Sunday services. Dave wasn't in any of 'em. Every time I began to worry, I'd bustle around and cook something or sew. I got very popular with the other roomers because I couldn't eat all the pies I baked or the cakes and muffins.

YOUR WEIGHT & FORTUNE
R.Brown

"It just says '*tsk- tsk!*'"

Dave had a hundred and fifty dollars in his bank account when the letter came. Typewritten and very official. One sheet. "Regret to inform." "David Merrill." "Missing." . . .

A cashier in a theater is supposed to look pretty and pleasant. Also she has to keep her eye on the ball and give the right change. She's not supposed to duck every time she sees a marine. After working hours, of course, she's her own boss.

People must've thought I was just out of Bellevue, the way I'd run along the street. If a uniform hove in sight I'd pretend there was an air-raid practice on and barge into the nearest building.

At home the drapes and chair covers and other fixings stared me in the eye. Dave looked just as cocky in his picture as though he weren't . . . missing. I didn't look for my mail. There'd only be one letter. It would be a long envelope and inside there'd be a check. Ten thousand dollars. For being a louse and kidding the best guy in the world.

ANSWERS TO GUESS WHO SAID IT! ON PAGE 29

1. Mark Twain.
2. Confucius.
3. Francis Bacon.
4. Ellen Glasgow.
5. Eleanor Roosevelt.
6. Thomas H. Huxley.
7. Nicholas Murray Butler.
8. Samuel Johnson.
9. Damon Runyon.
10. Voltaire.

Then came a letter from the government, followed by a long wire from Dave. He'd been wounded shooting down six Tokyo Expresses, and been laid up in a base hospital. He was in San Diego now and practically O. K., but his fighting days were over. He had a medal, he said, for Junior. That got me. He'd go back to his old job. He'd be here in four days, and please bake him an apple pie.

There was just one thing to do, and I did it. I wrote him a note saying I didn't love him and had only married him for his insurance. I enclosed his bankbook and left it with my landlady. Then I moved to the Y. W. . . .

I just couldn't seem to keep away from the block where that rooming-house was. I'd look up at the windows of my old apartment. But they were always dark; no signs of life. So Dave had come and gone. Naturally. I couldn't blame him.

I'D just told the last customer he was too late to see the whole show, when I hear: "Hi-ya, baby," and there's Dave.

Not having a hole to fall into, I just had to sit there. Finally I managed to squeak, "Your bankbook's at my old address. You should've gone there first. I married you under . . . under . . . Dave, I'm a heel." I was looking at a roll of tickets. I don't cry.

You know what that guy did? He reached his big paw through the little opening in the glass and grabbed my hand.

"You little stupe," he said, "stop kidding yourself. You never fooled me for a minute. That note you wrote me was the biggest bunch of hooey I ever read. Baby, a gal doesn't act the way you did in Texas, nor does she put in all the work you did on that apartment if she doesn't love the guy. Not to mention the bankbook. Also, I spoke to your landlady. You didn't fool her, either."

"But, Dave . . ." I thought I must be lightheaded, dreaming up things I wanted to hear.

"Do I have to break down this glass to get you to put on your hat and coat and come on home?"

I shook my head. I had to bite my thumb real hard to keep from bawling. I stuck my hat on any old way, grabbed my coat.

And we went home.

THE END

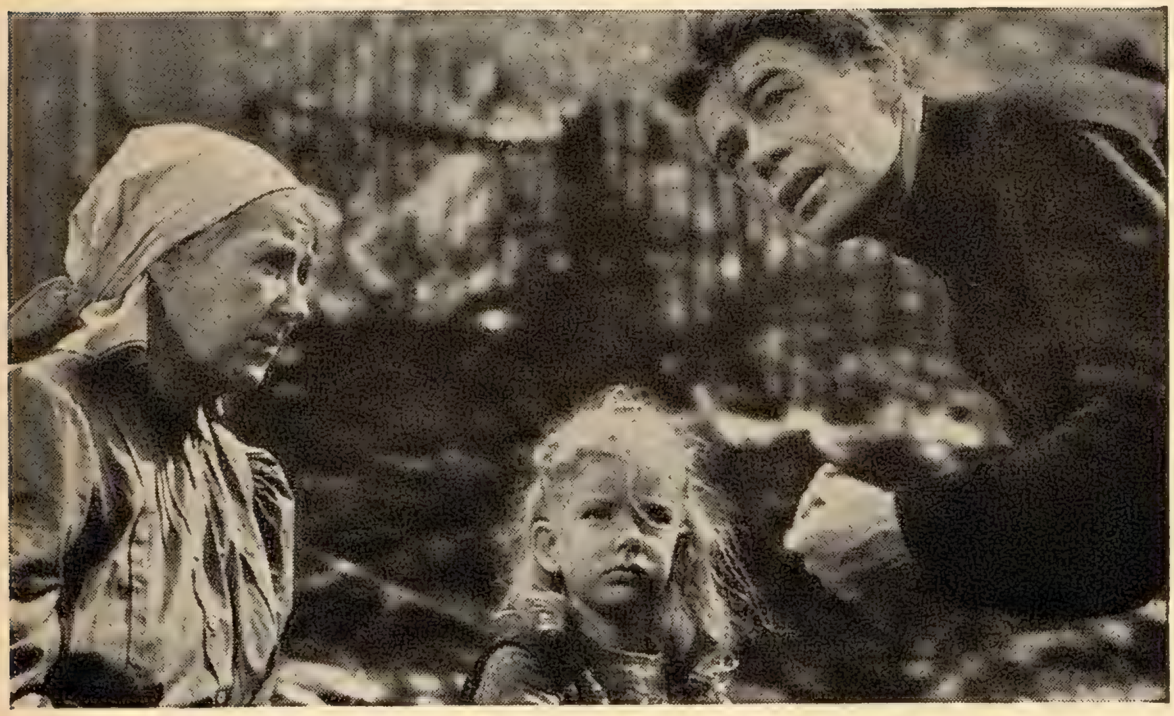
LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY

HARRIET

GOULD

There were happy people and gay weddings like this one before the Nazis' "bloodless" occupation of Norway's coastal towns.



Eric (Paul Muni), whose activities against the Nazis make him a hunted man, is forced to leave his daughter with a friend.

The Commandos, guided to a Nazi stronghold by Eric, carefully plan their every move to the split second before the attack.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN

WARM and rich and stirring is this story of a tiny Norwegian village that refuses to live under the yoke of Nazism. It is a simple story, simply told; and it is powerful because of its simplicity. It tells the story of Europe's Nazi-occupied countries without resorting to false heroics and artificiality. The film admits that what is going on in Europe today doesn't need "the Hollywood touch" to make audiences sit up and live with the actors on the screen.

The story revolves about a small fishing village on the coast of Norway. It begins in 1939, when the people were peaceful, industrious, happy with the few luxuries they had. Eric Toresen (Paul Muni) is a meteorologist who makes a living for himself and his six-year-old daughter by forecasting the weather for the government and the fishermen in his village. He is a mild man —as are his friends—content in their supposed safety. Then the Nazis come. The people are no longer free to do as they wish. Their food and clothing are taken from them. And when their fellow villagers are beaten and shot, they take guerrilla action—blowing up trains and buildings and troops. But when Eric uncovers a situation they can't handle alone, five men go to England in a small sailboat to get help from the Commandos. The scenes that follow are packed with action and excitement.

The entire mood of the picture is one of optimism and hope—not because it shows that free peoples are smarter or more intelligent than Nazis—but because the free peoples are right.

Lillian Gish makes her comeback to the screen in a small but sensitively acted role; and little Ann Carter, as Paul Muni's six-year-old daughter, is one of the nicer additions to the ranks of movie youngsters.

Commandos Strike at Dawn is a must on your movie list.

(Columbia.)

BEHIND THE SCENES

LOUIS KAUFMAN has figured as a major part of more than 300 Hollywood films, but he has never once been seen on the screen.

He plays his big scenes on the sound track, fiddling the musical background. More people have heard his playing than that of any other instrumentalist. But they haven't known it.

Kaufman, however, isn't too worried about his anonymity. His work is complicated and meticulous and sometimes a score as long as two symphonies is composed, rehearsed, played, and fitted to a picture inside of a week.

Kaufman points out that platform mannerisms which wouldn't be noticed even in the first row at a concert, have to be suppressed on a sound stage. His pretty wife supports this contention by reporting on a conversation she had with a couple of radio engineers who were enthusiastic over her husband's work on a program last year. She asked them what pleased them so. "His breathing," one said; "you can't hear it over the mike. . . . And there's no noise from his shirt front!" Strange things to get excited about—but a definite problem on a movie sound track.

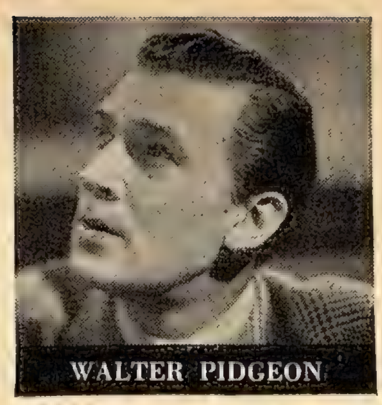
THE engineers have the real job to do, according to Kaufman, and they're wonderful. They can make four fiddles sound like forty. Many effects which are heard at the movies are not actually secured by individual performances alone. Near perfection can be achieved by doing ten or twelve takes on a violin solo, for instance, and then selecting the best.

Kaufman tells an amusing story concerning some of the vicissitudes of music-making for films. The day after he played a solo for Lancer Spy a few years ago, Gregory Ratoff, the director, called him up. "It's too good," he said. "We can't use it. Takes too much attention from what's happening on the screen. Come over again—and play it worse."

Kaufman believes that music is vital to a film's success. When Of Human Bondage was previewed, audiences guffawed at Leslie Howard's tearful scenes with Bette Davis. Subsequently a score was written for the picture by Max Steiner and recorded by Kaufman. Audiences no longer laughed; they wept.

The next time you go to the movies, try listening consciously to the music. See how well it blends into the mood on the screen. Or weren't you ever aware that there is a complete musical background to every picture?

VERONICA LAKE


WALTER PIDGEON

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
SALUDOS AMIGOS Donald Duck Goofy (Disney-RKO)	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America).	Very amusing and palatable dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent use of color. (1-16-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION Robert Taylor Brian Donlevy Charles Laughton (M-G-M)	*Navy drama* (life on a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together . . . (1-16-43)
PITTSBURGH Marlene Dietrich Randolph Scott (Universal)	*Melodrama* (lusty story of a coal-mining town).	Effective propaganda . . . good entertainment too . . . sure to please. (1-9-43)
RANDOM HARVEST Ronald Colman Greer Garson (M-G-M)	*Love story* (amnesia brings two worlds together).	As tender and touching as Goodbye, Mr. Chips . . . poignantly performed . . . directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
CASABLANCA Humphrey Bogart Ingrid Bergman Paul Henreid (Warners)	*Thriller* (refugee problem in French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . exciting . . . colorfully staged . . . extraordinarily well acted. (1-2-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE Noel Coward Two Cities Production (United Artists)	*Drama* (biography of a destroyer).	First great picture of this war...Coward's talents shine ...magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET Robert Young Laraine Day (M-G-M)	*War drama* (bomb-blitzed kids and an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
THE BLACK SWAN Tyrone Power Maureen O'Hara (20th Century-Fox)	*Sea thriller* (bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Lusty thriller . . . will linger in your memory as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER Fred Astaire Rita Hayworth (Columbia)	*Musical* (American dancer involved in a good neighbor's policy).	Incandescent entertainment . . . astringent humor . . . sparkling tunes and dancing. (12-5-42)
FOR ME AND MY GAL Judy Garland Gene Kelly (M-G-M)	*Musical drama* (saga of vaudeville's heyday).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
THE HARD WAY Ida Lupino Joan Leslie (Warners)	*Drama* (a grim and powerful piece on the theater).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter performances. (11-14-42)
THE ROAD TO MOROCCO Bob Hope Bing Crosby Dorothy Lamour (Paramount)	*Comedy with music* (song and silly doings on the African desert).	Will have reasonable number of moviegoers rolling in the aisles...Hope and Crosby fresher than ever. (10-31-42)
ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING Korda Production (United Artists)	*Drama* (compelling film of the R. A. F. in action).	Perfect acting . . . terrific authority and suspense . . . plenty of melodramatic excitement. (10-3-42)

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

PAPLOOSE: Squawking baby Indian on the rampage.

ADMINISTRAITOR: Quisling.

PINSTITUTE: A bowling alley.

SUBSTITOOTH A newfangled incisor from your dentist.

MAJAMAS: What mother wears at night.

SCOLDIER: That tough sergeant!

PENICENTURY: A prison for "lifers" only.

JUMBEAU: A lady elephant's sweetheart.

ANNIVERSORRY: The wedding date you should have remembered—but didn't.

SABATOURIST: One who wastes gasoline and wears out tires on the sly.

(Contributors to this week's Fictionary in order of words listed are: J. M. S.; A. S. H.; L. W. R.; J. F. K.; E. F. K.; D. H. C.; D. W. S.; E. H. M.; O. F. McC.; and L. B. In duplication of accepted words, the first to reach us is the one paid for and used.)

YOU LOOK FAMILIAR—Continued from Page 15

went away, thinking it was all a queer business. And he went on to finish his clumsy cover-up.

In the morning the police came, because the mailman—who wasn't supposed to do any such thing—looked through the upstairs windows, then the cellar windows, and saw the two limp bodies hanging there, and called Brooklyn headquarters.

The rescue squad applied artificial respiration without happy results. We sent in a story of double suicide owing probably to ill health, and went back to headquarters. The assistant medical examiner came, pronounced it a double suicide, and then went to a cocktail party at the Hotel Fortin. It wasn't until an undertaker named Gorman went to work on the bodies that the bloodstains, the black-and-blue marks on Sally Jardan were discovered.

All of which explains why ten or twelve of us were lounging on the steps of the old Willow Street police station at ten o'clock on a February night, hearing those screams in the room beyond the oaken door.

It was an hour after they brought her father in that the girl came and turned the hallway into a nursery. She sat down beside them and watched the door until the potbellied detective opened it and beckoned to her. "You can come in for a moment, sis."

She said to me, "Would you keep an eye on them for me, mister? Please? Jackie always rolls in his sleep."

"I'll watch him," I promised.

She went in and the door closed behind them.

The photographers were right within a few feet of a swell tab picture, the two kids sleeping peacefully on gray concrete steps while their father was being grilled for murder. But they didn't make a move for the cameras. They just stared at the two ruddy-cheeked youngsters as though they'd never seen the likes of them before.

"Nice kids," said one sleepily.

Another one said, "Funny, ain't it? Wonder what happens to kids like that."

The girl came out in three or four minutes. The potbellied detective let her out. He looked at us and said, "No pictures, you guys! Keep the kids out of this!"

Of all the gall! As though he could tell us what to do.

The photographers were softies. They sat on their concrete seats, looked at the girl, looked embarrassed. One said, "O. K., sergeant," and muttered something about only wanting a shot of the murderer. Trying to kid themselves that the kids weren't important, just because there was something about her, something incredibly hurt, as she gave us back our coats, thanked us, and led the two youngsters stumbling sleepily down the stairs.

Me, I had no scruples. They're expensive things for a reporter. I waited until they got to the front door downstairs, waited, leaning sleepily against the rail.

Then I got up, yawned, said, "Think I'll get me a cup of coffee." The rest of them were too drowsy to be suspicious. I went down the stairs, slowly while in their view, then fast when I was out of their sight. The kids were a story; the older one, anyhow. Even if she only pulled that hackneyed line, "My daddy is a nice man," it was a side-bar.

Outside, with the cold wind taking my breath away, I looked first toward the subway kiosk and didn't see them. For a moment I thought I'd been too slow; thought I'd missed them. Then I saw them in the other direction, the little biddy in the middle, holding a hand of each of the kids, and leaning against the wind, heading north. Their home was north, but more than three miles north. I'd been there—to a mean gray tenement. On a night like this, with two toddlers, she couldn't be thinking of walking the entire distance. Or was she?

I trotted after her until I came nearly abreast, then slowed to a casual walk, just fast enough to nearly pass them. Passing them, I glanced sideways, met the girl's eyes, looked surprised, and said, "Why, hello—sis. Hello! Say—hadn't you better take the kids home on the subway?"

The paternal approach, that was. It often worked, particularly with kids that age.

THE clouded hurt gray eyes looked into mine with childish innocence. Her cheeks were redder than before; and her knees above the knitted red socks.

She said, "Hello. Hello, mister. No, I thought we'd walk. It isn't so far."

Paternally, "Wait a minute, sis," I said kindly. "It isn't because you're broke, is it? Those kids are all tuckered out. It's a shame—none of my business, but they ought to be in bed. So, if you're broke, you owe it to them to tell me, so I can give you enough to get them home."

She stopped, looked down at the shivering youngsters. The boy was beginning to bawl. She said, "Yes, I'm broke. But I don't want—"

"Skip it," I said generously. "How much do you want? How about enough to take them home by taxi? Wouldn't you like that?"

I put my hand in my pocket and fingered the forty-odd cents there. If she said yes—well, that would be too bad. She didn't say yes. She said, "No—oh, no. But thanks a lot, mister. A dime is plenty. We don't have to pay for Jackie; he's under three," she finished gravely.

I pulled out the lone quarter and pressed it into her hand as though I had a million more of them. I said, "Here, sis." If I got her to talk, I'd put in ten dollars on my swindle sheet. "Bribed daughter for interview—$10," I'd put in. I'm not moral about that sort of thing.

She said, "Thanks, mister," and for a moment I thought she was going to cry. The clouded gray eyes had sparkling tears in them. But she didn't. She turned the children around and walked them to the subway.

I turned around and walked with her, saying in a fatherly tone, "You shouldn't hesitate to ask for things, sis. We're all ready to help you." And I felt like licking my chops.

She said in a shaky, grateful voice, "I know. Everybody is so—so kind."

"Sure," I said. "We're out to help you, sis." And then, after a respectful pause, "You don't really believe your father did this, do you?"

I was patting myself mentally on the back for lively thinking. The lead on the side-bar would be that the bright-eyed, lovely daughter of the murderer refused to believe her father was guilty of Brooklyn's worst sex murder. And I'd gotten it for just twenty-five cents.

She stopped. She disengaged her right hand from Jackie's. She held it toward me, with the quarter shining in the palm of her mitten. The tears were still glittering in the gray clouded eyes, but there was bitter wisdom in them, too.

SHE said simply, "Here's your quarter back, mister."

I said, "Why, sister!" protestingly, while the shame ran down to my ankles. "You don't think I'm trying to get a story out of you, do you? You don't think I'm trying to buy you for a quarter, do you?" As though I wasn't! "I'm just trying to help you." Oh, yes, and me too! "Personally, I think the police have made a great mistake."

I looked past the outstretched palm with the quarter. I escorted her and the two kids to the subway kiosk. I tried to look noble and hurt—hurt because of her suspicions. At the kiosk she said, "Let me have your name. I'll send this back to you. Soon."

I waved my hand. "Forget it, sis. Forget it!" I said generously. Well, what else could I do? I watched her go down the concrete stairs holding a hand of each of the other children. I'd wasted a quarter. So what? I'd make it up on my swindle sheet, but without profit. . . .

The next time I saw her—if it was her, and I wouldn't swear that it was—was ten or twelve years later. That was at the Amsterdam House, in one of its finest suites, and the story was absolutely disconnected from the double murder in Brooklyn.

THE Home Relief Bureau clerk straightened her tired back, pulled a fresh application form into the range of her fountain pen, and said, "Next!"

An old woman detached herself from the head of the shuffling line and sat in the golden-oak chair beside the clerk's desk.

"Name?"

"Signy, miss. Grace Signy."

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Mrs."

"Address?"

"Seventy-two Wilton Street. I've got a furnished room there."

"Husband?"

"He died—eleven years ago." Her voice shook a little, pathetically. The Relief clerk noticed she was better dressed than the rest, looked very sad, and her thin hands were shaky. She must have been beautiful once—even, say, as recently as fifteen years ago.

"Relatives?"

"Just one—a daughter."

"Her name and address?"

The Relief clerk actually found herself writing "Franchette Signy" casually as she asked, "Address?"

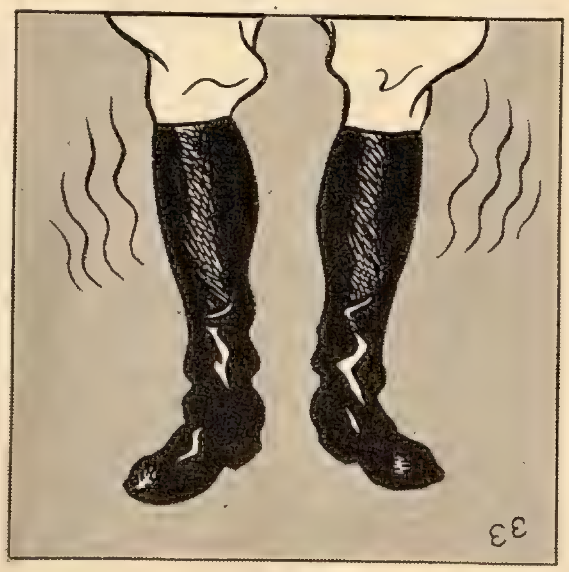
"Hollywood, California," the old woman said. "I don't know the street address."

It was only then—only the "Hollywood, California"—that made the Relief clerk look at what she had written—once she'd had fond dreams of Hollywood herself—and really read the name set down there: "Franchette Signy."

The screwiest things happened in Relief Bureaus, she thought.

"Now, Mrs. Signy," the Relief clerk said, "are you sure? Franchette Signy—honestly, is she your daughter?"

FOOTNOTES



Adolf.

The old woman smiled sadly. "Oh, yes. She was Frances originally, of course. But that wasn't a very fashionable name—not very good for an actress. So she changed it to Franchette Signy when she went on the stage. In burlesque."

The Relief clerk felt her head spin a little. Franchette Signy! She who had died, so pathetically, in the arms of Clark Gable, she who had swooned in the arms of Robert Taylor, she who had borne a baby in a stagecoach while the stagecoach was hurtling across the Nevada desert with Andy Devine at the reins. The Relief clerk's boy friend had proposed the night they saw that exquisite cur, Porter Hall, sell her loveliness—and he her father, too!—to a woman-fancying Chinese mandarin.

My, but wasn't this a small world!

THE Relief clerk said, "But your daughter is making a quarter of a million a year! I read it—in Bright Screen."

The old woman said simply, "Yes—but I'm hungry. I've been hungry a long time. She—doesn't answer my letters. Mind you, I don't want to say anything that would hurt my baby, for the world. I wouldn't do anything—"

And then she broke down and cried. Not loudly, not disgustingly, as a lot of them did in the Relief Bureau. She got a clean little handkerchief from a worn imitation-leather purse and cried quietly into it, pretending only to be blowing her nose, but covering her faded old eyes at the same time. Her thin shoulders only shook a little.

She cried quietly, murmuring only that she didn't want her daughter's name mixed up in this. It was just that she was so—so very hungry, and the landlady at 72 Wilton was threatening to put her on the street for nonpayment of rent.

The Relief clerk was wildly excited. Imagine—Franchette Signy's mother coming right in to her to ask relief! She was already thinking of how she would tell her boy friend about it tonight. It would prove, as she had said, that girls who went to Hollywood turned hard, hard, as greedily grasping as could be. It came back to her now that Franchette Signy had given a party at her Malibu Beach estate that cost, according to Bright Screen, $10,000. Life had covered it photographically. Had pictured great mounds of caviar, beautiful legs, and evening dresses slit to the waist in front. There were wide-rimmed glasses of expensive champagne in all the pictures, and white-jacketed waiters carrying trays.

"I don't know her to speak to, only to talk about."

"Don't cry," said the Relief clerk. "I'll take care of you"—feeling very noble. "Tell me, have you applied to your nearest kin for sup—I mean, have you asked your daughter for support?"

The thin old woman put away her handkerchief, rubbed her eyes with her fingers, and said bravely, "No, I haven't. I wrote her about my predicament. But she didn't answer. That's all. I don't want to trouble her."

"When did you last see your daughter?"

"About twelve years ago. I—"

The Relief clerk jotted notes down absently. It had suddenly occurred to her that there was money in this. Real money. If she telephoned the Daily Star, the tabloid, she'd get a check for ten dollars. Daisy Clmick, another clerk, had done that once—when old Tucker Barkley had applied for relief to her—Tucker Barkley, who once was listed in the Social Register and had a big show place at Newport.

Daisy had telephoned the Daily Star from the pay booth outside the Relief Bureau, giving them Tucker Barkley's address in an East Side slum. And the next day, after the Star came out with a big spread on Tucker Barkley, once the dictator of the Four Hundred, being found on relief in a smelly room in the slums, Daisy Clmick got a check for ten dollars from the Star, stamped "Outside Assignment" in one corner.

Surely this was almost as good. Just imagine! The mother of Franchette Signy applying for relief, saying she was starving, while her daughter was giving caviar parties out in Hollywood!

The Relief clerk asked a lot of questions she wasn't required to ask.

When the old woman had gone, looking tremendously, helplessly grateful because the Relief clerk said, "We'll have an investigator on the job immediately, Mrs. Signy. Immediately!"—after she said she hoped this wouldn't reflect on her dear, dear daughter, and the door closed behind her—after that the Relief clerk said tartly, "Just a minute, please!" to the shuffling line of applicants at her desk, and went outside to the pay station.

She telephoned the Star, telling them all about it, and gave her name and home address, and said it was against the rules for a Relief clerk to accept outside compensation or talk about cases, so please, the Star must say nothing about it.

Afterward, when the reporters came swarming in—she'd mentioned it to two of her colleagues and they had been unfair enough to call other papers, a low trick—the Relief clerk refused to speak to any except those who had credentials to prove they were from the Star. To all others she said dulcetly that case histories were sacred and not be divulged. I was from the Star, so I had no trouble.

But, anyway, the address, 72 Wilton Street, leaked out somehow. So not only me but a great many others went to 72, and found a tired old woman sitting by a piece of unbuttered bread and a glass of milk, who said, yes, she was Mrs. Grace Signy. Yes, she was the mother of Franchette Signy. Yes, she had applied for relief. But, please, don't mention that, she begged. Yes, she admitted reluctantly, her daughter had ignored her letters, hadn't answered them. But please don't mention that, either. She thought her daughter was the grandest actress ever. Didn't the reporters think so? Yes, she had this old baby picture of herself and Frances, but would we please return it? The picture had just enough resemblance to give her story a tincture of truth.

It was a fine story. We needed proof, of course, though. The first that Franchette Signy knew about it was when the press agent called her. A score of reporters in New York had called their best friends to find out where Franchette Signy was. And their best friends, the press agents, said she wasn't in town. So a dozen newspapers telegraphed their Hollywood correspondents to find Franchette Signy in Beverly Hills and ask her what she had to say about her mother going on relief in New York, while she, Franchette Signy, was making a quarter million a year. The dozen newspapers telegraphed across 3,000 miles of continent to find out. And the Hollywood columnists all wired back, across the same 3,000 miles, to say that, owing to their remarkable connections, they had found out that Signy was staying at the Amsterdam House in New York.

WE got, the crew of us, the usual runaround at first. Miss Signy couldn't be reached in person or by telephone. The only person whose ear we could get was the press agent of her movie company, and he was positive, simply positive, that it was an error. He left us waiting, though, in a plushy office, and said he would check immediately with Miss Signy by telephone. He came back grinning, a few minutes later, to say it hadn't been necessary for him to bother Miss Signy—he'd just been reminded that she was an orphan. Definitely—Who's Who in Hollywood listed her as an orphan, he declared—as though that settled everything.

One of the boys said, "Oh, yeah? Wait'll you see the picture we're using this afternoon—Franchette at the age of ten and her mommy, the same who's just to go on relief."

It was bluff, of course. The story needed a lot more checking before we could really go to town on it. But if we couldn't check, we could at least let go a cautious piece saying that a little old lady who said—emphasizing it was just her say-so—that she was Franchette Signy's mother had applied for home relief. And work in a nasty little line to the effect that Miss Signy denied herself to reporters.

But the press agent, who dressed like Adolphe Menjou, was taken in. At least, he said, "Just a moment, boys. I'll get Signy on the phone for you; do my darnedest for you." They like to put it that way, on the basis of doing you a favor.

He left us there in the plushy outer office. He was gone a long while. After a bit we suspected that something was up. We were sure of it when he sent out a stenographer to ask the address of the lady who claimed to be Signy's mother.

After a long while he came out. He was trying to be cheerio, but the lavender-bordered hankie in his breast pocket was limp; obviously it had been used to wipe the sweat off his brow.

"Boys," he said, "you've sure run into a story. What a story!"

"We knew that," I said. "What we wanted from you is an interview with this Signy dame."

He held up his hand for silence. "You don't know what a tremendous story—but you've only got a part of it. Let me tell you the rest."

"Shoot."

He told it. It seemed that when Franchette Signy was an unknown, a nobody, singing in a Chinese cabaret, she ran into an old girl friend from Brooklyn. This girl friend told her that her mother had died months ago—and she got it from a third person who claimed to know the Signys. She must have gotten it balled up—"Obviously, she must have," the press agent said—but Franchette believed her, and through all these years she believed that her mother was dead and buried.

"How about the letters the mother claims she sent?" one of the boys asked.

BRIBERY

A kiss from you would furnish
  stimulation
So strong I'd never need my coffee
  ration.

But if it's for my good spare tire
  you pine,
You'll have to be my full-time
  valentine.

—MARGARET MOCHRIE.

The press agent had the answer to that. "You know, boys, the fan mail Miss Signy gets? Three, four thousand letters a week. Couldn't possibly read them herself. And once or twice her secretary mentioned there was a letter from somebody who claimed to be her mother. But you know how it is, boys—every star gets letters from people who claim to be their long-lost boy friends, husbands, sweethearts, fathers, and what not. Just psychopathic cases. That's how it was, boys."

The man from the Globe grinned at me and muttered: "What a lousy cover-up! I could have done better myself. The little brat probably kicked her mother into the gutter as soon as she could fend for herself. I'll betcha even money he pulls a line now about the little darling being overjoyed to find her mother's alive."

He grinned at me again, a moment later, when the press agent ran true to form, saying: "It was a tremendous shock to Miss Signy, of course. But she has recovered and even now is hastening over to Brooklyn to see this—this woman—and find out if it's true."

Well, we had enough of a story to go on. Not so hot as it might have been. You had to tell Franchette's side of the story, even though you knew it reeked. But still, the essential fact that Franchette Signy's mother applied for relief was nothing to hide on the obit page.

It was good old Hollywood stuff

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*Govt. figures show all-time smoking peak

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the rest of the afternoon. When we got back to Wilton Street, the old lady, of course, was gone. The landlady said a big car with two ladies and a gentleman pulled up and took her away. The gentleman paid the back rent on the room and gave the landlady an extra fiver.

The crew of us went back to the Amsterdam House, where we chilled our heels for a good three quarters of an hour. Finally the press agent came out to say that at last he'd managed to fix it up. Miss Signy would steal a moment or two from her new-found happiness to see us.

We were ushered, like commoners being ushered before royalty, into a huge living room. The little old lady was sitting on a sofa, beaming, eating cakes and drinking tea. The great Signy was standing there, in a girlish tailored blue suit.

Somebody—her company's press department, no doubt—must have beaten it into her head that she'd better be nice to us; she was in enough hot water and we could make it worse. For she was as gracious as could be. She shook hands with each as we entered, in a long queue, with great feeling, as though it was so tremendously kind of us to bother to call on her—as though she hadn't been giving us the runaround half a day.

I WAS down at the end of the queue. She had a figure that—well, it was one of the best in Hollywood, which should be enough, and her clothes didn't hurt it any. Her face wasn't as lovely as it looked on the screen—not by a long shot. Too fine drawn, just a little too hard when you looked at the line of her jaw.

When it came my turn, she shook my hand, murmured that it was tremendously nice of me to come, and then looked for a moment into my eyes.

I rocked on my heels. In a flash I was back in the drab hallway of the old Willow Street station. A murderer was squealing under "questioning," and there was a thin girl in a red knitted dress, with wind-reddened knees over red knitted socks.

In that moment I knew it was her. Hadn't I thought once that I'd never forget a pair of smoke-colored eyes?

I mumbled something and walked to a chair, the floor feeling like waves under my feet. God, what a story! I was thinking. Franchette Signy—of all people—the daughter of that sex murderer in Brooklyn! What a story!

The next instant I wasn't sure.

Looking at her while she was talking to somebody else, half turned away, she was an utter stranger—excepting, of course, by way of the movies. I tried to remember the features of that youngster in the station house, but I couldn't, and nothing in her face struck any familiar chord, unless it was the fine-drawn look. Well, lots of people had that. It was maddening, but I couldn't remember that child's face at all. Maddening but natural, since I'd seen quite a few faces since then, pretty and ugly, alive and dead.

And other doubts came cropping up. The name Signy. That wasn't the name of the murderer. Dorman—that was it. It came into my mind easily. Of course, lots of movie stars changed their names—nearly all, in fact. But the mother's name was Signy, she said. No, it must have been some screwy notion of mine, that's all.

She was talking to all of us now, answering questions, giving the story of the long-lost mother. Not one of us came into the room believing a silly word of it. Nine out of ten went out convinced it was so, saying wasn't truth astounding? Or something like that. These big so-called cynics! That's how beautifully Franchette Signy put over her act. I'd swear myself those were tears brimming in her eyes.

Pictures of her mother and herself? Of course, gentlemen! She posed, hugging her mother, having tea with her mother, who just kept beaming. The only words we could get out of the old lady was, "I'm so happy to have my little Frances back!"

Just a screwy notion of mine, I told myself for the third time.

Then, while she was talking after the pictures, she happened to meet my eyes again—and that queer illusion came flooding back, stronger than ever. I could hear the wind, it seemed, yelling around that old station house.

It passed as soon as she turned her eyes away, but it left me oddly shaking. There'd be a fifty-dollar bonus in this story, sure!

I happened to look at the old lady. She was sitting to one side; nobody was looking at her. And I got another shock. The worn face was the same, but the sad old eyes weren't sad. It was as though a film had been skimmed off them for a moment—just that moment—and something dark and ugly looked out.

Then she saw me watching her, and the sadness, with just the proper flavor of happiness, brimmed in them again.

I was sure of something—just what I didn't know. But it wasn't the time to say anything—not with a hungry crowd of rivals looking for a tipped hand. After the interview I said good-by and trooped out with the rest of them.

I went back and wrote my story—all the things I didn't believe—about the reuniting of Franchette Signy with her mother. On the other thing there was a lot of checking to do.

THEN I went down to the morgue and hauled out all the clippings on Franchette Signy—four fat envelopes there were—and waded through them.

In four fat envelopes there is usually everything that ever happened to the subject. But most of this was Hollywood tripe, dished out by press agents for screen magazines and columnists; and that stuff assays highest in adjective, lowest in fact. There were practically no news stories. She'd never been married, divorced, or named corespondent; she'd had her appendix out once; had

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WHAT MAKES A BALL FAN?

BY PAUL GALLICO

I HAVE always felt there were two basic explanations for the baseball fan. Baseball is a fascinating precision game, pleasing to the eye and exciting to the senses. It is true dramatic interpretation of conflicting wills. Each time the players take their places in the field to start a game and the umpire signals, "Batter up!" a story begins. This story, with heroes, villains, and pantaloons, main and subsidiary characters, unfolds before his eyes. There is constant suspense. No one knows what the end will be until the last man is out. The grace and skill of the participants, the split-second duels involving time, the man, and the ball, are a stimulating delight.

But there is something else that for years has turned otherwise sane and balanced citizens into shrieking wild-eyed nuts. It is a factor of human psychology. It might be called "success identification," or just plain and simple hero worship. The fan gets to thinking *he* is his baseball hero, and it makes him feel good.

When his team loses, the fan is morose and downcast and finds relief in scolding the players. When they perform prodigies on the field and at bat and win, the nut's chest swells with pride. He beams. He feels good. He goes home and is sweet to his wife. In the old days, to have witnessed a home run as created by Babe Ruth was to have been touched by white magic. Luck was with one. The spirit was uplifted and trials were faced more buoyantly.

THE END

HARDTACK

"Can you beat that! Playing checkers when they could be sliding down that swell pole!"

a case of flu that held up a production for six days once; and an agent nobody ever heard of, from Chicago, had sued her, alleging he made her what she was today and was entitled to one third of her salary under a verbal agreement made when he found her dancing in a Chicago burlesque show and set her feet on the road to fame by getting her a job in a cabaret—which, if I recalled it correctly, was some three steps down from the burlesque house.

There was a fan-screen piece 99 per cent about how the brilliant producer, Pasciotti, saw her dancing in a cabaret and immediately recognized her genius. All built about a possible one per cent truth. But down at the end was a single line that made me prickle: "She was born Dora Smith—this glamorous, pulsating girl. Pasciotti recognized immediately that she needed a name to fit herself, and he found it—Franchette Signy." Things like that you know are true. A girl on the boards would change her name from Dora Smith to Franchette Signy, all right; but she'd never reverse the process, even for a while. If her correct name had never been Signy, then neither could her mother's have been.

THE thing was big! I kept telling myself. Tremendously big!

A lot of thoughts kept milling around in my head while, a good many clippings later, I waded through one of those cozy pieces gushing about how Franchette Signy was a simple home girl at heart, about the modest little bungalow she lived in, about the younger brother and sister she was supporting in a boarding school in the country! And Mrs. Signy had distinctly said Frances was her only darling. How that writer got it I don't know. Not once in the other hundreds of clippings were a brother and sister mentioned. Franchette must have kept them hidden pretty well—almost as well as she kept her mother hidden.

There were a good many other stories, some of which mentioned she was an orphan fighting her way alone to the top of the town; more adjectives, more bilge.

The picture was pretty clear now—at least, to my racing brain it was. Clear, if complicated. It couldn't be that Mrs. Signy wasn't her mother. No; in that case Franchette would just have stuck to her guns and denied she had one, and dodged that unpleasant blast of publicity. The only reason she accepted Mrs. Signy was because the old lady was her mother, all right—and could tell things. The old lady was, baldly, a blackmailer, and I knew—or thought I did—what she had on Franchette Signy. That was it!

You get the picture of the story I had—or nearly had? Franchette Signy, the demure, the glamorous, the daughter of the famous sex murderer of a decade ago? And her mama was the lady who'd run off with the Italian thirteen or fourteen years ago.

In my mind, the pieces fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. Mama hadn't done so well. She'd recognized Franchette Signy in the movies. She'd written, and when her daughter ignored her letters, she'd taken the name of Signy herself and had gone to the Relief Bureau with a tricky scheme in her mind. Sweet old girl, mama! Franchette Signy's mother.

I remembered going up to cover Henry Dorman's execution. Remembered us standing in the warden's office and talking to the warden, asking the usual questions. Who'd been the visitors of the condemned? The warden said a daughter had shown up, but she was only fourteen, and it was against the rules to let kids of that age into the death house. She was the only one. Yes, the condemned said he had a wife, but he didn't want to see her—she'd run off with a man. Apparently his wife didn't want to see him, either, for she neither called at the prison nor wrote.

A REACTION set in while I was on my way back to the Amsterdam House. It always does when you start to marshal the facts in a case like this. Outside of the feeling that came over me when I looked in her eyes—fine proof, that would be!—outside of the fact that she had lied to screen magazine writers, or to somebody else, outside of the fact that her mother was a blackmailing old witch, what did I have on her?

It wasn't that I was a softy, or anything. I'll admit it crossed my mind that this would drag her down into the muck from which she came, and that wouldn't be any too much fun for her. But since when can a reporter allow himself to stop and worry about that sort of thing?

No, it wasn't that. I barged up to her suite—I'd noted the number, of course. And when the maid answered and said Miss Signy couldn't see anybody tonight, I scribbled one word on a scrap of paper—"Dorman"—and said, "Show her that; I think she'll see me."

She did, too. In a few seconds the maid was back, ushering me into the room where Franchette Signy sat looking at my scrap of paper.

She said, "Good evening—Mr.—er—Dorman, is that the name?" She said it brightly. Still the actress, I reminded myself.

"Not mine," I said. "But I thought you might remember it from the first time we met."

She arched her exquisite brows. "Should I? I'm terribly sorry. I don't. I—have a bad memory."

"It was in the old Willow Street station in Brooklyn," I said bluntly.

She laughed. "I can't remember ever having heard of it."

That wasn't so quick of her. If she'd been reared in the Brooklyn section Mrs. Signy said, she'd have known of it, all right. Besides, why see me, at this hour of the night, if the name Dorman meant nothing?

"There was a murder case there."

"A murder? Really! I'm sure you're mistaken, Mr.—" She laughed again. "I've had so little to do with murders. I'm sure you're mistaken."

"I'm sure I'm not," I said, trying to bluff her down. "Remember—I even loaned you subway fare home?"

She crinkled her brows. "Sorry," she said. "You—" And just for a second her mask, if that's what it was, sagged a little, and she looked terribly tired. "You must let me repay you, even though I don't remember."

Maybe I passed up a golden chance then, when she was sagging. Maybe I suspected I'd never bluff her down. Maybe I was tired, and remembered I was on my own time now; that this job, since I couldn't break her, would take weeks and months of checking, with possibly nothing to show for it.

It definitely wasn't that I got sentimental or anything—or that I gave more than a passing thought to how crumpled she might be inside that girlish blue suit and behind those arched brows; to the muck she'd pulled herself out of to this baronial suite at the Amsterdam; or to a kid brother and sister who probably had forgotten. That's none of a reporter's business.

I don't know exactly what it was.

But I got out of my seat and said, "Skip it, then, Miss Signy." And walked out.

That's about all there was to it, and I'll agree that I've proved nothing.

About all but for one thing. The maid came running down the corridor after me and said, "Miss Signy told me to give you this," and pressed something into my hand.

The something doesn't prove anything, either—unless you've got a gossipy old woman's imagination.

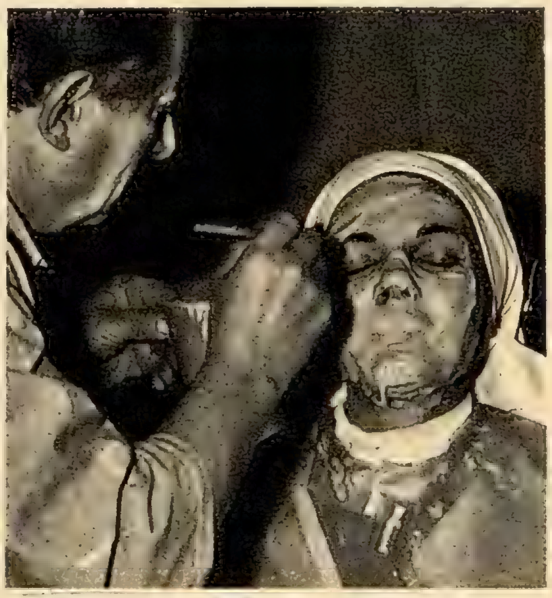
It was a twenty-five-cent piece.

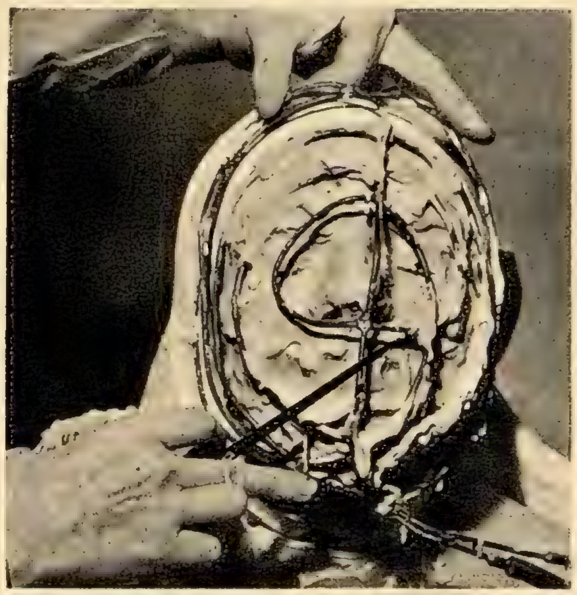
THE END

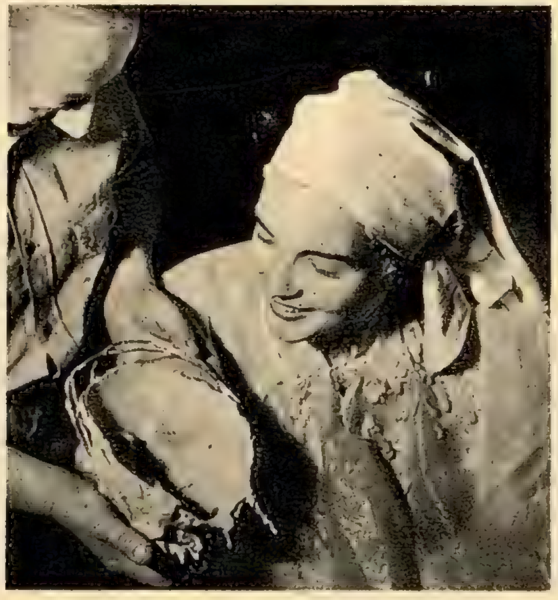
TRICKS of TRADES

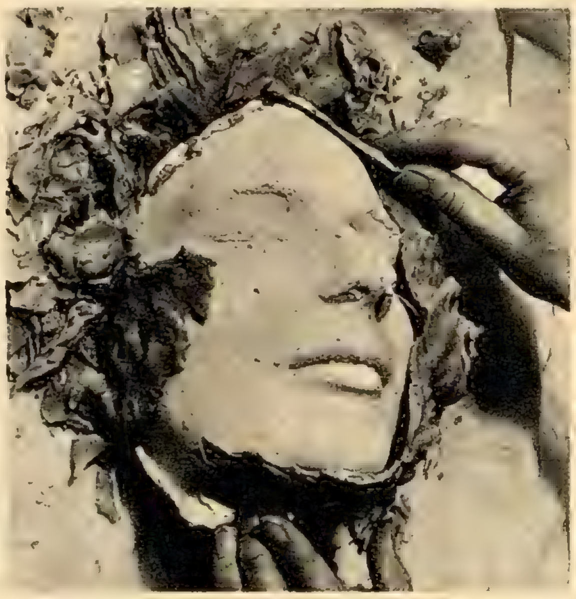
IF tinted to match the subject's eyes and general coloring, a life mask provides the most realistic likeness of a sweetheart. Service men favor life masks, says Mrs. Lillian Greneker of New York, who has been making them for the past two years, and whose process is shown in these photographs, with Rosemarie Lutz used as model.

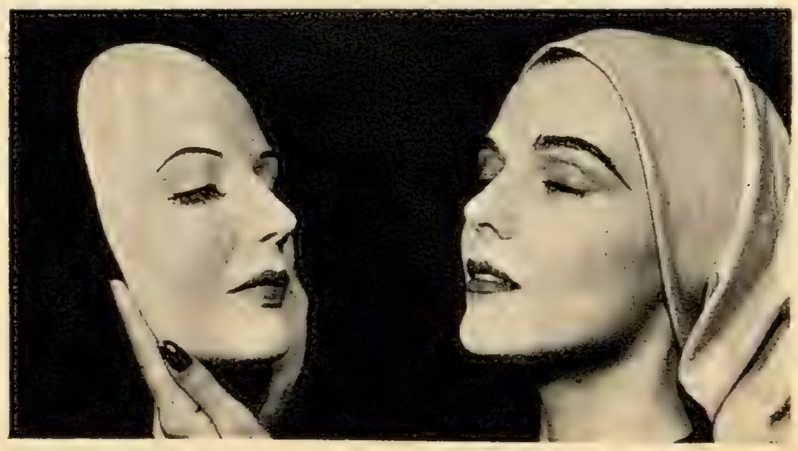
To make a life mask calls for a precise touch on the part of the operator, and relaxation on the part of the subject. As demonstrated here, the job takes an hour. Besides being used for portraits, life masks are employed in commercial displays in department stores, and are in wide demand by Hollywood make-up artists for experimental purposes.


The plaster mix is applied on the face with a small brush. Olive oil on the face and fat on the eyelashes prevent it from sticking.


A "water cooler" hastens the hardening process, and a special attachment on the nostrils makes breathing comparatively easy.


Mask is removed intact. Through the whole time the model had to remain motionless. A twitch would have ruined everything.


Once removed, mold hardens in twenty minutes. Plaster is poured into it; when withdrawn it is a faithful replica of the face.


Model Rosemarie Lutz admires perfect likeness of herself. "Why, it's just like looking in a mirror," she says.

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE JAP NAVY?

Continued from Page 13

eleven to fourteen Jap fleet carriers (regular flattops, not converted merchantmen). These figures differ from those you have seen. But it is now clear that Japan had more aircraft carriers on Pearl Harbor Sunday than were credited to her by the experts, and we may possibly have sunk one less than we think. We definitely did not sink another, the Zuikaku—which the navy did not claim, but which writers who pass as authorities close to the navy did.

In the Battle of the Coral Sea navy pilots encountered two flattops whose existence had never been publicly acknowledged. They may have been the Ryukaku and Takesago, 800-foot, 20,000-ton twins with dimensions suspiciously like our Enterprise and Hornet and the late Yorktown. One, however, was perhaps a Shoho. The Shohos appear to be another new class, about which information is scanty. They may be converted luxury liners. Thus, to the nine flattops Japan was known to have had on December 7, 1941, the two Ryukakus and possibly two or three Shohos must be added.

NAVY pilots scratched one of the new Japs in the Coral Sea. They believe it was the Ryukaku, but aircraft carriers are extraordinarily difficult to identify from above, and it may have been a Shoho. Thus we can be sure only of the four fleet carriers sunk at Midway and a fifth sent to the bottom last January by a prowling American sub.

Of the probable minimum of five enemy flattops still afloat, three were damaged early in the Solomons campaign. But they cannot be counted out, for one of the war's surprises is the speed with which damaged warships are repaired. Last May, in the Coral Sea, Douglas Devastator planes sent four torpedoes crashing into the hull of the Zuikaku, one of the Japs' bigger seagoing airports. Eyewitnesses were convinced she could not have survived. Yet, less than five months later, navy pilots had to dose her again, along with her sister the Shokaku, with high explosive. Both may be ready any week for another tour of duty.

No Japanese carriers took part in the November battles in the Solomons. Their nonappearance, however, no more signifies that the Jap carrier fleet is gone (as suggested in the papers) than the similar (but uncommented-on) absence of our own signifies that all ours are lost. Both mid-November fleet actions took place at night, when aircraft carriers are useless. Moreover, the Japanese had land air bases in the northern Solomons, within easy reach of the battle area. The use of carriers by either side would only have exposed vulnerable ships to a needless risk. The bones of two of our finest are already rusting in Solomon waters.

Although the Japs were down to a probable two or three serviceable craft a month ago, with the return of their three damaged flattops imminent they hold the edge in carriers. We have left only three of our seven, and it will be spring before our position begins to improve. But about the time of Emperor Hirohito's birthday, April 29, we should be commissioning the first of the new "covered wagons" which will blot Japanese air power from the Pacific. A number well into two figures is to be completed within the following eighteen months: eleven Essexes (larger than any of their prodecessors except the Lexington and Saratoga) and at least as many 10,000-tonners which were to have been light cruisers but were redesigned after Pearl Harbor.

YOUTH

Youth's the time for song and flowers;
Youth's the time to dance and flout it.
Does youth know, in its bright hours?
Oh, I doubt it!

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

If we were free to dedicate all our naval resources to the single task of annihilating Japan, we would already have a crushing superiority over her in every other type of warship. But our steadily growing commitments in the Atlantic, which have been further increased by General Eisenhower's invasion of the western Mediterranean, limit the number of ships that can be assigned to the Pacific. Nevertheless, in most categories we have succeeded in wiping out an initial inferiority in numbers. The sole enemy advantage which we have not been able to reduce materially is the geographic one.

Our greatest gain is in cruisers. When Tokyo bombed us into the war, we had thirty-nine or forty in two oceans. The Japs had about forty-five. Nine were training vessels or antediluvian crocks, but two or three were 15,000-ton pocket battleships and all were in one ocean.

In a year of hunting, we and our allies have turned the table. The Japs have relied on cruisers to furnish the gun power for landing phases of their widespread amphibious operations. Their losses have been accordingly heavy. Between twenty-five and thirty-two have been sunk and many more damaged. The damaged category lists twice as many cruisers as Japan actually had, which obviously means that most have been hit more than once. The Japanese are able to keep their cruiser squadrons (whose maximum strength is twenty-five ships) in being only because of exceptional repair facilities. Besides Kure, Yokosuka, and their other home bases, which are much closer to the scene of action than even our Pearl Harbor, the Japs have a first-class base at Truk Island, 1,500 miles from the Solomons. In addition, they are able to repair ships up to cruisers in size in Hong Kong's great dockyards which, unlike other enemy captured yards in the Far East, were seized almost intact.

WE, on the other hand, have added about half a dozen ships to our fleet—the first installment of the greatest cruiser program in history—while losing only six. We have much the stronger force as a result, although none of our giant Alaskas—replies to the Jap pocket battleship—is yet near completion. We have also succeeded in heavily denting Japan's destroyer force. At a conservative estimate about forty-five to fifty-five enemy destroyers have been sunk, leaving no more than eighty-five, a number we can match in the Pacific.

Before Pearl Harbor the navy was extremely proud of its battle line—seventeen stout ships, the most heavily gunned and armored group of vessels in the world. A few weeks of war showed, however, so far as offensive action is concerned, that we actually had but two for Atlantic and Pacific both. Only the new North Carolina and Washington were fast enough for the air age. The others, too slow to keep up with the aircraft carrier, were a hindrance in the task-force warfare which developed.

Thus we were compelled to start the war without a battle line. But so was the enemy. Of his dozen capital ships, only the just completed 40,000-tonners Takamatsu and Nisshin were modern. The rest were of the same vintage as the bulk of ours. One of the older battleships was sunk in the Solomons. But its loss makes as little real difference as our extremely heavy losses at Pearl Harbor.

Ships of the line take so long and are so costly to build that changes in battleship strength are slow. If, however, our Atlantic battle-line requirements are as small as they are generally assumed to be, we may already have more "heavies" in the Pacific than the Japs. Information published before the war promised three additions to the fleet toward the end of 1942 or at the very beginning of 1943. These are the South Dakota, Indiana, and Massachusetts, sisters of the North Carolina and Washington. All three were launched more than a year ago. Another "Carolina," the Alabama, should be ready for action by summer.

In the meantime Japan will have done well if she has completed an additional capital ship. Still another may be finished next year, but no more. Japan's peak rate of battleship construction is one per annum. On our side, the completion of the Alabama is to be followed by the delivery of six Iowas, 45,000 tons of American fighting steel each, over a period of less than two years.

JAPANESE difficulties in the construction of capital ships stem from want of steel. This and other shortages affect every war industry and, with an assist from the American Navy, are becoming worse.

While the navy's encounters with enemy men-of-war attract nearly all the attention, their destruction of Japanese merchantmen is of equal importance. Nearly a million tons have been sunk in a year. The lost ships become more and more difficult for the enemy to replace, and his war production program more impossible of fulfillment. For most raw materials, including the raw stuffs of steel, must be brought in from overseas. The fewer Japan's cargo ships, therefore, the smaller her war output, including new cargo carriers. Moreover, the number of transports which can be assigned to assault troops is reduced.

By itself, the war of attrition against Japanese merchant ships is no more likely to prove quickly decisive than the task-force struggle between the American and Jap fleets. But the sinking of a fifth of his ocean-going merchant marine has already compelled the enemy to reduce the scale of his offensive operations and may be one reason why there has been no attempt to invade India, Alaska, or Australia.

Limiting Japan's offensives in this way and seizing her advanced bases, as in the Solomons, are but preliminary steps. Our decisive blow has not yet come. But it will.

THE END

AMNESIA—CIVILIAN SHELL SHOCK

Continued from Page 23

He was a piano teacher whose wife had died shortly before, and between them there were memories associated with the Moonlight Sonata.

On another occasion a telephone rang at the end of a ward and an amnesiac girl jumped to her feet. "The telephone—that's what I've been waiting for! It may be Harry!" She rushed to answer it. A moment later, in tears, she told the story. "I've been waiting for a call from him. We had a quarrel and he said he'd never call me again. I was hoping he would. I waited days, weeks—then I guess I forgot everything."

Sometimes it's as simple as that.

Real-Life Rip van Winkle

MOST amnesia clears up in a few days, but once in a blue moon there's a case like that of the modern Rip van Winkle. A man of sixty in perfect physical health, he had been hauled off a freight train, and he went to the town lock-up after a severe bump on the head incurred during his struggle with the railroad cops. When he awakened the next morning he started talking about the thugs who had attacked him the night before in Salt Lake City. The police scoffed, "Wake up, bum! You're not in Salt Lake City—you're in Oregon."

They showed Rip a morning paper, and he scanned it unbelievingly. "This news looks funny. I don't understand it." Then he pointed to the date line. "That's a mistake; it says 1937, and it should be 1917."

They gave him a mirror to shave himself, and he screamed. "It's my face, but I'm an old man! What's happened to me?"

Investigation corroborated his story. Twenty years before, he had been attacked by thugs and hadn't been seen by his family since that night. He had probably traveled the country over, not aware of his identity until the bump on the head restored his memory of who he was.

Sometimes when amnesia persists for a long period strange things happen to the victim. A girl recently got herself engaged to be married during her amnesia, and then didn't recognize her fiancé when she woke up. Authorities told her to forget the whole thing.

Edgar Allen recently walked into the Louisville, Kentucky, police station and said, "Now I remember who I am." It was a rather belated recognition, however, for he had left New Jersey twenty years before as Edgar Allen, and had been living in Madisonville, Tennessee, as Ted Morris, automobile mechanic, ever since. Adult children from New Jersey and a wife and fourteen-year-old girl from Tennessee were trying to get together, at last report, to straighten out Edgar's—or Ted's—double life.

Of the thousands of amnesiacs who wander away during the course of a year, most are eventually recognized and restored to those who love them. But in the musty files of many police departments are cases which are never officially closed.

They might have been solved if there were such a thing as compulsory fingerprinting, so that every man, woman, and child would be registered in a central headquarters. And they might be cleared up if the family of an amnesiac would swallow pride and notify police promptly of the missing person, giving all the facts, including any personality changes that had been noted recently.

Certain signs of the potential amnesiac are unmistakable to the informed doctor. He is conscientious, yet is lacking in self-reliance and the ability to take it on the chin. He's far more suggestible than the average person. Frequently he's been protected from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune by a zealous parent or husband or wife.

If you've got an amnesiac in your family and have been fortunate enough to get him back again, you shouldn't let it go at that. You should have him talk the thing over with a good psychiatrist. He's got to be reeducated—to learn that running away from a problem merely means you have that problem to face when you come back. You can't appease personal problems; you have to face them and meet them head-on. That's what the amnesiac hasn't learned to do. He's got to learn it or forever be in danger of wandering off again, his identity lost to him.

THE END

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

Continued from Page 21

way up the drive she slid to the ground, adjusted the blanket tidily on Crow's-meat's back, and took the halter.

Leading the aged horse, she approached the square brick house. Lafayette was somewhere behind its handsome white-painted doorway, and with Lafayette was Julian Day.

A sentry paced in front of the house, a Negro groom sat on the bottom step with the reins of two waiting horses dangling in his hands. On the trodden lawn at the edge of the drive a group of lounging riflemen in hunting shirts watched with idle interest while she paused in the sentry's path as he came toward her.

"IS this General Lafayette's headquarters?" she inquired of him politely.

"Run along, bub," said the sentry, and passed her without breaking his step.

"You got an appointment with the general, sonny?" a rifleman called to her, and raised a laugh among his fellows.

"Is he inside the house?" she demanded hopefully.

"Sure. So's General Washington. We're waitin' to see the parade go by."

The broad white door of the house stood open to the summer heat. Tibby's eyes measured the distance between it and herself, between herself and the sentry. Then she dropped Crow's-meat's halter and her bundle and made a dash up the steps. The sentry reached for her, with an oath; the Negro groom grabbed thin air, too late.

On the threshold she crashed into the waistcoat of an officer who was coming out. He plucked her out of his buff facings and sword belt, and held her, his fingers biting deep.

"What's this?" he said sharply.

Tibby talked fast. "I'm looking for Mr. Day, he's with General Lafayette," she got out all in a breath.

"How do you know he is?" The officer's grip relaxed a little, and he stood looking down at her.

"He wrote my sister a letter from Richmond."

"Oh, you have a message for him—from your sister?"

"Yes, sir. I come from Williamsburg."

"From—!" The officer eyed her more sharply. "How did you get here?"

"I rode." She gestured toward the ancient horse in the drive.

"And what about the British? Weren't you afraid of them?"

"No, sir. I came through the woods most of the way."

"Well, I'm damned," he said, not letting go her arm. "You come inside." He pulled her over the threshold. "Just you stand there. I'll see about it."

He left her in the square white hall—its polished floor all scarred with spur-marks, its wide stair soaring upward—and went to open a door on the left.

"Captain Day?" he called into the room, and a voice said, "He's inside, with the general."

The officer went in and the door closed behind him.

Tibby waited, her heart pounding.

It seemed hours before the door opened again and Julian came out.

"Kit!" he said in astonishment, and came forward, very tall in the unfamiliar blue uniform with the aide's slanting green ribbon and a sword at his side, but kind as ever, and—oh, thrice merciful God!—*safe,* with both his hands held out to her. Tibby caught at them blindly, feeling dizzy and near to tears now that she had done the impossible and found him. "How on earth did you get here?" he was saying. "Did Tibby send you? Is Tibby all right?"

It was upon her. She raised her face to him slowly, met his eyes, and told her lie with a steady voice.

"Tibby is dead," she said.

His lips parted as if to echo the words; but he stood rigid and silent. Watching him fearfully, she saw that he cared a great deal about Tibby. Exultation strangled her compunction. The news had hurt him—because he held Tibby dear.

"Come up to my room—and tell me about it," he said quietly, but she resisted the arm he laid across her shoulders.

"Crow's-meat is outside. He ought to be fed and watered. And may I please get my bundle?"

"Yes—get your bundle." His arm released her. He followed her to the doorway and told the Negro groom to care for the horse.

TIBBY rejoined him, carrying her bundle, and preceded him silently up the broad staircase and along the passage as he guided her to a room at the back. It was just big enough for a narrow bed and a high chest of drawers, a table full of papers and pens, and two chairs.

"Have you had anything to eat?" he asked, and she shook her head. "I'll send for something." He went along the passage to the top of the back stairs, where she could hear him calling to a servant.

She crossed the room and laid her bundle on the bed. Her palms were damp with nervousness, but it was

THE GYP OF THE WEEK

By

FRANK W. BROCK

BOOTLEG INSURANCE

ARE you insured? Or do you merely cherish a few impressive-looking "insurance policies"?

More than a hundred companies in the United States issue bargain "family group" or "family protection policies" which are next to worthless. Because we have no national laws to protect buyers of mail-order insurance, the bootleg companies mail them everywhere, but are not *licensed* to conduct such business in any state except the one whose lax laws permit their organization.

A typical company advertises a family-group policy insuring up to ten persons with maximum benefits of $1,000 for natural death, $2,000 for auto accident death, and $3,000 for travel accidents—"all for $1 per month for the entire family."

The first joker in fine print on the inside pages of the policy provides that members are liable for additional assessments "if the $1 a month doesn't meet expenses and claims." That raises the costs.

The *actual* protection for each member of the family is the maximum amount named on the face of the policy *divided* by the number of persons insured. Thus a $1,000 policy covering a family of ten would pay $100 for each member of the family who died a natural death while the policy was in force. All ten must die before the full amount is collectible.

No medical examination is required—a strong selling point. But to offset this a list of ailments on which no claims will be paid is fine-printed.

Unlike legitimate insurance companies, the bootleg outfits do not post bonds with Insurance Commissions to guarantee the payment of just claims in any of the other forty-seven states. They evade the laws of these states through the use of the United States mails!

Now I ask you again. Are you insured?

all right so far. He hadn't questioned which one of them she was. For a moment she knew a wild impulse to tell him that he was not to grieve, that Tibby was not really dead, that Tibby was here beside him. She clenched her teeth against it. If she told him, he would only send her back to Williamsburg. And, looking up at him as he stood silent, she knew that the one thing she could never do was to leave him, to be without him, ever again.

"What happened?" he asked at last, with an effort.

"Well, you see—mother died in April."

"Your mother too? Oh, Kit, I'm sorry!" He laid a hand on her shoulder—the hard, restrained gesture of man to boy, and she braced to meet it as Kit would have done, and wiped away tears with the back of her hand in his familiar gesture.

"POOR Tibby," he said gently. "She needed me. When did she—how long after—"

"Only a short time ago, sir. I was sick first, and Tibby nursed me when she was feeling very queer herself. Then whatever it was got worse and she died."

"Alone?"

"I was there. Father left town on account of the British—and the Spragues went too, to the Greensleeves' plantation, after Mr. Sprague went back to the army. Even Dr. Graves was gone."

He turned away from her silently and sank into a chair at the table and put a hand to his head.

"It seems impossible—it seems as though I would have known. I—can't quite believe it yet—" His voice died away.

Incredulously she recognized the same sort of thing she herself had said to St. John Sprague when Julian's own death was in question. And now *he* seemed to know that she was so much a part of him that neither of them could die and the other not feel it in the air they breathed. She had never guessed that it would work both ways.

"She said you'd let me stay with you, sir—if she died."

"She told you to come to me?" He turned to look at her behind his shielding hand. "She didn't know how it is here, Kit, or she wouldn't have done that. You're too small for the army. You'll have to go back home, I'm afraid."

"I could be very useful, sir. She said I could look after your horse—and your boots—and she said perhaps I could help you with the letters, sir, because you'd taught us both to write a neat hand. You always say that yourself, sir."

Julian motioned toward a chair. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me about Williamsburg. What's going on there? Tell me all you saw—all you heard."

"I didn't see much, sir—with Tibby sick, and all. I only know what the apothecary's clerk said—and of course the town was full of soldiers drinking, and that. It's full of flies, too—like the plague. I suppose because of all the horses that came with the British. The flies bite like anything; everybody's nearly crazy with them. The British have smallpox, too."

"Yes," said Julian attentively. "Go on."

"Cornwallis has his headquarters at the president's house at the college, sir. They turned the Madisons right out and won't even let them draw water from their own well. They've taken all the ammunition and stores down to Yorktown and—"

"Captain Day!" It was a bellow from the foot of the stairs, and Julian rose.

"I have to go. Stay here. Don't go out and get yourself lost. I won't be long. Here's some food," he added from the doorway, as a Negro boy arrived with a tray and set a plate with a hunk of bread and a chicken leg and a glass of milk on the table before Tibby.

She ate hungrily, using her fingers. In a few minutes Julian was back, looking brisk and alert.

"Come on," he said. "You can finish that later. The general wants to see you."

"General Lafayette?" Tibby stared, one cheek bulging.

"Hurry up, Kit; don't keep him waiting!" Julian pulled her out of the chair, wiped her mouth with his own handkerchief, and then wiped her grimy, greasy paws, one after the other, efficiently. "He wants to hear about Williamsburg. We've had no word out of the city for twenty-four hours, and anything you know may be important. Don't be nervous, now. Just tell him anything you would have told me."

He whisked her down the stairs and through the white door in the hall. A roomful of orderlies and secretaries looked up to see them pass, and a second door closed behind them.

Lafayette sat at a large desk facing the door. He had brilliant searching eyes and a captivating smile. His reddish hair, already thinning, was brushed straight back from his high forehead into a black queue ribbon, and there were vestiges of powder in it. His uniform was the smartest she had ever seen. His epaulets were magnificent, his linen foamed with lace. He would be a difficult man to lie to.

Tibby crossed the room with Julian's reassuring hand on her shoulder. He fronted her up to the desk and then stood back, leaving her to face Lafayette alone.

"This is the lad, sir," he said.

Tibby met the brilliant eyes bravely.

"What is your name?" he asked kindly, stroking a white quill pen between his long fingers.

"Kit, sir. I mean Christopher."

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"You're rather small, aren't you, for fourteen?"

"I'm a twin, sir. We were both small. My sister died last month."

"OH—you had a sister." It was as though light broke over him. And the way he said it, with a long *e* for the short *i* and the syllables evenly spaced, made the word beautiful and somehow significant. "I see," said Lafayette, and the words fell small and clear from his lips. His gaze rested thoughtfully on the place where the frantic pulse was beating in her thin throat, dropped with deliberation to where the wilted shirt ruffle vibrated visibly to the pounding of her heart.

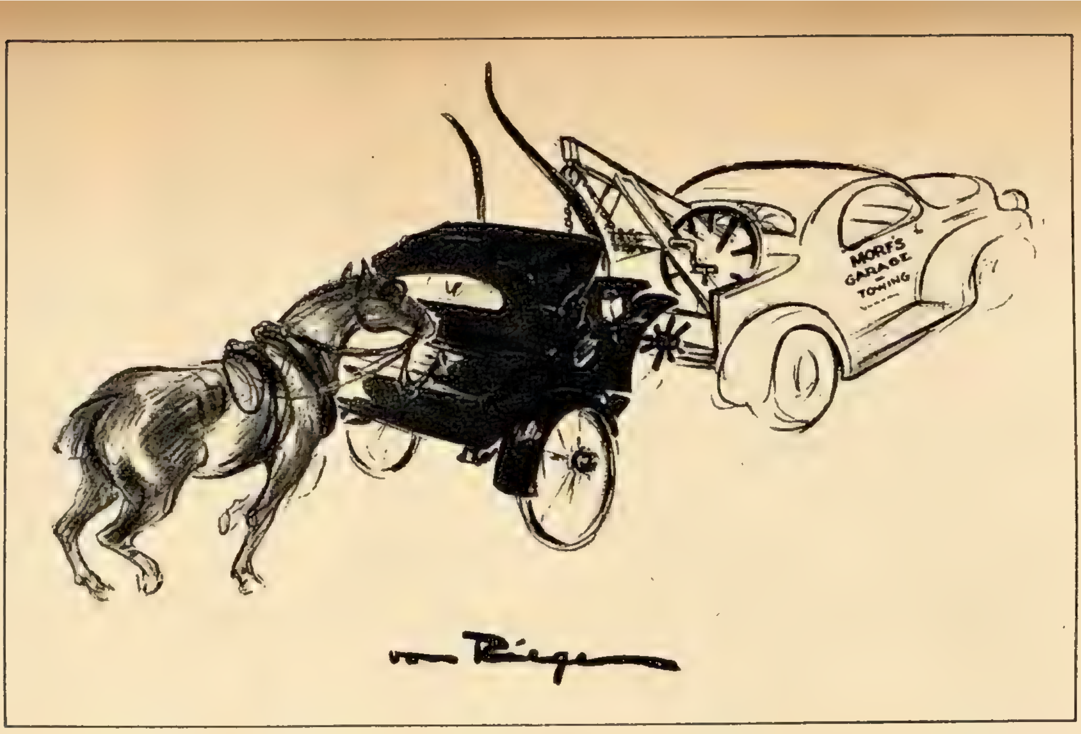
Tibby stood helpless before him while the betraying blood flamed upward to her hair, and she thanked heaven, as Lafayette's eyes again met hers, that her back was toward Julian and that Lafayette's face showed his discovery less than her own.

"I see," he said again, stroking the quill, his eyes holding hers. "So then you joined the army. Well, now that you are here, what can you do to earn your keep if we allow you to stay?"

"I—write a fair hand, sir. I could help with the letters."

Lafayette dipped the quill in the inkpot and held it out to her, flicked

"What have they decided we should eat today?"



a sheet of paper toward her across the polished wood of the desk between them. "Write," he said, with his French *r*.

Tibby bent above the desk. Her fingers were shaking. *Sir, I beseech you,* she wrote unevenly, and stopped.

He glanced at it, accepted back the pen. His eyes went beyond her to Julian, who stood composed, at ease, six feet away. His skeptical French mind wrestled with this backwoods innocence and then accepted it. Captain Day was deceived. But how? For how long? On the face of it, the thing could not be done. It was, of course, none of his affair.

"Well, Captain Day, his writing is at least as legible as my own—" The sheet on which Tibby had scratched her plea was crumpled casually in his long fingers and truly aimed at the fireplace on his left. "Give him a pen and set him to work. But first—"

"M-my lord—" Tibby stammered, her green eyes brimming. *"Mon général—le bon Dieu vous bénisse!"*

"French?" exclaimed Lafayette, with a surprised glance at Julian.

"A little, sir. His sister's was as good as mine."

"Tant mieux!" cried Lafayette, and his smile flashed. "That is, of course, very useful! But first—" He leaned toward her across the desk. "Tell me about Williamsburg."

For the next ten minutes Tibby underwent a stiff cross-examination as to the doings of the British. She replied steadily, keeping her head, gaining composure during the ordeal. At last she was dismissed to Julian's room to write down everything which occurred to her about the occupation, while Julian himself remained at a table near the general's desk to finish a letter to General Greene.

THAT evening Tibby sat eating her supper off the end of the kitchen table while the maids washed up after the meal which had been served to the officers in the dining room. The door to the yard stood open to the sunset.

Suddenly a tall officer in the blue Continental uniform crossed the threshold. Black Phoebe dropped the crock she held and curtsied above the pieces.

Lafayette stood in the doorway, smiling at their astonishment.

"Good evening," he remarked gently to the buxom cook, who recovered to place a wooden chair and wipe it off with her apron. "I wish to ask this lad some questions—privately."

Tibby had struggled to her feet and stood stricken beside the table. Lafayette waited against the light, while the cook gathered the two maids with a compelling glance and they all three retreated respectfully to the yard. Then he removed his three-cornered hat and approached the table easily, his handsome sword a-jingle.

"Please don't be frightened," he said. "I am no ogre to eat you." Tibby stood mute, enduring his searching gaze. "It was Christopher who died," he said.

"Yes—my lord."

"And Captain Day still does not suspect?"

"No, sir. He never doubted. How did you—" The words died away before his small French shrug.

He tossed his hat to the chair and sat down on the edge of the table near her, swinging a booted leg.

"Americans!" he marveled. "I will never learn. Always they amaze me. You wonder what affair it is of mine," he added, amused. "Captain Day is a member of my military family. Therefore I have an interest. Believe me, a *friendly* interest."

She caught at the word. "You mean you won't give me away?"

"Is there no one else to do that?"

"No one in Williamsburg. We were alone when Kit died. I did everything for him, and I made the cross myself. It says *Tabitha Mawes.*"

"Mon Dieu, but why should you do such a thing! You have buried yourself alive!" he cried with a little shudder.

"It was the only way I could come to him."

"Does he matter so much to you?"

"Nothing else matters to me," said Tibby, unconscious of pathos.

"Fourteen," mused Lafayette, and there was doubt and query and amusement in the word.

"I'm sixteen, sir. I took something off our age when you asked me. I was pretty sure he wouldn't remember how old we were—he never could."

"And is he, then, *blind?"* murmured Lafayette.

"It's been over a year since he's seen us. I look just the way Kit did then—he was always the smaller one—and Mr. Day never took much notice of me, you see, on account of Regina Greensleeves—"

"Comment?" queried Lafayette.

"Regina Greensleeves. She is the most beautiful woman in Virginia."

LAFAYETTE'S French heart was enthralled by this tragicomedy being played under his very nose in the middle of a war. "Do you think she loves him?"

Tibby frowned, searching for the right answer, unwilling to admit, lest it diminish the stature and prestige of Julian Day, that Regina was not his for the asking.

"There are so many others in love with her," she explained slowly. "Especially Mr. Day's best friend. In the end perhaps she will see that no one can hold a candle to him, but—it looks as though she might marry Mr. Sprague."

"Well, then?" Lafayette spread his hands, but she shook her head and sighed.

"It will be Miss Dorothea then," she said. "She's beautiful too, and has always been in love with him, and she's a lady. Kit and I—we just went to school to him."

"But, good heavens, this is of the theater!" Lafayette rose from the table edge and strode about the room, his sword and spurs clanking. "This is not the sort of thing one anticipates to encounter in a wilderness! This is—*incroyable!"* He stood over her, nipped her small chin between his finger and thumb, raking her face with his bright, knowing eyes. "What has this fellow Day done, to deserve such love?" he demanded.

"You m-mustn't call it love, sir—"

"What must I call it, then?" Pity and concern caught him up, and he laid his other arm across her shoulders, and she wept convulsively against his coat sleeve, undone by his sympathy.

"Little one," he soothed, patting her. "Little one, this cannot go on. You cannot stay here."

Instantly her sobbing ceased. "Oh, please don't send me away, sir!"

"Not I, my dear. He will see for himself how impossible it is."

She jerked away from him, outraged and at bay. "Are you going to *tell* him?"

"If he cannot see for himself, he must be told. This life is too hard for you. And surely you cannot be content in these circumstances. What is the good to you here, like this?"

"I can see him every day," she answered literally, through white lips.

"And where, if you will allow me, are you going to sleep?" he inquired with Gallic simplicity.

"He has given me a blanket in a corner of the storeroom. No one goes there but the cook. She says I can eat in the kitchen if I wash up my own things. I think he gave her some money to arrange it. He said himself that the drummer boys would be too rough for me. That's natural, you see, because poor Kit was always delicate."

"And when we are on the march again? How when we have no roof over our heads and the rain comes down? What then?"

"I can—lie near him on the ground."

"Parfaitement," he shrugged, and she would not meet his eyes. "Child, the man is not utterly an *imbécile!"*

"IT doesn't show on me!" she pleaded. "No one else has seen but you!"

"It shows in the way you lift your chin," he said. "It shows in your wrists, in the position of your feet when you sit or when you stand—" His eyes rested briefly again on the frill of her shirt. "Most of all, it shows when you look at him."

"He will never see that. He's used to it," she promised doggedly.

"I cannot allow you to remain," he said firmly. "I think I shall send you to Charlottesville. Jefferson will have to look after you." He watched her face close in again, pale and set, with tight lips. She would never whimper. He went on one knee beside her chair—the French marquis, Washington's general, the magnificent Lafayette—on one knee, holding her cold paws in his long brown fingers. "Tell me again, what is that strange name of yours—the one on the cross above your brother?"

"Tabitha."

"Tabitha—" (That difficult short *i*, that all but impossible *th!*) "Tabitha, some day you will forgive me." It was a plea.

"May I see him once more before I go?" she asked, motionless between his hands.

With one of his broad impulsive movements, he left her and took a turn around the room, moving in a stirring jingle of metal.

"Am I Herod, commanding a slaughter of innocents?" he queried of the rafters. "Am I a bowelless Hessian, a red-skinned scalper of babes?" He whirled on her from the end of the table, stood contemplating the still triangle of her face with its closed eyes and rigid mouth. *"Enfin!"* he said quietly. "I know nothing. Are you listening, Tabitha? I was not here tonight. It is none of my affair. I will henceforth concentrate on Cornwallis. Do as you please, in heaven's name!"

ELEGY ON THE HEAD OF A PIN

Of throwing pins away, beware . . .
The common pin is growing rare.

Although I've tried in many a store,
I've found, alas, they have no more.

And so, until a war we win,
Let's call it the UNcommon pin,

And give the few we have a place
Of honor in the jewel case.

—MARGARET FISHBACK.

"You mean—I can stay? That you won't tell him *anything?"*

He nodded. "And may I be there to see," he said piously, "when our incredible Captain Day comes to his senses!"

His spurs were loud on the wooden floor, his long shadow passed across the threshold, he was gone into the fading sunset light.

Tibby rubbed a grimy paw across her eyes as though awakening from a nightmare. And then, because one gets very empty in the army, she returned philosophically to her cold unappetizing supper.

When she had cleaned her plate and cup and put them away, she went to report for secretarial duty in Julian's room.

The candles on the table were lighted, but Julian sat by the window where twilight still lingered, staring out into the trees—idle and sad. Tibby came toward him rather timidly.

"Will you—m-miss Tibby very much?" she suggested.

"Miss her?" His long body sagged, drained of its splendid vitality. "Well, yes; I suppose you could say that I—will miss her."

"Did you think so much of her?"

"That's a silly question, Kit. You know I loved Tibby very dearly."

"But I thought you l-loved Regina Greensleeves."

"That was different," he said. "Tibby was a child."

"Well, but—she would have been a woman some day. She would have grown up."

"Will you for God's sake not chatter about her?" Julian requested sharply. "It will be bad enough to see your face every day!" There was a strained silence in the room. Then Julian moved heavily toward the table and sat down. "I'm sorry, Kit. It's not your fault you look like her. Come and get to work. There's enough here to keep us at it all night."

ON the fourth of July, two days after Tibby's arrival in camp, Lafayette gave a dinner to his officers in celebration of Independence Day. She could hear the laughter and the toasts from the kitchen where she sat over her own bowl of savory chicken soup with dumplings.

But before the meal was finished an orderly came with a message for the marquis, and there followed a sudden scraping of chairs across the floor as every one adjourned to urgent duties.

Cornwallis was moving out of Williamsburg. His destination was reported to be Jamestown—and probably from there across the river to Conham and Portsmouth, which was held for him by Leslie—and possibly from there to the north again, to join Clinton against Washington and Rochambeau. Lafayette was not strong enough to prevent him. But at least he could not be allowed to go unmolested, and an attack on his rear guard at the ferry was feasible.

The American army moved forward to Chickahominy Church on the fifth, and Wayne was sent on with 500 Pennsylvanians by forced march to Green Spring, which brought him to within a mile of the enemy. On the march Julian's place was near Lafayette, and he left Tibby riding Crow's-meat in the surgeon's care, with orders to stay out of the way and to be useful to him if she could.

When Lafayette arrived at Green Spring on the sixth and rode out beyond it toward Jamestown, Wayne's advance guard was already in action with the British outposts, and his information was that the bulk of the

British army had crossed the river, though one or two of his officers were inclined to think it hadn't. Wayne wanted to attack in force and find out that way if it had. Lafayette was more cautious. He had learned to be. He ordered up the rest of his army to Green Spring, and stationed two battalions of his best troops under Barber and Vose half a mile to the rear of Wayne's position, leaving Steuben in reserve near the mansion.

Meanwhile Wayne's men had driven in Cornwallis' mounted outposts and were firing on his pickets, causing heavy casualties among the officers, which were replaced with such promptness and obstinacy that Lafayette became suspicious. The pickets did not behave like rear-guard pickets, which should fire and fall back. The pickets were covering something. He rode on alone toward the right and the river bank, to reconnoiter.

Back at Green Spring House, the surgeon began his grisly preparation, arranging his instruments on a kitchen table set out on the lawn. Under his directions, Tibby brought blankets and linen and rolls of lint, and the colored servants began to build fires and heat water. There was a fierce sun by late afternoon, and the firing had increased.

Tibby had not seen Julian since morning. She watched her chance and slipped through the surgeon's fingers—found Crow's-meat, and rode him cautiously toward the gunfire. She needed to know where Julian was, and if that took her into the battle she was doggedly prepared for even that. At least, if anything happened to him she would be there.

"Only a few more experiments, Herr Doktor, then on to Moscow!"

THE acrid taste of powder was in the heavy air and a smoky haze had settled. Through it she could make out a knot of men on horseback near the causeway, and set a roundabout course toward them. A horseman shot out of the woods on her right at full gallop, and swerved at sight of her.

"*Nom de Dieu,* go back!" he shouted. "Go back to the house at once—do you hear? Wayne is charging the whole British army down there!"

It was Lafayette. He galloped on toward the group of officers. As he arrived, they scattered before his shouted directions, carrying his commands to front and rear, and Tibby was able to pick out the tall rider with the easy seat which was Julian Day. Lafayette had sent him forward into the action. "Find Wayne!" were his orders—if she had known. "Find Wayne and tell him for the love of almighty God to fall back! It is Cornwallis entire!"

Julian was riding straight for the worst of it. Tibby dug in her heels, and Crow's-meat danced forward unwillingly. She broke a branch from a bush without dismounting and began to flail him ruthlessly, her one idea now to keep that slim receding figure in sight.

Lafayette saw Crow's-meat headed for the front line at his ramshackle gallop, with a small bowed figure riding him at the whip like a jockey nearing the post. He paused to swear at her in all the languages he knew, though she was far beyond his reach now. And even while he did so something knocked her from Crow's-meat's back, and the old horse turned and fled for the rear at a better pace than he had made in years. Lafayette swore harder—and then saw a wounded soldier crawling toward her where she had fallen. From then on, other matters occupied his mind.

Wayne was sounding the retreat now, leaving his cannon behind because the horses were all dead. Having delivered his order, Julian cantered back toward where he had left his commander, and as he rode he heard behind him the savage huzza of the British infantry charge. A wounded man rose from the ground almost under his horse's feet and caught at the bridle.

"Get to the rear, you fool!" Julian shouted, trying to control his rearing horse. "The surgeons are at Green Spring! Make for the rear, man. There's a bayonet charge coming!"

The soldier was saying something which was inaudible in the battle din and pointing to the ground. Julian looked, and with an exclamation swung out of the saddle to kneel beside the crumpled body whose white shirt showed a spreading scarlet stain.

"How did this happen? I left him with the surgeon—he had no business to follow me—" Speech died in him. Under his hand, as he pushed back the open jacket and shirt to expose the wound, was the small white breast of a girl, with a slow crawl of blood across it.

"The ball is high in the shoulder, sir—nice and clean," the soldier was saying. "She'll be none the worse for it, if it's seen to."

"Tibby—" Julian gathered her into his arms and stood up, holding her against him. "Oh, my Tibby, I should have known—"

At that moment Lafayette arrived without even a groom beside him, calling for his aide, du Bréon.

"Name of a name, Captain Day,

find me du Breon! I sent him to Barber and he vanished!"

Julian raised dazed eyes to the man on the horse. "It's Tibby," he said. "It's not Kit—it's Tibby!"

"I know, I know; but must I ride courier myself?" demanded Lafayette. "Give her to me, and find du Bréon!" He reached for the limp little body in Julian's arms and laid it across the saddle in front of him, held firmly in his bridle arm. The retreat swept on, and now the British drums were closer. "Tell Barber he must hold till Wayne can re-form behind him!"

"Yes, sir." Julian mounted with a set face, and rode off toward the left, where Barber was.

For several minutes, while Lafayette tore through the battle smoke, rallying Wayne's men, encouraging them to re-form behind the steady lines of veterans which were meeting the British charge, Tibby lay unconscious in his bridle arm. Then du Bréon appeared suddenly beside him, having been unhorsed and delayed to find another mount.

"Good heavens, it's Day's lad, sir! Is he bad?"

"Can Barber hold?"

"For a time, sir. But Galvan's men are done."

Gimat dashed up from the front on a horse flecked with blood and foam.

"Their cavalry are drawn up ready to charge, sir!"

"Hell and damnation!" said Lafayette. "We'll have to run for it, back to Chickahominy Church—darkness will save us, with luck. Du Bréon, take this to the surgeon and report back at once. Gimat, come with me!"

Du Bréon received Tibby across his saddle bow with annoyance, pushed back the shirt to glance at the wound, and let out an expletive of surprise—paused to wad his handkerchief against the bleeding, and rode off rather gingerly toward where the surgeon worked on the lawn in front of Green Spring.

LANTERNS were swaying on the wagons of wounded which moved back along the road from Green Spring when Julian arrived there, hunting the surgeon. For an agonizing space of unmeasured time he wove in and out among the wagons, peering at their groaning, bloody cargoes.

"Captain Day! Here you are, sir—over this way!"

He turned to see a grinning soldier with a bloody rag around his head at the side of the road, pushing a wheelbarrow in which Tibby was propped against cushions brought out from the Green Spring parlor. Her eyes were closed, she had sagged sidewise, her shirt and the rough field bandage were stiff with blood. Julian flung himself from his horse and dropped to his knees in the dust beside the wheelbarrow.

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"Tibby—" he whispered, and laid an anxious hand on her heart. "Tibby, are you all right?"

Uncertainly she opened her eyes again to the pain and the terror of being among the army in the middle of a war. Dimly, in the wavering lanternlight of the retreat, she saw the one face in the world bending above her.

"Sweetheart," he said, and held her hand to his lips—as though she were a lady, as though she were grown up.

"You didn't—get killed," she noted contentedly, and fainted again.

BY midnight Lafayette's army had regained the camp at Chickahominy Church, and most of the men desired little but a chance to throw themselves down where they were and sleep.

Julian, walking away from the wagon where he had seen Tibby laid in his own blanket on clean straw, met du Bréon with a message from the marquis requesting that Julian report to him.

Julian presented himself at Lafayette's tent, and found the marquis lying on the cot in his clothes, one arm across his eyes. There was a lighted lantern on the rough camp table, and writing materials.

"You sent for me, sir?" Julian spoke quietly from the tent flap.

Lafayette sat up and swung his booted legs to the ground. He looked tired but calm. "Well, Captain Day—that was a close call, however you look at it."

"I'm afraid it was, sir."

"I do not understand, even now, quite how we got away. When Gimat said the cavalry might come in—" He shrugged off nightmares. "Ah, well—*fini!* And mademoiselle—is she comfortable?"

"The ball has been removed. She seems unconscious most of the time."

"Shock," nodded Lafayette. "It should pass. You have friends in Williamsburg, I presume, who would nurse her?"

"They are now at a plantation near Westover, sir."

"Ah, then, if we can be sure in the morning that Cornwallis will continue in the opposite direction, you may have leave to convey her to them."

"Thank you, sir. That's—more than kind of you."

"Good night, Captain Day." He stretched himself again on the cot.

But Julian lingered. "May I ask, sir, how you happened to know she was a girl?"

"Mon Dieu, I *looked* at her!" groaned Lafayette, supine, his arm across his face. *"Once!* And now, *mon ami,* if you will be so good as to go away—I must compose a letter to General Washington."

"Good night, sir."

JULIAN slept the rest of the night beside the wagon where Tibby lay, and soon after sun-up, having bribed the quartermaster for the best wagon and team he could scrape together, he was driving Tibby to the Greensleeves' plantation.

It was nearly dinnertime when he arrived by the lane at the rear of the house, which faced the river. He climbed down from the wagon in the stable yard and went round to the back. As he lifted her out of the wagon, Joshua and the Greensleeves' coachman came running toward him across the yard.

"It's that pore sick boy!" said Joshua. "Where's li'l' missy, suh? Mr. Day, suh!" he added, recognizing the man in the uniform with increasing astonishment. "Ladies round on the lawn in the breeze," said Joshua. "Jes follow me, suh. Reuben tend to the team straight off."

With Tibby lying limp in his arms, Julian crossed the mown green turf after Joshua, and turned the corner of the house, where Regina and her mother sat with their guests in the shade of a tulip tree.

Aunt Anabel's eyes were quick.

"It's Julian!" she cried and started toward him. "And Kit! I thought you were with the army! Where is Tibby?"

"Tibby is here," he said. "We were both with the army."

"Tibby is *where?"*

"This is Tibby. Kit died. Will somebody put her to bed and let me explain later?"

Has Tibby gained her heart's desire at last? Next week, with flags flying at Yorktown, with peace visible on the horizon, the story ends.

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Because a cannon never whispers, loose talk is more dangerous than the heaviest artillery.

Never sell coincidence short. The Declaration of Independence severed us from England in 1776. Official name of the Lend-Lease Bill, Britain's lifesaver in the present war, is H. R. 1776.

We'll never starve for bread in this country. With a new crop on the way, our present wheat surplus is 1,600,000,000 bushels. This is, roughly, 50,000,000 tons—or more than could be transported at one time by all the ships afloat.

If the war should end in November, 1943, we will have enough wheat on hand to donate one bushel to every man, woman, and child in the world—2,000,000,000 bushels, or seventy-odd loaves of bread each. Unfortunately—which is embarrassing—some one else will have to provide the butter.

A Rome radio commentator recently refused to believe that the Kaiser shipyard had turned out a 10,000-ton Liberty ship in ten days. Maybe he'd believe it if he could see some of the labor-saving devices used on the job.

The die-stamping press, for instance, that weighs 210 tons and exerts a pressure of 1,100 tons. It's the world's most powerful press, and it takes just two strokes to stamp out ventilators more than eight feet high and six feet in diameter. The two halves are then welded together in one operation.

Something *really* puzzling to our Axis enemies would be the sagebrush town of Baker, Oregon.

This bustling crossroads had a prewar population of 9,342. Then 1,200 enlisted in the armed forces, and high wages in the big Coast cities lured 1,300 more away.

The town began to stagnate—but not for long. One morning the oldsters got up, yawned, stretched, and decided to have some war industries of their own. They called a meeting, and in thirty minutes raised a pot of $10,000. Then they started sending out telegrams. Soon they had a contract to build 500 wooden bodies for ponderous eight-wheel army trucks.

That was fine—except that the contract called for delivery of the whole order in sixty days. And they didn't even have a factory!

So they commandeered a huge unused swimming pool and floored it with planks from an abandoned lumber mill in the pine hills. They set up a homemade assembly line, using meathooks from a local butcher shop and a huge leather belt salvaged from a gold dredge. They even used air compressors extracted from abandoned mine railroad equipment. Then they rolled up their sleeves and got the order out on time.

Now they've got a contract for 500 more bodies—with delivery guaranteed in thirty days. They've also got a contract to build thousands of army lockers out of pine lumber, have a first-rate aviation school under way, and plans for an airport. Money rolls in. And of the bank's $4,556,224 resources, $1,303,373 is in war bonds.

Not bad, b'gosh.

Add heart-warming notes: A "small" West Coast shipbuilding plant (it only employs 11,000 men) which turns out mine sweepers like peas from a pod, has one workman who has never been late, or missed a day, or taken a vacation since Pearl Harbor. Another of its men is living on his prewar savings, allocating his $56.50 weekly pay check to War Bonds. And a third, on his own time, buttonholed every worker on the graveyard shift and signed them up—100 per cent—in the War Bond drive.

The toughest soldier on earth is the one who is sure of two things—that he is right, and that good men are behind him.

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PAPER CHASE—Continued from Page 16

"Poor George," she murmured, "poor George. He wanted to be married so much. When he finally made up his mind, he talked of nothing else."

She saw the look of calculation on Jeff's face and misunderstood it. "I know what you are thinking, Mr. Piper, but it is not true. He was not buying me. There were many men with much money that I could have had. But George was good to me and he needed me."

Jeff walked up the three steps to the landing. It was wide and solid. Impossible that the vibration from people going up and down the stairs could bit by bit have moved the heavy marble.

"MISS BAN," he said casually, "did you know Mr. Kempen came to see me this morning about making a will leaving everything he owned to you?"

"A will? But then—then did he expect to die? Could he have had a feeling?" She stared at Kempen's battered face.

"He died before he signed the will, so, unfortunately, it means nothing."

"What do I care?" She got to her feet and took a cigarette from a heavy crystal box. "I can take care of myself, Mr. Piper."

Something she had said before flashed through Jeff's mind. "Miss Ban, why did Mr. Kempen have 'to make up his mind' to marry you? If he loved you and, as you say, needed you?"

She frowned with some memory. "I don't know. At first I thought it was the difference in our ages—you know. But he kept insisting it was not that. He was very mysterious and I made fun of him for it."

"Think carefully, Miss Ban. Did you ever hear Mr. Kempen mention the name Mercer, the man who phoned last night?"

The answer came quickly. "Yes. I tried to remember last night because, after you left, George seemed so upset about the call. But I cannot." She pressed her fingers to her eyes. "I cannot remember where or how."

"I think we had better call the police now."

"Oh, no, please!"

Jeff watched her shrink from the word. "It's nothing to be frightened about. A man is dead, so we call the homicide squad. That's just a regulation. They'll bring the coroner over to take care of the body." He was at the telephone.

The coroner set the time of death at two o'clock and the cause, skull fracture resulting from a blow by a heavy object. The homicide squad listened to Lili's story and to Jeff's of how the body had been found, and examined the apartment. The switchboard girl and the elevator boy admitted that it was possible for some one to come to Kempen's apartment unseen by them. In that case the caller would have come through the basement garage and up the automatic lift. The garage man had seen no one. There were two thousand dollars in cash and two thousand more in traveler's checks untouched in Kempen's wallet. Nor, as Jeff had noted, was there any sign of a struggle in the room. Everything indicated that the death was purely an accident.

When they had finished with their questions and left, Jeff stood looking at the huge brownish stains on the rug where Kempen had lain. Why, he thought, didn't I mention Albert Mercer?

He walked over to the phone.

"Main 2204," came Miss Peck's voice.

Jeff said, "Call up the Forrest Hotel and find out if a Mr. Albert Mercer is still registered there. I'll call you back in a little while."

Lili came down the stairs, freshly powdered and lipsticked. She had herself well under control and her expression did not change.

"I guess I will go now, Mr. Piper," she said evenly.

"Could you stand one or two more questions?"

Lines of apprehension appeared between her eyes. "Yes."

"George Kempen was very rich, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he seemed to be. He spent a lot of money."

"The small chemical sales business he owned couldn't have supplied all that. Do you know where the rest of it came from?"

"No," she shook her head. "I don't know anything about his money affairs. He had investments, I guess."

"Did he leave any family or relatives or any one we can get in touch with?"

"No, he was all alone. He told me that often."

"Then you don't know who was the beneficiary of his first will?"

"No, Mr. Piper. I am not much good to you with these answers, but honestly—" she made a helpless little gesture.

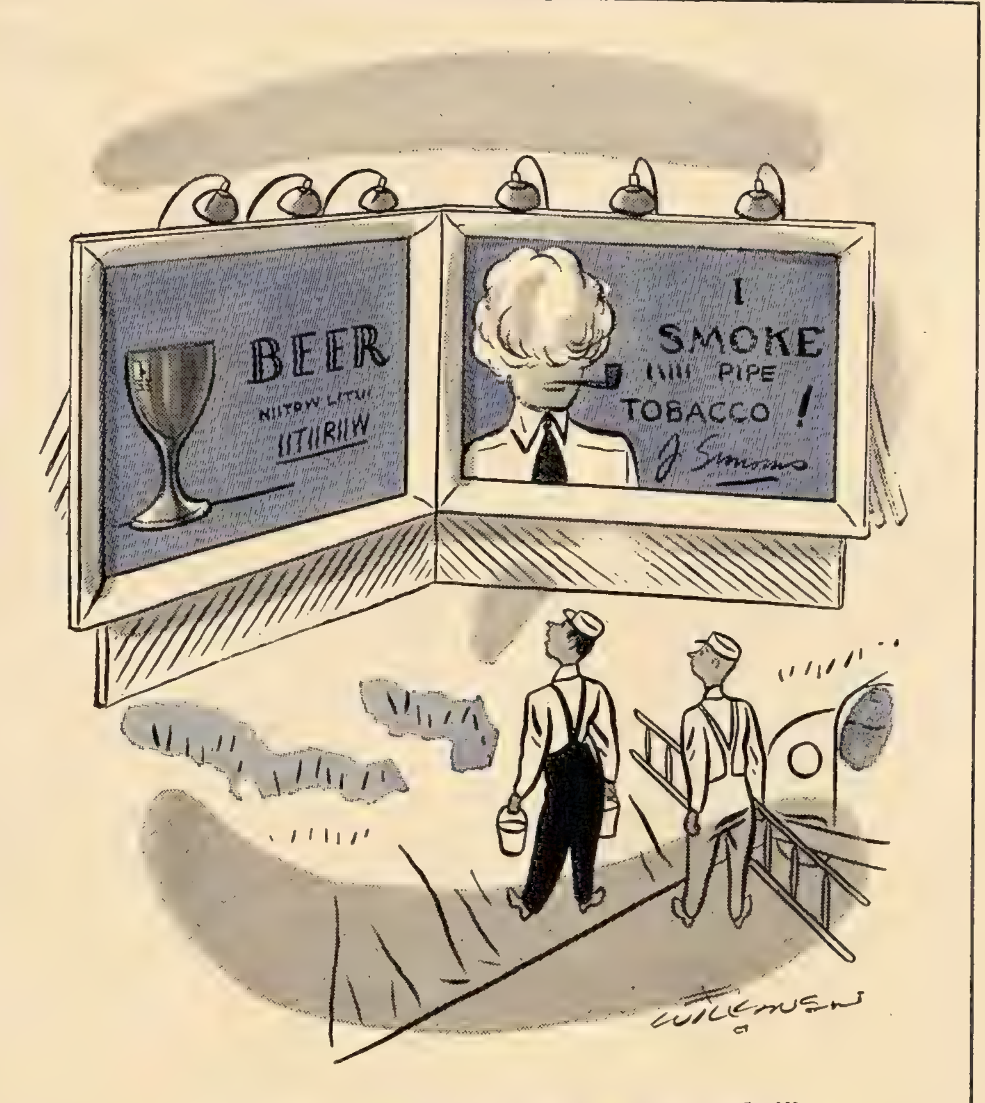
Jeff's fingers drummed on the satiny wood of a coffee table. He recalled that afterward. First there was the tapping of his fingers and then, like an echo reversed, the steady hard knocking at the door.

Lili looked at him blankly.

"Maybe you'd better answer it," he said.

She went out to the foyer and opened the door.

A man's voice said, "Good afternoon. Is Mr. Kempen at home?"



"That was quite a wind we had last night!"

"No, I'm sorry," Lili answered.

"Perhaps you could tell us when he'll be in. We're friends of his from out of town—we'd like to see him before we leave," said a woman's voice.

"Well, I—I'm afraid I have bad news for you," said Lili. "Mr. Kempen died this afternoon."

There were appropriate exclamations of dismay.

"How dreadful!" said the woman's voice again. "We didn't know he was ill."

"It was an accident," said Lili. "He was killed in a—in a fall."

"We have to go back to New York tonight"—this was the man—"but if there is anything we can do—"

"No," said Lili, "nothing, thank you." When she had closed the door she came back into the room.

"Who were they?" asked Jeff.

"I don't know. Never saw them before. A very good-looking couple."

The phone rang. It was Miss Peck.

"Mr. A. Mercer checked out of the Hotel Forrest this afternoon," she announced. "No forwarding address."

Jeff put the phone back on its cradle and turned to Lili.

"Miss Ban," he tried to make his tone as casual as possible, "do you think some one might have deliberately pushed that statue over—to kill Kempen?"

She gasped. "But that isn't possible! Who would want to kill George? Besides, how could any one push the statue over without George seeing what he was trying to do and moving away?"

"I've thought of that. But if Kempen were lying on the floor dead already—say from a blow on the head—it would be easy to push the statue over on him, wouldn't it? And how nicely it would erase any traces of the first blow."

Lili regarded him with amazement.

"It's the damnedest thing," said Jeff, "but I could swear Kempen was murdered."

MISS PECK found the item in the Legal News about a week after Kempen had been buried. It read:

> No. 187432. Application for probate of will and letters testamentary in the estate of George Wade Kempen, deceased. Hearing July 27, 1942. Johnson, Mitchell and Chase, attorneys.

She encircled it with a red pencil. When Jeff came in and saw the paper, he wanted to get over to the file room of the Probate Court and look at that will more than he wanted anything else in the world at that moment. But he couldn't go because he had several appointments.

It was not until the middle of the afternoon that he went to the Probate Court.

The clerk started down one of the long rows of steel cabinets to get the file for him, but he turned around almost immediately and came back to Jeff.

"I don't think I refiled that one yet," he said. "A couple people were just in here this noon looking at it." He went through the pile of files in a wire basket on his desk. "Yep, here it is, Mr. Piper."

"Who was looking at it, Steve?"

"Don't know, Mr. Piper. Never saw them before. Good-looking couple, though—especially the woman."

Jeff took the file over to a table and opened the wrapper. His mouth felt dry, the way it used to when he opened his Christmas presents as a kid. One flashing glance at the paper in his hands and he knew the will was as good as a Christmas present. The executor and only beneficiary of the estate of George Kempen were both one Albert Hawley Mercer.

This game of amateur sleuthing was getting to be fun, all the pieces fitting together just right. And there was nothing like a little success to make one want to go on playing.

JEFF recalled Kempen's faltering excuse that his executor was in Europe. Obviously Mercer had been more available than Kempen wished to admit. Jeff laid the will carefully aside and picked up the next paper, which was an application of Letters Testamentary, also signed by Mercer. In due legal form it presented Mercer's petition to the court to be executor of the will and estimated the estate—here Jeff's eyes widened considerably—close to a million dollars. The column headed "Deceased's Next of Kin" contained the word "None," typed in.

The next paper was an application to bring the will before the Probate Court. Both papers bore the names of the legal firm, Johnson, Mitchell and Chase, a well known firm with an important and high-priced reputation.

Jeff replaced the file in the wire basket on the clerk's desk and left. He was in a state of glee mixed with indecision. After all, what was he going to do about the whole affair? Kempen had employed him to look out for the interests of Mrs. Kempen, but now there was no Mrs. Kempen. He really had no business with Kempen any more, but maybe he had business with something else: the moral obligation to expose a murderer. Although he had nothing to go on but a hunch and a coincidence, he would keep at it

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"But, mother, it's for indoors—think of the coal we'll save!"

until he had proven himself wrong or right. Time enough then to figure out how to convince the police.

That night Jeff stopped in again at the Forrest bar. Lili saw him from across the room and, when her number was over, joined him at his table. She looked more subdued. Maybe it was the dress, a purple silk this time with long sleeves and a high neck. Her face seemed waxen pale in the soft light. Jeff searched it for any sign of breakdown or grief.

"Lili, have you thought any more about what I said to you—that night?"

"Yes."

"Do you still think it impossible?"

"No. George was unhappy and afraid, just as I have been the past few years since—since"—she made a little gesture—"since I left Europe. Maybe that is why we found each other, why we could make love without questions. No one cares about the past unless there is a future. We both knew there was no future for us. You understand?" She raised her eyes and searched his.

"But what made George Kempen unhappy and afraid?"

She looked at him. "You are still asking me and I still tell you I don't know. He had enemies, you think?"

"Every one does, I suppose. Too bad you can't remember what he said about Mercer. I read Mr. Kempen's first will today. It was filed at the Probate Court. Mercer is his executor and only heir."

Lili's eyes almost audibly banged open.

Jeff continued, "Mercer left town the day Mr. Kempen died, but I imagine he'll be back for the court hearing next Friday, when his executorship will be confirmed. Might be worth finding out more about him. He stays at this hotel."

Lili studied her reflection in the mirrored table top. "I have some good friends here. There is one of the maids and a porter who would be glad to do me a favor. I can make a little inquiry when he comes."

ON the afternoon of July 27 Miss Peck went to the Probate Court and watched, as unobtrusively as possible, while letters were granted to Albert Mercer in the estate of George Kempen.

"How'd Mercer look to you?" Jeff asked when Miss Peck returned to the office.

"Attractive, in an overweight way. Not a bit worried. Kind of bored with the whole thing."

"I don't think the guy has any nerves. You should have seen him that day at lunch. He just sat and ate while Kempen wriggled around like a jitterbug. I wish I could get a hint as to what it's all about."

"Plain murder to inherit money."

"That's such an old saw."

Miss Peck raised her eyebrows. "It's always new to the victim."

"But I'm sure there's more to it. Mercer has the key, but how am I going to find out about him? I can't gracefully go nosing about a firm like Johnson, Mitchell and Chase—they wouldn't tell me anything."

The phone rang and Miss Peck answered it. She put her hand over the mouthpiece.

"It's the *Voice.*"

Jeff grabbed the instrument from her.

"Hello."

"Mr. Piper?" came Lili's husky throaty tone. "I have some information for you. I stopped at the porter's desk just now. He tells me our friend is taking the eight-fifteen sleeper to New York City. Tonight."

"I'll be on it. Don't worry about anything. You'll hear from me if anything develops."

Jeff hung up.

"I'm accompanying Mercer back to his home city tonight," he said. "Get me a berth on the eight-fifteen to New York, and while I'm away find out all you can about George Kempen. You'll draw a blank at the apartment, so try his office, the Midwest Industrial Chemical Sales Co. And you might call Colonel Knowles and ask if he's written to that guy in Washington about me yet."

BEYOND a brief glimpse of Mercer when he boarded the train that night, Jeff had not seen him again. From behind a newspaper screen spread conveniently before his face he scrutinized every one who went through his car. He did this for half an hour with no luck. Mercer was either quietly keeping house in his compartment (wherever it was) or he was already in the club car. Jeff decided to wait a few minutes more and then take a look. He had only a vague idea of what he would do if he confronted Mercer. Pretend it was all a grand coincidence of course. He would play the bluffing game as long as it got him any information, and after that—well, he would use his wits and improvise his part as he went along.

When he walked into the club car Jeff saw immediately what he was looking for. Directly at the other end, his back to Jeff, sat Mercer. Impossible to mistake those wide confident-looking shoulders, that clean pink neck. He seemed to be talking animatedly to a man and woman who sat at a table facing him. Jeff started up the crowded center of the car, his one thought to get near enough to Mercer to overhear some of the conversation before he was noticed.

Suddenly he saw exactly the place to sit. It was a small table just a short distance from the gay party of three. It was ideal also because the girl sitting at it was wearing a large-brimmed white hat which would effectively shield him from any casual inspection. He slid into the chair opposite her.

She was smoking a cigarette and there was an empty glass on the table in front of her. She met Jeff's eye with a glance of annoyance and turned pointedly to look out of the window.

Jeff ordered a drink and he, too, turned to look out of the window. Since it was black night outside, the window glass acted like a mirror and Jeff and his new table mate found themselves staring at each other in the reflection.

"I'M terribly sorry, but I—" Jeff began haltingly to address the female image.

"It's quite all right," she broke in coldly. "I was just about to leave anyway—"

Leave! And leave him open and unprotected in clear view of his quarry!

"Oh, no, you mustn't. Please don't go."

They both turned then and stared at each other across the table.

"And why mustn't I?" said the girl.

"Because I—because you'll make me think I forced you to."

"It really doesn't matter what you think." She crushed out her cigarette.

Immediately Jeff produced his open case and offered it to her. "I know what you think, too," he said. "You think I'm fresh, that I'm looking for a train pal, and that I'm trying to make a pick-up. But you're wrong." She was attempting to signal the waiter to bring her check. "You think that I noticed you are a very pretty girl, but you're wrong. I didn't notice that until just now. What really decided me to sit here—and I'm speaking God's truth—is your hat."

"You're wonderful," she said.

"It's a wonderful hat," he said.

The waiter came then with two drinks.

The girl looked at her daiquiri angrily. "Damn," she said. "I forgot—"

"Then you weren't going. Please stay and finish your drink. I'll be very grateful."

Her expression softened at the inviting coolness of the glass in front of her. "All right," she sighed. "I signed a consumer's pledge not to waste anything."

There was a burst of laughter from Mercer and his companions and the woman was saying something. Jeff caught only the last few words, "—accidents can happen on trains too." She shook her finger prettily at Mercer.

"Let 'em happen." Jeff saw Mercer's plump hand reach out for a bowl of ripe olives standing on the table. "Now that I know the most capable and beautiful nurse in the world is along—let 'em happen." He raised his glass to the woman who modestly looked down at the compliment and there was more laughter.

"Suppose," said the girl in the white hat, "we skip all the part about how lonely you are and your wife doesn't understand you and train travel is so broadening."

"What did you say?" said Jeff.

"I said let's skip the preliminaries," said the girl. "That ought to land us just about where you ask me to come to your compartment to taste some extra special imported Scotch you happen to have along. The answer is no."

Jeff pulled his eyes away from Mercer's table and regarded his companion. Her beautifully made-up smart-American-girl-looking face wore an expression half shrewd, half amused.

"What?" he said. "Say, what have you been reading anyway?"

The girl took a cigarette from his case on the table and lighted it for herself. "My own stories, I guess."

"Whatever it is, it's tripe."

"I know." She looked at him quickly over the match flame. "But fortunately about fifteen thousand other people don't."

"What other people?"

"That's the number my publishers estimated will buy my last book. Add to that the ones who will beg for it at the drugstore libraries."

THE man opposite Mercer was shaking his head solemnly. "No more flying for us," he said.

"What do you write that stuff for?" asked Jeff.

"That's an impertinent question, but I'll answer. This hat you admire so much cost thirty-five bucks. And I like to eat. That's why I do it. And what's your business?"

"I'm just a poor lawyer. Too poor to engage a compartment, incidentally."

"That's all right," she said airily. "Just change your lines a bit. I have a compartment."

The woman at Mercer's table was stretching out a slender bare arm and bending it back and forth at the elbow like some sort of exercise.

Mercer put his hand out and felt her wrist and elbow. She winced a little. The man beside her looked worried.

The girl in the hat half turned to

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follow Jeff's gaze. "M'mm," she said.

"Say," said Jeff, "let's talk straight for a change, shall we? My name is Jeffrey Piper. What's yours?"

"Elizabeth Neff."

Mercer had turned halfway around in his chair and was gesturing at the waiter.

"I'll take the checks," he said firmly.

"Now, look here," said the other man—"now, look here. This is our party."

"No such thing," insisted Mercer genially. "Since Fortune has taken care of our reunion, I will take care of the rest." With a flourish he paid the waiter.

"You must promise to have dinner with us in New York," the woman murmured as the three of them walked down the aisle in the center of the car. Jeff had turned his face toward the window, but even in the reflection he could tell that Mercer's friends made a "good-looking couple." The phrase found two echoes in his memory.

He waited until they were well past. Then he pulled out a bill and put it on the table.

"This will take care of the drinks," he said, "and some day I'll repay the hospitality."

He had only a glimpse of Elizabeth's astonished face as he hurried after the three who had just left the car.

He was careful to keep well behind them as they walked through the train. Finally he saw Mercer open a compartment and go in. The man and woman followed quickly, almost too quickly, Jeff thought, as if they were afraid the door might be shut in their faces before they got inside. He heard Mercer say, "Sorry I can't ask you—" and then the compartment door was slammed shut.

Jeff paced back and forth in the corridor before the door, watching for Mercer's guests to leave. Now that he had found Mercer, he had to confront him as soon as possible. Once Mercer stepped off the train in New York, Jeff knew he could easily disappear.

In a few minutes he heard a door open. Hastily he stepped inside a curtained entrance of the men's room. There was a little click as the door was pulled to and then Mercer's friends appeared, walking rapidly and light-footedly down the corridor. The woman passed so close to Jeff she brushed the curtains in front of him as she went by. He saw that what she carried up under her arm and close to her body like a pocketbook was a black briefcase.

As soon as they had disappeared, Jeff walked down to Mercer's door and rapped. There was no response, so he rapped louder. He turned the knob and the door opened easily inward. He stepped in. Hot air was blowing like a blast through the open window. Mercer, eyes closed, was lying on his bed. He was fully dressed and in one hand he clutched a revolver.

Jeff stared at the gun. "Mr. Mercer!" he said sharply. "Mr. Mercer!" As if in answer, a small red blotch appeared on the left side of Mercer's coat. Jeff lifted the coat. A bullet had burned a small hole through his shirt and its edges were gradually reddening. Jeff dropped the coat and stooped down to examine the gun that Mercer held so tightly. The barrel was unstained, clean and shiny—obviously it had not been fired. Then Jeff realized he had heard no gunshot at all.

He straightened up and looked about the compartment. There was only one piece of luggage—a striped canvas suitcase which lay open on the floor, its contents spilling out in disorder. Jeff looked at the dead man carefully again. His coat had fallen open and the inner breast pocket was exposed. Jeff reached over and pulled out the square black wallet that was in it. It contained about three hundred dollars in clean crisp bills and nothing else. When he was replacing it his fingers felt a slight square bulk which turned out to be a little green book with "Memo" stamped across the front. In one movement he slipped it into his own pocket, stepped to the door and opened it cautiously. No one was in sight. He stepped out into the passageway, but his hand was still on the knob when the girl in the big hat saw him. She was coming down the corridor, but now she stopped, blocking the way in front of Jeff. There was a surprised tilt to her eyebrows.

"I thought," she said, "you didn't have a compartment."

"Hello," said Jeff. "I haven't."

"Oh! Just visiting?" She glanced skeptically at the door he held shut behind him. It was clearly marked with the letter A and she looked like a girl with a good memory.

JEFF regarded her desperately. Then he put out his hands and grasped her shoulders.

"Ouch!" she said.

"I've got to talk to you. I've got to talk to you at once, alone. Where can we go?"

She grimaced with pain. "If you'll stop crushing me to a pulp, I'll show you."

He dropped his hand. "I'm sorry."

The girl opened Room D and they went in. She tossed her hat on the opened bed and sat down beside it.

"Here we are," she said, "alone at last."

Jeff regarded her with hard eyes. "Now, if you'll stop talking and thinking like one of the characters in your own books, we might get some place." He sat down on a small chair and faced her. "Listen, my wise-cracking little friend," he said. "There's a murdered man in the compartment you just saw me leaving."

"Now *you're* talking like one of the characters in my books."

"He was shot through the heart," said Jeff, "and I presume the gun was thrown out of the window."

"You presume? Don't you know?"

"How would I know?"

"Didn't you do it?" She laughed. "Look," she said. "Why don't you relax? I don't really think you're a murderer."

"Why, that's damn nice of you. However, if you told a jury you saw me coming out of there and when, they might not be so generous. That's why I'm here."

She laughed. "Is this going to be a proposition?"

"Of a type, yes. I'm going to ask you to forget you ever saw me near that compartment until I or the police have found the real murderer."

"All right. But that's only half a proposition. What do I get out of it?" she asked.

"What do you want?"

She looked at him appraisingly. "I want to hear the whole story."

He gave her the same kind of look in return. "How do you know there is a story?"

"Is the murdered man one of the two men you were spying on so intently in the club car?"

"What makes you think I was spying?"

"It was obvious. You're very amateurish. It was amateurish of you to let me see you coming out of that compartment. However, this is your lucky day, because I'm not going to tell any one if you tell me what it's all about."

"That's your price, eh?"

"That's it."

There was nothing to do but recount the story. He began at the beginning with Lili Ban and told her all the things that had happened up to a few moments before. The girl was a good listener. She didn't interrupt and she didn't fidget. When he was finished, he waited for her reaction.

She said, "How's this? The good-looking couple find out that Kempen died and Mercer inherited all the money. They pursue Mercer, pretend to meet him by accident, and try to steal the money or stocks or bonds or whatever he has. When he objects, they shoot him. The loot is in the briefcase you saw that female carrying. By the way, when you were lurking in the men's room didn't you hear a gunshot?"

"Not a sound. If that gun is ever found, they'll find a silencer on it too. Your guess is all right for the good-looking couple, but what I'd like to know is did Mercer kill Kempen in the first place?"

"You said the police put it down as accidental. Why do you insist on thinking it wasn't an accident?"

"It wasn't. I don't have a shred of real evidence, but I know he was killed. Why'd he come to me all steamed up about making a new will and implying there was going to be trouble about it, that some one was after him? He was scared clear through at that lunch, and he died too conveniently for Mercer for it to have been an accident."

Jeff felt in his pocket for his cigarette case. His hand closed instead around the little green memo book.

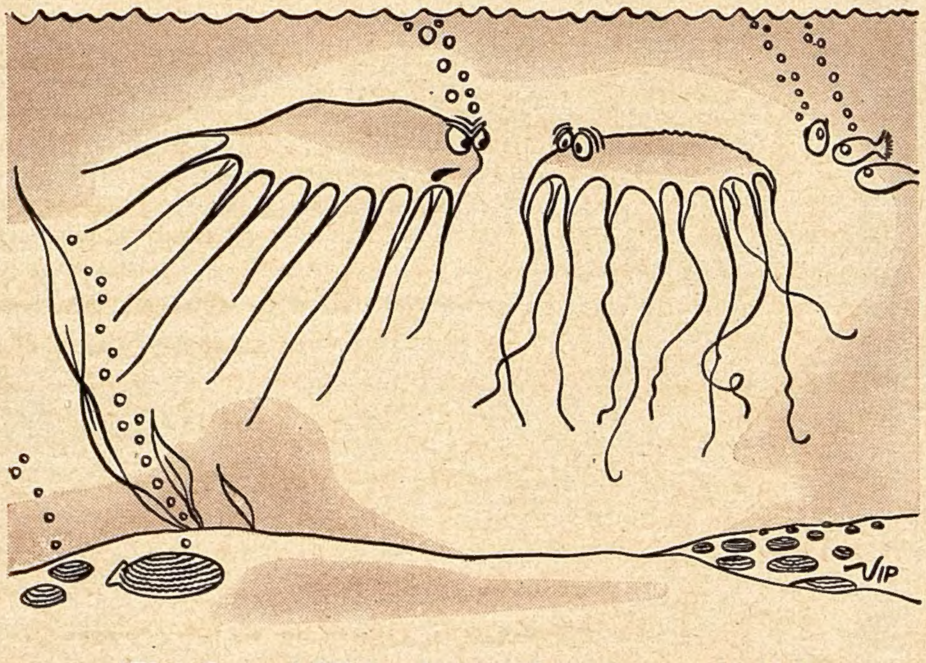
"Oh, I forgot." He showed her the book. "I took this out of Mercer's coat just now. Thought it might lead to something."

Together they examined the book. It was the kind that can be bought anywhere for a dime. They turned every page over separately, but there was not even a pencil mark on it.

"Blank. Like everything else I've run into," commented Jeff bitterly, tossing the little book into the wastebasket beneath the washstand.

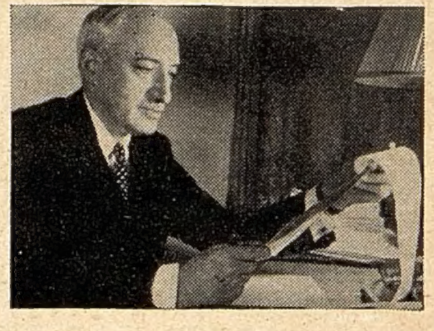
"Not so fast." Elizabeth rescued the book and put it in her purse. "I'm going to test it for invisible ink." She saw the expression on Jeff's face. "Is that so amazing?"

"Sure it's amazing. We're not in the espionage service."



"You do, and I'll break every bone in your body!"

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



WITH PRIDE
we give you André Maurois and his General Giraud—Hero of France in this issue. These two men make a rare combination of patriotism and genius. Because he knew English, Maurois was attached as liaison officer to British troops in World War I. Out of that holocaust was born his first book, Les Silences du Colonel Bramble, a work of humor against its horror, which brought him fame almost overnight. Since then he has written novels and biographies that have won him international recognition, his Ariel, a Life of Shelley, being a striking contribution to the art of the biographer. In June, 1939, André Maurois was elected to the French Academy.

ELLA WINTER
is our first arbitrator in a Pro and Con debate—a feature which we will give you from time to time—and is well equipped for the tough and ticklish job of weighing fact and theory and separating logic from eloquence. Part of her experience was attending the celebrated Fabian lectures in London and arguing with H. G. Wells and the Webbs. She served on a Parliamentary committee for foreign affairs, and was called to the Paris Peace Conference as assistant to Dr. Felix Frankfurter.

COMMISSIONED BY
Liberty to make a fact-finding survey of the war in the Pacific, Leonard Engel, in What's Left of the Jap Navy? (page 12), did just that. "I talked at length," said he, "to every competent authority, army, navy, and civilian, I could reach, and checked the record closely."

THE EDITORS

"How do you know Mercer isn't?"

"But that's just a plain ordinary dime-store book. There's not the least reason to suppose— I'd feel ridiculous taking it to a chemist."

"You don't have to take it anywhere. I'll give it an iodine vapor bath when we get to my apartment. You said yourself we can't pass up any chances to find out something about this guy Mercer. You don't think I'm going to sit back and let you have all the fun yourself, do you? Man, this is exciting! It's material. It's made to order."

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"Sherlock, you have found your Watson!"

"But I can't let you mix into this. You don't seem to realize that it's serious. There've been two murders already. Something might happen to you."

She shrugged. "You need some one like me to help you carry on with this thing."

"What if I don't carry on?"

"You're going on with this, aren't you? You're going to get to the bottom of it. Oh, you're not quitting now!" The last word was a plaintive wail.

"Of course I'm not quitting." Jeff spoke tensely. "I couldn't if I wanted to, since you saw me coming out of Mercer's compartment. But don't forget what I saw. Our good-looking couple of friends. I think they have a little explaining to do. If I can nail them I might wind everything up right away. I don't propose to go chasing after messages in invisible ink."

JUST then the train jolted to a stop They could hear voices and the banging of trunks and boxes on the baggage carts. Jeff lifted the shade at the window and looked out. The sign on the station platform read Syracuse.

"Hey!" he shouted. Elizabeth sprang to the window beside him just in time to see a man and woman walking hurriedly down the platform behind a porter carrying two bags. The man himself carried a briefcase. Elizabeth could see the woman's black perfectly coiffed hair and her elegant ankles. The combination belonged to only one woman on the train, and now she had almost disappeared into the night.

There was no use in swearing, but Jeff did, volubly and sincerely.

Can Jeff pick up the Ballisters' trail? Will the police connect him with the killing of Mercer? Jeff and Elizabeth make some startling discoveries next week, and the chase gathers momentum.

JANUARY 23, 1943

PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE

ASK John Q. Citizen, average American, what we are fighting for and he'll probably say, "To preserve our democratic liberties." This is ample reason to fight and well worth whatever it costs in lives and money. But this purpose is automatically accomplished by victory.

Beyond victory, what does John Q. want?

He wants a "better world," but his ideas about it are muddled. So far, his leaders have done little to help him in his thinking beyond talking in general terms about "Four Freedoms" and "a daily pint of milk for every child."

It's time to get specific. It's time to sketch out on definite lines the world America wants for the future and get started on a blueprint for setting it up.

After the last war America entered the Peace Conference with no international policy at all, at least as far as the public and Congress were concerned. As it turned out, we refused even to ratify the Peace Treaty after it was negotiated. We refused to enter the League of Nations which our own Woodrow Wilson thought up as a means of insuring peace.

Consequently the Indian sign was on the League from the start, and when the test came it broke down. Had America listened to Wilson instead of to the isolationists of the time, and joined the League, this whole sorry mess we are in today might have been avoided. It certainly couldn't be any worse.

If America's collective mind had been made up before the conference met, our negotiators would have known what we wanted. So would everybody else. The disappointment of the rest of the world at our sliding out of international responsibility is one of the bigger seeds out of which the present war grew.

Let's not make the same mistake again. It's time now for John Q. Public and his wife to lift their eyes beyond the borders of America. The world is in process of change. It will never be the same again. It is in our power to mold it to a new pattern. Let's thresh out among ourselves now a clear idea of that pattern.

To do so will not interfere with our fighting the war. We all agree that the preservation of our liberties is reason enough to give it all we've got. Victory we must and will have. This resolve will not be impaired by settling now our honest differences of opinion as to what we want beyond victory.

Let's go into the next peace conference with our minds made up and our opinions crystallized behind definite ideas out of which we will not be horse-traded.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

BANKERS' SHIFT

BY JOHN KOBLER

Two bankers and a broker at munitions work in their 6-to-9 shift.

LESTER C. VANNAN, president of Montclair, New Jersey's Oiljak Manufacturing Company, was bothered. Although Oiljak equaled and frequently topped war-production rates for any outfit of its size in the country, its total output failed to satisfy him.

The trouble was that three-hour slack between the day shift, which knocked off at 6 P. M., and the night shift, which came on at nine Many more pieces would roll off his assembly lines if only that gap could be plugged.

Besides, Oiljak had a proud tradition to uphold. Founded twelve years ago to fill metal assembly contracts, the little factory had always delivered ahead of schedule. As early as 1940 it was producing 100 per cent for Great Britain under Lend-Lease—tail fins for bombs, bomb boosters, fuses. Within thirty days after Pearl Harbor it had retooled again to produce a new line of United States munitions.

Full of his problem, Vannan dropped in at the Bank of Montclair one day last October to cash a check. On his way out he stopped to chat with his friend George Heath, the bank's young treasurer.

"Still stymied, Van?" Heath asked.

"And how!"

"I suppose you couldn't find another crew for that slack period?"

"Who's going to take a trick like that when good full-time jobs are going abegging?"

Heath fell silent. Suddenly he thumped his desk. "By golly, I know where to find more workers right here in Montclair. They'll be green, but willing to learn. Matter of fact, Van, I can offer you one man now—me."

What Heath proposed was a unique contribution to United States war production. He would round up volunteers among Montclair's business leaders whose jobs left them free after five o'clock.

Oiljak had an open-shop contract with Local 2414 of the Steelworkers Union, C. I. O. But how would the union receive Heath's proposition?

The union, as keen to up production as Vannan, not only cheered the plan—provided the volunteers got union pay—but worked out a system whereby one foreman would remain an hour and a half after the day shift left, and another would relieve him until the night shift reported.

Two days later, at six o'clock on the nose, Heath turned up in work clothes followed by Martin Mason, another Bank of Montclair officer, and Clarence Bush, who owns a big stationery store. Fingerprinted, mugged, and filed with the F.B.I. for investigation, the trio were assigned, as a warm-up, to tapping and cutting machines. None of them had seen such machines before.

Next night Heath introduced a fourth recruit, and before the month was out, sixteen more. There were eight bankers, three brokers, a high-school principal, the vice-president of a telegraph company, a theater manager, a research chemist, a corporation lawyer, an advertising executive, the sales manager of a chain grocery, and a theatrical entertainer. They averaged forty-five years of age and not for a decade had they done anything more strenuous than golf. But in less than a week they graduated to turret lathes—back-straining monsters.

Renounced for the duration are "bankers' hours." His regular day's work finished, the volunteer snatches a sandwich on the run lest he fail to punch that time clock by six. And every volunteer does civilian defense duties. Recently, when a practice alarm sounded at the end of their shift, all twenty dashed to their posts and carried on until past midnight. To date, not one has proved incompetent or, except for illness, missed a single night. Several times a volunteer has matched the best individual output of regular workers.

"Fact is," says Heath, "we love it. Once you get used to it, the manual work, after years of routine head-work, is one of the most bracing things I've ever known."

When the story made the local headlines, applications poured in by the hundreds. Meanwhile, Oiljak's production had soared more than 10 per cent since October. Over the work benches dangles a poster: EVERY OPERATION YOU DO TURNS ON MORE HEAT FOR TOKYO. A thermometer indicates the month's high-fever mark of production.

The Heath plan, if widely applied, might spread new oil on the troubled waters of labor-management relations. Close daily contact with workers, doing the same job, tackling the same problems, have given the volunteers from the managerial class a fresh viewpoint. At the turret lathe Worker Smith and Banker Jones are brothers under the overalls. Pretty soon Banker Jones finds himself in warmer rapport with his own employees.

As the volunteers reach the end of their first three months, they face the union choice. There's an even chance that they may actually join!

THE END

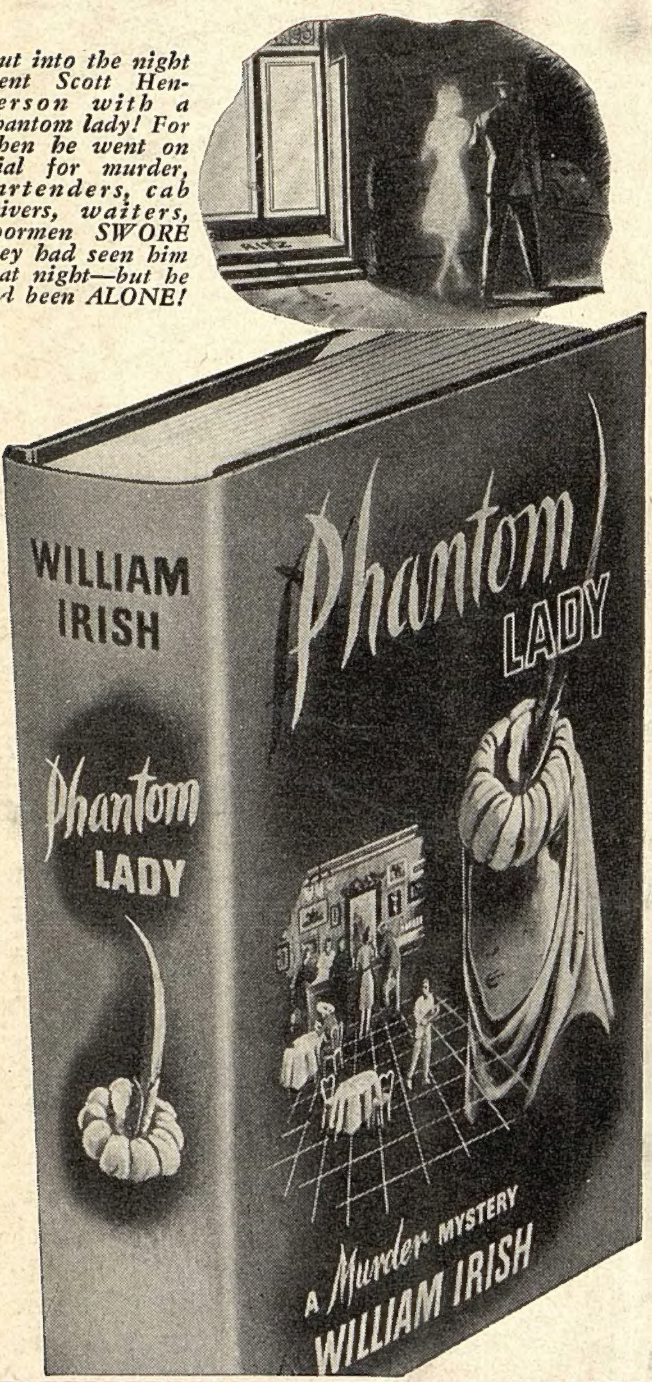
Free — This brand new, thrill-crammed, suspense-packed mystery smash-hit!

To New Members of the Detective Book Club

PHANTOM LADY

By WILLIAM IRISH

Out into the night went Scott Henderson with a phantom lady! For when he went on trial for murder, bartenders, cab drivers, waiters, doormen SWORE they had seen him that night—but he had been ALONE!



HIS ONLY ALIBI—A Phantom Lady in an Orange Hat!

PUT yourself in Scott Henderson's place. You know you're not a murderer. But the electric chair doesn't know it. You know you were with another woman when your wife was strangled. But the District Attorney and the police don't know it. And *YOU* CAN'T PROVE IT!

You met this other woman in a bar. You took her to dinner and to a play. But you didn't know her name or where she lived. Your mind had been in such a turmoil that you didn't notice anything about her—except that she was wearing a flaming orange hat.

Then you got home and found three detectives waiting for you—and your wife dead in the boudoir!

Where's your alibi? *"Woman—orange hat"* is all you can remember. You get an all-night grilling till you're too tired to remember, or think, or even care. The cops take you out to retrace your steps. *Somebody* must remember seeing you—with the lady in the orange hat.

The bartender. Sure, he saw you . . . but nobody was with you. The cab driver. He remembered picking you up and taking you to the restaurant . . . but you were alone. The headwaiter saw you, too. But he had only served one person, he said. There it was, on your table reservation and on your check. Dinner for ONE!

NOBODY—not the doorman, or the ticket-taker, or the usher—had seen her! They remembered you, because you had come in after the curtain was up. They certainly would have seen a woman in an orange hat. But they swore you were alone! And now you're starting down that "last mile"—with the electric chair staring you in the face!

YOU'LL really cheer as the impact of this thrilling, suspense-packed new mystery, PHANTOM LADY, hits you squarely between the eyes! WHAT A BOOK! PHANTOM LADY is brand new. The author's name is brand new. The book is selling everywhere for $2.00. But we don't want to sell it to you—we want to GIVE it to you—to show detective book fans the *kind* of stories they will get from the Detective Book Club.

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This committee *also* performs another vital service for you. Each year there appears a number of real ten-strike thrillers by lesser-known authors—books like William Irish's "Phantom Lady," for example. The Club ferrets out these "discoveries" for you so that its members will receive tomorrow's best-sellers today.

The selections of the Club are ALL books that sell everywhere for $2.00 each. Yet, as a member, you get *three* of them (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four a year.

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